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## THE ARMIES OF EUROPE.

[Third and last Article.]

### I. THE TURKISH ARMY.

THE Turkish army, at the beginning of the present war, was in a higher state of efficiency than it had ever reached before. The various attempts at reorganization and reform made since the accession of Mahmud, since the massacre of the Janissaries, and especially since the peace of Adrianople, had been consolidated and systematized. The first and greatest obstacle—the independent position of the pashas in command of distant provinces—had been removed, to a great extent, and, upon the whole, the pashas were reduced to a discipline somewhat approaching that of European district commanders. But their ignorance, insolence, and rapacity remained in as full vigor as in the best days of Asiatic satrap rule; and if, for the last twenty years, we had heard little of revolts of pashas, we have heard enough of provinces in revolt against their greedy governors, who, originally the lowest domestic slaves and “men of all work,” profited by their new position to heap up fortunes by exactions, bribes, and wholesale embezzlement of the public money. That, under such a state of things, the organization of the army must, to a great extent, exist on paper only, is evident.

The Turkish army consists of the regular active army (Nizam), the reserve

(Redif), the irregular troops, and the auxiliary corps of the vassal states.

The Nizam is composed of six corps (Orders), each of which is raised in the district it occupies, similar to the army-corps in Prussia, each of which is located in the province from which it recruits itself. Altogether the organization of the Turkish Nizam and Redif is, as we shall see, copied from the Prussian model. The six Orders have their head-quarters in Constantinople, Shumla, Toli-Monatzir, Erzeroum, Bagdad, and Aleppo. Each of them should be commanded by a Mushir (field marshal), and should consist of two divisions or six brigades, formed by six regiments of infantry, four of cavalry, and one of artillery.

The infantry and cavalry are organized, upon the French, the artillery upon the Prussian system.

A regiment of infantry is composed of four battalions of eight companies each, and should count, when on its full complement, 3,250 men, inclusive of officers and staff, or 800 men per battalion; the general strength, however, before the war, seldom exceeded 700 men, and in Asia was almost always much less.

A cavalry regiment consists of four squadrons of lancers, and two squadrons of chasseurs, each squadron to contain 151 men; in general, the effective strength was here even more below the standard than in the infantry.

Each artillery regiment consists of six horse and nine foot batteries, of four guns each, thus representing a total of sixty guns.

Every order was thus expected to number 19,500 infantry, 3,700 cavalry, and sixty guns. In reality, however, from 20,000 to 21,000 men in all is the utmost ever reached.

Beside the six Orders, there are four artillery régiments, (one of reserve, and three of garrison artillery,) two régiments of sappers and miners, and three special detachments of infantry sent to Candia, to Tunis, and Tripolis, of a total strength of 16,000 men.

The total strength of the Nizam, or regular standing army, before the war, should, therefore, have been as follows:

36 reg. of infant. averaging	2,500-90,000
24 " cavalry	600-670-16,000
7 " field artillery	- - - 9,000
3 " garrison "	- - - 3,400
2 " sappers and miners	- - - 1,600
Detached corps	- - - 16,000
	<hr/> 136,000

The soldiers, after having served five years in the Nizam, are dismissed to their homes, and form, for the seven following years, part of the Redif or reserve. This reserve counts as many orders, divisions, brigades, régiments, etc., as the standing army; in fact, it is to the Nizam what in Prussia the first levy of the landwehr is to the line, with the sole exception, that in Prussia, in larger masses than brigades, line and landwehr are always mixed, while in the Turkish organization they are to be kept separate. The officers and non-commissioned officers of the Redif are constant<sup>ly</sup> assembled at the dépôts, and once a year the Redif are called in for exercise, during which time, they receive the same pay and rations as the line. But such an organization, presupposing a well-regulated civil administration, and a civilized state of society, far from having been reached in Turkey, must in a great degree exist on paper only, and if we count, therefore, the Redif as equal in numbers to the Nizam, we shall certainly put it down at its highest possible figure.

The auxiliary contingents consist of troops from:

1. The Danubian Principalities,	6,000 men.
2. Servia,	- - - 20,000 "
3. Bosnia and Herzegovina	- - - 30,000 "
4. Upper Albania	- - - 10,000 "
5. Egypt,	- - - 40,000 "
6. Tunis and Tripoli	- - - 10,000 "
Total, about	- - - 116,000 "

To these troops must be added the volunteer Bashi Bozouks, whom Asia Minor, Kurdistan, and Syria can furnish in great numbers. They are the last remnant of that host of irregular troops which, in past centuries, flooded Hungary, and twice appeared before Vienna. Mostly cavalry, their inferiority, even to the worst-equipped European horseman, has been proved by two centuries of all but constant defeats. Their self-confidence has disappeared, and now they serve no other purpose than to swarm around the army, eating up and wasting the resources upon which the regular body should subsist. Their love of plunder and unreliable temper make them even unfit for that active outpost duty which the Russians expect from their Cossacks; for the Bashi Bozouks, when most wanted, are least to be found. In this present war, it has, therefore, been found desirable to keep their numbers down, and we do not think that there were ever collected more than 50,000 of them.

Thus the numerical strength of the Turkish army, at the beginning of the war, may be estimated as follows:

Nizam,	- - - - - 136,000
Redif,	- - - - - 136,000
Auxiliaries, regulars from Egypt and Tunis,	- - - - - 50,000
Do. irregulars, Bosnia and Albania,	- - - - - 40,000
Bashi Bozouks,	- - - - - 50,000
Total,	- - - - - 412,000

But again, from this sum total several deductions have to be made. That the Orders stationed in Europe were in pretty good condition, and as near their full complement as can be expected in Turkey, seems pretty certain; but in Asia, in the distant provinces where the Mussulman population predominates, the men might be ready, while neither arms, nor equipments, nor stores of ammunition were forthcoming. The Danubian army was formed from the three European Orders principally. They were the nucleus around which the European Redifs, the Order of Syria, or, at least, a good part of it, and a number of Arnauts, Bosniaks, and Bashi Bozouks were collected. Yet the excessive caution of Omer Pasha—his constant unwillingness up to the present time to expose his troops in the field—is the best proof that he has but a limited confidence in the capabilities of this, the only good regular army Turkey ever pos-

sessed. But in Asia, where the old Turkish system of embezzlement and laziness was still in full blossom, the two Orders of the Nizam, the whole of the Redifs, and the mass of the irregulars were unable to withstand a Russian army vastly inferior in numbers; in every battle they were beaten, and, at the end of the campaign of 1854, the Asiatic army of Turkey had all but ceased to exist. There, then, it is clear that not only the details of the organization, but a great proportion of the troops themselves had no real existence. The want of arms, equipments, ammunition, and provisions, was the constant complaint of the foreign officers and newspaper correspondents in Kars and Erzerum; and they plainly stated that nothing but the indolence, incapacity, and rapacity of the Pashas was the cause of it. The money was duly sent to them, but they always appropriated it to their own uses.

The equipment of the Turkish regular soldier is on the whole imitated from the western armies, the only distinction being the red fez or skull-cap, which is about the worst head-gear possible in that climate, where, during the heats of summer, it causes frequent sun-strokes. The quality of the articles furnished is bad, and the clothing has to stand longer than can be expected, in consequence of the officers generally pocketing the money destined for its renewal. The arms are of an inferior description, both for the infantry and cavalry; the artillery alone has very good field-guns, cast at Constantinople, under the direction of European officers and civil engineers.

The Turk, in himself, is not a bad soldier. He is naturally brave, extremely hardy and patient, and, under certain circumstances, docile. European officers who have once gained his confidence, can rely upon him, as witness Grach and Butler at Silistria, and Iskender Beg (Ilinski) in Wallachia. But these are exceptions. On the whole, the innate hatred of the Turk for the "Giaour" is so indelible, and his habits and ideas are so different from those of a European, that, so long as his remains the ruling race in the country, he will not submit to men whom he inwardly despises as incommensurably his inferiors. This repugnance is extended to the very organization of the army, ever since it has been put upon a European footing. The common Turk hates Giaour

institutions as much as the Giaours themselves. Then the strict discipline, the regulated activity, the constant attention required in a modern army are things utterly hateful to the lazy, contemplative, fatalist Turk. The officers, even, will rather allow the army to be beaten than exert themselves, and use their own senses. This is one of the worst features in the Turkish army, and alone would suffice to make it unfit for any offensive campaign.

The private and non-commissioned soldiers are recruited by volunteers and the ballot; the lower grades of officers are sometimes filled by men promoted from the ranks, but generally by the camp-followers and domestic servants, the *tshibukdjis* and *kafedjids* of the higher officers. The military schools at Constantinople not very good in themselves, cannot furnish young men enough for the vacancies. As to the higher ranks, a system of favoritism exists, of which the western nations have no idea. Most of the generals were originally Circassian slaves, the *mignons* of some great man in the days of their youth. Utter ignorance, incapacity, and self-sufficiency rule supreme, and court-intrigue is the principal means of advancement. Even the few European generals (renegades) in the service would not have been accepted, if they had not been absolutely necessary to prevent the whole machine from falling to pieces. As it is, they have been indiscriminately taken, both from men of real merit and mere adventurers.

At present, after three campaigns, no Turkish army can be said to exist, except the 80,000 men of Omer Pasha's original army, part of which is stationed on the Danube, and part in the Crimea. The Asiatic army consists of about 25,000 rabble, unfit for the field, and demoralized by defeat. The remainder of the 400,000 men are gone nobody knows where; killed in the field or by sickness, invalidated, disbanded, or turned into robbers. Very likely this will be the last Turkish army of all; for, to recover from the shock received by her alliance with England and France, is more than can be expected from Turkey.

The time is gone by when the contests of Oltenitza and Citate created an exaggerated enthusiasm for Turkish bravery. The stubborn inactivity of Omer Pasha sufficed to raise doubts as

to their other military qualifications, which not even the brilliant defense of Silistria could entirely dispel; the defeats in Asia, the flight of Balaklava, the strictly defensive attitude of the Turks in Eupatoria, and their complete inactivity in the camp before Sebastopol have reduced the general estimate of their military capabilities to a proper level. The Turkish army was so constituted that a judgment on its general value was hitherto completely impossible. There were, no doubt, some very brave and well-managed regiments, capable of any duty, but they were greatly in the minority. The great mass of the infantry lacked cohesion, and was, therefore unfit for field-duty, though good behind intrenchments. The regular cavalry was decidedly inferior to that of any European power. The artillery was by far the best portion of the service, and the field-regiments in a high state of efficiency; the men were as if born for their work, though no doubt the officers left much to desire. The Redifs appear to have suffered from a general want of organization, though the men no doubt were willing to do their best. Of the irregulars, the Arnauts and Bosnians were capital guerrillas, but nothing more, best used in defending fortifications; while the Bashi Bozouks were all but worthless, and even worse than that. The Egyptian contingent appears to have been about on a level with the Turkish Nizam, the Tunisian nearly unfit for anything. With such a motley army, so badly officered and subject to such maladministration, no wonder it is all but ruined in three campaigns.

## II. THE SARDINIAN ARMY.

This army is composed of ten brigades of infantry, ten battalions of rifles, four brigades of cavalry, three regiments of artillery, one regiment of sappers and miners, a corps of carbiniers (police troops), and the light horse in the island of Sardinia.

The ten brigades of infantry consist of one brigade of guards, four battalions of grenadiers, two battalions of chasseurs, and nine brigades of the line, equal to eighteen regiments of three battalions each. To these are added ten battalions of rifles (*bersaglieri*), one for every brigade, thus constituting a proportion of light infantry, actually trained, far stronger than in any other army.

There is, besides, a *dépôt* battalion for every regiment.

Since 1849, the strength of the battalions has been very much reduced, from financial motives. On the war-footing, a battalion should number about 1,000, but on the peace-footing there are no more than about 400 men. The remainder have been dismissed on indefinite furlough.

The cavalry counts four regiments of heavy, and five of light cavalry. Every regiment has four field and one *dépôt*-squadron. On the war-footing, a regiment should count about 800 men in the four field-squadrons, but on the peace-footing there are scarcely 600.

The three regiments of artillery consist of one regiment of workmen and artificers, one of garrison artillery (twelve companies), and one of field-artillery (six foot, two horse, two heavy batteries of eight guns each). The light batteries have eight lb. guns and twenty-four lb. howitzers, the heavy batteries sixteen lb. guns; in all eighty guns.

The regiment of sappers and miners has ten companies, or about 1,100 men. The carbiniers (horse and foot) are very numerous for such a small kingdom, and number about 3,200 men. The light horse, doing duty as police troops in the island of Sardinia, figure about 1,100 strong.

The Sardinian army, in the first campaign against Austria, in 1848, certainly reached the strength of 70,000 men. In 1849, it was very near 130,000. Afterwards it was reduced to about 45,000 men. What it is now it is impossible to say, but there is no doubt that, since the conclusion of the treaty with England and France, it has been again increased.

This great elasticity of the Piedmontese army, which allows it to increase or diminish the numbers present under arms at any time, arises from a system of recruiting very nearly akin to that of Prussia; and, indeed, Sardinia may be called, in many respects, the Prussia of Italy. There is in the Sardinian states a similar obligation for every citizen to serve in the army, though, unlike Prussia, substitutes are allowed; and the time over which this obligation extends, consists, as in Prussia, of a period of actual service and another period, during which the soldier dismissed from the ranks remains in the reserve, and is liable to be called in again in time of war.



The system is something between the Prussian method and that of Belgium and the minor German states. Thus, by calling in the reserves, the infantry, from about 30,000 men, may be raised to 80,000, and even more. The cavalry and field artillery would undergo but a small augmentation, as in these arms the soldiers generally have to remain with the regiments during the whole period of their service.

The Piedmontese army is as fine and soldier-like a body of men as any in Europe. Like the French, they are small in size, especially the infantry; their guards do not average even five feet four inches; but what with their tasteful dress, military bearing, well-knit but agile frames, and fine Italian features, they look better than many a body of bigger men. The dress and equipments are, with the infantry of the line and guards, upon the French principle, with a few details adopted from the Austrians. The bersaglieri have a costume of their own, a little sailor's hat with a long hanging plume of cock-feathers and a brown tunic. The cavalry wear short brown jackets, just covering the hip-bone. The percussion-musket is the general arm of the infantry; the bersaglieri have short Tyrolese rifles, good and useful weapons, but inferior to the Minié in every respect. The first rank of the cavalry used to be armed with lances; whether this is still the case with the light-horse we cannot say. The eight lb. calibre for the horse and light-foot batteries gave them the same advantage over the other continental armies which the French had while they preserved this calibre; but their heavy batteries, carrying sixteen pounders, rendered them the heaviest field artillery of the continent. That these guns, when once in position, can do excellent service, they have shown on the Tchernaya, where their accurate firing contributed a great deal to the success of the Allies, and was universally admired.

Of all the Italian states, Piedmont is the best situated for creating a good army. The plains of the Po and its tributaries produce capital horses, and a fine, tall race of men, the tallest of all Italians, exceedingly well-adapted for cavalry and heavy artillery service. The mountains, which surround these plains on three sides, north, west, and south, are inhabited by a hardy people, less in

size, but strong and active, industrious and sharp-witted, like all mountaineers. It is these that form the staple of the infantry, and especially of the bersaglieri, a body of troops nearly equaling the Chasseurs de Vincennes in training, but certainly surpassing them in bodily strength and endurance.

The military institutions of Piedmont are, upon the whole, very good, and, in consequence, the officers bear a high character. So late as 1846, however, the influence of the aristocracy and the clergy had a great deal to do with their appointment. Up to that period, Charles Albert knew but two means of governing—the clergy and the army; in fact, it was a general saying in other parts of Italy, that in Piedmont, out of three men you met in the street, one was a soldier, the second a monk, and only every third man a civilian. At present, of course, this has been done away with; the priests have less than no influence, and, though the nobility preserve many officers' commissions, the wars of 1848 and '49 have stamped a certain democratic character upon the army which it will not be easy to destroy. Some British Crimean newspaper correspondents have stated that the Piedmontese officers were almost all "gentlemen by birth," but so far from this being the case, we know, personally, more than one Piedmontese officer who rose from the ranks, and can safely assert that the mass of the captains and lieutenants are now composed of men who either gained their epaulettes by bravery against the Austrians, or who at least are not connected with the aristocracy.

We think that the greatest compliment that can be paid to the Piedmontese army is contained in the opinion expressed by one of its late opponents, General Schornhals, quarter-master-general of the Austrian army in 1848 and '49. In his "Recollections of the Italian Campaigns," this general, one of the best officers of the Austrian army, and a man violently opposed in every way to anything smacking of Italian independence, treats the Piedmontese army throughout with the highest respect. "Their artillery," he says, "consists of picked men, under good and well-informed officers; the materiel is good, and the calibre is superior to ours." "The cavalry is no contemptible arm; the first rank carry

lances, but as a very adroit rider only can well manage this arm, we should not like to say that this innovation was exactly an improvement. Their school of equitation, however, is very good." "At Santa Lucia, both parties fought with astonishing bravery. The Piedmontese attacked with great vivacity and impetuosity—both Piedmontese and Austrians performed many feats of great personal valor." "The Piedmontese army has a right to mention the day of Novara without a blush,"—and so on.

In the same way, the Prussian General Willisen, who assisted in part in the campaign of 1848, and who is no friend of Italian independence, speaks highly of the Piedmontese army.

Ever since 1848, a certain party in Italy has looked upon the king of Sardinia as the future chief of the whole peninsula. Though far from participating in that opinion, we still believe that whenever Italy shall reconquer her freedom, the Piedmontese forces will be the principal military instrument in attaining that object, and will, at the same time, form the nucleus of the future Italian army. It may undergo, before that happens, more than one revolution in its own bosom, but the excellent military elements it contains will survive all this and will even gain by being merged in a really national army.

### III. THE SMALLER ITALIAN ARMIES.

The papal army hardly exists except on paper. The battalions and squadrons are never complete, and form but a weak division. There is, besides, a regiment of Swiss guards, the only body on which the government can place any reliance. The Tuscan, Parmesan and Modenese armies are too insignificant to be mentioned here; suffice it to say that they are organized, upon the whole, on the Austrian model. There is, besides, the Neapolitan army, of which, too, the least said is the sooner mended. It has never shone conspicuously before the enemy, and, whether fighting for the king, as in 1799, or for a constitution, as in 1821, it always distinguished itself by running away. Even in 1848 and '49, the native Neapolitan army was everywhere beaten by the insurgents, and, had it not been for the Swiss, King Bomba would not now be on his throne. During the siege of Rome, Garibaldi advanced with a

handful of men against the Neapolitan division and beat it twice. The army of Naples, on the peace-footing, is estimated at 26 or 27,000 men, but in 1848 it is stated to have numbered nearly 49,000 men, and the full footing should raise it to 64,000. Of all these troops, the Swiss are alone worth mentioning. They consist of four regiments, of two battalions each, and should number, when complete, 600 men per battalion, or 4,800 men. But the cadres are now overfilled, so that each battalion is about 1,000 strong, (the fourth, or Bernese regiment, alone mustering 2,150,) and the whole number may be estimated at nearly 9,000. These are really first-rate troops, commanded by officers of their own country, and independent, in their internal organization and administration, from the government of Naples. They were first taken into pay in 1824 or '25, when the king, no longer trusting the army that so shortly before had revolted, found it necessary to surround himself with a strong body-guard. The treaties or "capitulations," as they were called, were concluded with the different cantons for thirty years; the Swiss articles of war and the Swiss military organization were secured to the troops; the pay was three-fold that of the native Neapolitan soldiers; the troops were recruited by volunteers from each canton, where recruiting offices were established. Pensions were secured to retiring officers, veterans, and the wounded. If, at the expiration of the thirty years, the capitulation was not renewed, the regiments were to be broken up. The present Swiss constitution forbids recruiting for foreign service, and the capitulations, therefore, were canceled after 1848; recruiting was stopped, at least ostensibly, in Switzerland, but at Chiasso and other points of Lombardy, dépôts were established, and many a recruiting agent secretly continued his business on Swiss soil. So eager was the Neapolitan government for recruits, that it did not refuse to accept the refuse of the political refugees then in Switzerland. The King of Naples, under these circumstances, confirmed the privileges granted to the Swiss soldiers by the capitulations, and in August last, when the thirty years had elapsed, by a special decree again prolonged these privileges for so long a time as the Swiss should remain in his service.

## IV. THE SWISS ARMY.

In Switzerland no national standing army exists. Every Swiss is compelled to serve in the militia, if able-bodied; and this mass is divided into three levies (*Auszug, erstes and zweites Aufgebot*), according to age. The young men, during the first years of service, are called out separately for drill, and collected from time to time in camps; but whoever has seen the awkward gait and uncomfortable appearance of a Swiss squad, or heard the jokes they crack with the drill-sergeant while under drill, must at once see that the military qualities of the men are but very poorly developed. Of the soldierly capabilities of this militia we can only judge by the one example of the Sonderbund war, in 1848, which campaign is distinguished by the extremely small number of casualties in proportion to the forces engaged. The organization of the militia is almost entirely in the hands of the various cantonal governments; and, though its general form is fixed by federal laws, and a federal staff is at the head of the whole, this system cannot fail to create confusion and want of uniformity, while it must almost necessarily prevent a proper accumulation of stores, the introduction of improvements, and the permanent fortification of important points, especially on the side where Switzerland is weak, toward Germany.

The Swiss, like all mountaineers, make capital soldiers when drilled; and, wherever they have served as regular troops under foreign banners, they have fought exceedingly well. But being rather slow-headed, they need drilling much more, indeed, than either French or North Germans, to give them confidence in themselves, and cohesion. It is possible that national feeling might possibly replace this in the case of a foreign attack upon Switzerland, but even this is very doubtful. An army of 80,000 regular troops, and less, would certainly be a match for all the 160,000 and more men which the Swiss say they can congregate. In 1799, the French finished the business with a few regiments.

The Swiss boast a great deal of the rifles of their sharp-shooters. There are, certainly, in Switzerland, comparatively more good shots than in any other European country, the Austrian Alpine possessions excepted. But when one

sees how these dead shots, when called in, are almost all armed with clumsy common percussion muskets, the respect for the Swiss sharp-shooters is considerably lessened. The few battalions of rifles may be good shots, but their short, heavy pieces (*stutzen*) are antiquated and worthless compared with the Minié, and their awkward, slow method of loading, with loose powder from a horn, would give them but a poor chance when opposed to troops armed with less superannuated weapons.

Altogether, arms, accoutrements, organization, drill, everything is old-fashioned with the Swiss, and very likely will remain so as long as the cantonal governments have anything to say on the subject.

## V. THE SCANDINAVIAN ARMIES.

The Swedish and Norwegian armies, though united under one crown, are as separate as the two countries to which they belong. In contrast to Switzerland, both give us the example of an Alpine country with a standing army; but the Scandinavian peninsula is altogether, by the nature of the soil, and the consequent poverty, and thin population of the country, so much akin to Switzerland, that even in the military organization of both, one system, and that the militia system, predominates.

Sweden has three sorts of troops,—regiments raised by voluntary enlistment (*Värfade trupper*), provincial regiments (*Indelta trupper*), and Reserve troops. The *Värfade* consist of three regiments of infantry, containing six battalions, two of cavalry and three of artillery, with thirteen foot and four horse batteries, altogether 96 six lb. 24 twelve lb., and 16 twenty-four lb. guns. This makes a total of 7,700 men, and 136 guns. These troops contain all the artillery for the whole army.

The *Indelta* form twenty provincial regiments of two battalions, with five separate battalions of infantry, and six regiments of a strength varying from one to eight squadrons. They are estimated at 33,000 men.

The Reserve troops form the mass of the army. When called in they are expected to reach 95,000 men.

There is, besides, in the province of Götaland, a sort of militia constantly under arms, numbering 7,850 men, in twenty-one companies and sixteen

guns. Altogether, therefore, the Swedish army comprises about 140,000 men with 150 field guns.

The volunteers for the enlisted regiments are generally engaged for fourteen years, but the law allows engagements of three years. The *Indelta* are a sort of militia, living, when once trained, in farms apportioned to them and their families, and called in only once a year for four weeks' drill. They have the revenues of their farms for pay, but when assembled they receive a special compensation. The officers also receive crown-lands on tenure in their respective districts. The Reserve consists of all able-bodied Swedes from twenty to twenty-five years of age; they are drilled a short time, and afterwards called in a fortnight in every year. Thus, with the exception of the few *Värfvade* and the Gothland troops, the great body of the army—*Indelta* and Reserve—are, to all intents and purposes, militia.

The Swedes play a part in military history which is beyond all proportion to the scanty population which furnished their renowned armies. Gustavus Adolphus, in the thirty years' war, marked a new era in tactics by his improvements; and Charles XII., with his adventurous foolhardiness which spoiled his great military talent, actually made them do wonders—such as to take entrenchments with cavalry. In the later wars against Russia, they behaved very well; in 1813, Bernadotte kept them as much as possible out of harm's way, and they were scarcely under fire, unless by mistake, except at Leipsic, where they formed but an infinitesimal part of the allies. The *Värfvade*, and even the *Indelta*, will, no doubt, always sustain the character of the Swedish name; but the Reserve, unless assembled and drilled a long time before brought into action, can only figure as an army of recruits.

Norway has five brigades of infantry containing twenty-two battalions and 12,000 men; one brigade of cavalry, of three divisions of chasseurs, containing 1,070 men; and one regiment of artillery of about 1,300 men; beside a reserve of militia, of 9,000 men; altogether about 24,000 men. The character of this army does not vary much from that of Sweden; its only distinguishing feature is a few companies of chasseurs, provided with flat snow-shoes, on which, with the assistance of a long pole, they run, Lapland fashion, very rapidly over the snow.

The Danish army is composed of thirty-three battalions of infantry (one of guards, twelve line, five light, five chasseurs) in four brigades, each battalion numbering about 700 men on the peace-footing; three brigades of cavalry (three squadrons of guards, six regiments of dragoons, of four squadrons each, the squadron containing 140 men in time of peace), and one brigade of artillery (two regiments and twelve batteries with 80 six lb. and 16 twelve lb. guns), and three companies of sappers. Total, 16,630 infantry, 2,900 cavalry, 2,900 artillery and sappers with ninety-six guns.

For the war-footing, each company is raised to 200, or the battalion to 800 men, and each squadron to 180 men, raising the line in all to 25,500 men. Besides, thirty-two battalions, twenty-four squadrons, and six batteries of the reserve can be called in, representing a force of 31,500 men and raising the total of the force to about 56,000 or 57,000 men. Even these, however, can be increased in case of need, as during the late war Denmark proper alone, without either Holstein or Schleswig, could muster from 50,000 to 60,000 men, and the Duchies are now again subject to the Danish conscription.

The army is recruited by ballot, out of the young men of from twenty-two years and upwards. The time of service is eight years, but actually the artillery remain six years, the line four years only with the regiments, while for the remainder of the time they belong to the reserve. From the thirtieth to the thirty-eighth year the men remain in the first, and then up to the forty-fifth year in the second levy of the militia. This is all very nicely arranged, but, in any war against Germany, nearly one-half of the troops—those from the Duchies—would, disband and take up arms against their present comrades. It is this strong admixture of Schleswig-Holsteiners which forms the great weakness of the Danish army, and, in reality, almost nullifies it in any complications with its most powerful neighbor.

The Danish army, since its reorganization in 1848-'49, has been well equipped, well armed, and brought altogether to a very respectable footing. The Dane, from Denmark proper, is a good soldier and behaved very well in almost every action of the three years' war; but the Schleswig-Holsteiner proved

himself decidedly his superior. The corps of officers is good upon the whole, but there is too much aristocracy and too little scientific education in it. Their reports are slovenly made, and similar to those of the British, to which army the Danish troops likewise appear related in their want of mobility: but they have not shown of late that they possess such immovable steadiness as the victors of Inkermann. The Schleswig-Holsteiners are, without any dispute, among the best soldiers in Europe. They are excellent artillery men, and as cool in action as the English, their cousins. Though inhabitants of a level country, they make very good light infantry; their first rifle-battalion in 1850 might have vied with any troop of its class.

#### VI. THE ARMY OF HOLLAND.

The Dutch army numbers thirty-six battalions of infantry in nine regiments, containing 44,000 men in all; four regiments of dragoons composed of twenty squadrons; two squadrons of mounted chasseurs; and two squadrons of gens d'armes; in all, twenty-four squadrons, comprising 4,400 cavalry, with two regiments of field artillery (five six lb. and six twelve lb. foot, two six lb. and two twelve lb. horse batteries, of 120 guns in all), and one battalion of sappers, making a total of 58,000 men, beside several regiments in the colonies. But this army does not always exist in time of peace. There is a nucleus remaining under arms, consisting of officers, subalterns, and a few voluntarily enlisted men. The great mass, though obliged to serve for five years, are drilled during a couple of months, and then dismissed so as to be called in for a few weeks in each year only. Besides, there is a sort of reserve in three levies, comprising all the able-bodied men from twenty to thirty-five years of age. The first levy forms about fifty-three, and the second twenty-nine battalions of infantry and artillery. But this body is not at all organized, and can hardly be accounted even as militia.

#### VII. THE BELGIAN ARMY.

The Belgian army has sixteen regiments of infantry, containing forty-nine battalions, beside a reserve battalion for each regiment; comprising in

all 46,000 men. The cavalry consists of two regiments of chasseurs, two of lancers, one of guides, two of cuirassiers, making thirty-eight squadrons, beside seven reserve squadrons, in all 5,800 men. There are four regiments of artillery (four horse, fifteen foot batteries, four dépôt batteries, twenty-four garrison companies), with 152 guns, six and twelve pounders; and one regiment of sappers and miners, numbering 1,700 men. The total, without the reserve, is 62,000 men; with the reserve, according to a late levy, it may be raised to 100,000. The army is recruited by ballot, and the term of service is eight years, but about one half of that time is passed on furlough. On the peace-establishment, therefore, the actual force will scarcely reach 30,000 men.

#### VIII. THE PORTUGUESE ARMY.

The Portuguese army consisted, in 1850, of the following troops:—

	Peace footing.	War footing.
Infantry, - - -	18,738	40,401
Cavalry, - - -	3,508	4,676
Artillery, - - -	2,707	4,098
Engineers and Staff,	728	495
	<hr/> 25,681	<hr/> 49,670

The artillery consists of one field-regiment, of one horse and seven foot batteries; three regiments of position and garrison artillery, and three detached battalions in the islands. The calibre is six and twelve pounds.

#### IX. THE SPANISH ARMY.

Of all European armies, that of Spain is, from peculiar circumstances, most a matter of interest to the United States. We give, therefore, in concluding this survey of the military establishments of Europe, a more detailed account of this army than its importance, compared with that of its neighbors on the other side of the Atlantic, might seem to warrant.

The Spanish military force consists of the army of the interior, and of the colonial armies.

That of the interior counts one regiment of grenadiers, forty-five regiments of the line, of three battalions each, two regiments of two battalions each in Ceuta, and eighteen battalions of cazadores or rifles. The whole of these 160

battalions formed, in 1852, an effective force of 72,670 men, costing the state 82,692,651 reals, or \$10,336,581, a year. The cavalry comprises sixteen regiments of carbineers, or dragoons and lancers, of four squadrons each, with eleven squadrons of cazadores, or light horse, in 1851; in all 12,000 men, costing 17,549,562 reals, or \$2,193,695.

The artillery numbers five regiments of foot artillery, of three brigades each, one for each division of the monarchy; beside five brigades of heavy, three of horse, and three of mountain artillery, making a total of twenty-six brigades, or, as they are now called, battalions. The battalion has in the horse artillery two, in the mountain and foot artillery four batteries; in all ninety-two foot and six horse batteries, or 588 field guns.

The sappers and miners form one regiment of 1,240 men.

The reserve consists of one battalion (No. 4) for every infantry regiment, and a dépôt-squadron for each cavalry regiment.

The total force—on paper—in 1851 was 103,000 men; in 1843, when Espartero was upset, it amounted to 50,000 only; but at one time Narvaez raised it to above 100,000. On an average 90,000 men under arms will be the utmost.

The colonial armies are as follows:

1. The army of Cuba; sixteen regiments of veteran infantry, four companies of volunteers, two regiments of cavalry, two battalions of four batteries foot, and one battalion of four batteries of mountain artillery, one battalion of horse artillery with two batteries, and one battalion of sappers and miners. Beside these troops of the line, there is a *milicia disciplinada* of four battalions and four squadrons, and a *milicia urbana* of eight squadrons, making a total of thirty-seven battalions, twenty squadrons and eighty-four guns. During the last few years this standing Cuban army has been reinforced by numerous troops from Spain; and if we take its original strength at 16,000 or 18,000 men, there will now be, perhaps, 25,000 or 28,000 men in Cuba. But this is a mere approximation.

2. The army of Porto Rico; three battalions of veteran infantry, seven battalions of disciplined militia, two battalions of native volunteers, one squadron of the same, and four batteries of

foot artillery. The neglected state of most of the Spanish colonies does not allow any estimate of the strength of this corps.

3. The Philippine Islands have five regiments of infantry, of eight companies each; one regiment of chasseurs of Luzon; nine foot, one horse, one mountain battery. Nine corps of five battalions of native infantry, and other provincial corps, previously existing, were dissolved in 1851.

The army is recruited by ballot, and substitutes are allowed. Every year a contingent of 25,000 men is levied; but, in 1848, three contingents, or 75,000 men, were called out.

The Spanish army owes its present organization principally to Narvaez, though the regulations of Charles III., of 1768, still form the groundwork of it. Narvaez had actually to take away from the regiments their old provincial colors, different in each, and to introduce the Spanish flag into the army! In the same manner he had to destroy the old provincial organization, and to centralize and restore unity. Too well aware, by experience, that money was the principal moving lever in an army which had almost never been paid and seldom even clad or fed, he also tried to introduce a greater regularity in the payments and the financial administration of the army. Whether he succeeded to the full extent of his wishes, is unknown; but any amelioration introduced by him, in this respect, speedily disappeared during the administration of Sartorius and his successors. The normal state of "no pay, no food, no clothing," was re-established in its full glory; and while the superior and general officers strut about in coats resplendent with gold and silver lace, or even don fancy uniforms, unknown to any regulations, the soldiers are ragged and without shoes. What the state of this army was ten or twelve years ago, an English author thus describes:—"The appearance of the Spanish troops is, to the last degree, unsoldierly. The sentry strolls to and fro on his beat, his shako almost falling off the back of his head, his gun slouched on his shoulders, singing outright a lively *seguidilla* with the most *sans façon* air in the world. He is, not unfrequently, destitute of portions of his uniform; or his regimental coat and lower continuations are in such hopeless rags, that, even in the sultry summer, the slate-



colored great-coat is worn as a slut-cover; the shoes, in one case out of three, are broken to pieces, disclosing the naked toes of the men—such in Spain are the glories of the *vida militar*."

A regulation, issued by Serrano, on Sept. 9, 1843, prescribes that:—"All officers and chiefs of the army have in future to present themselves in public in the uniform of their regiment, and with the regulation sword, whenever they do not appear in plain clothes; and all officers are also to wear the exact distinctive marks of their rank, and no other, as prescribed, without displaying any more of those arbitrary ornaments and ridiculous trimmings by which some of them have thought proper to distinguish themselves." So much for the officers. Now for the soldiers:—"Brigadier General Cordoba has opened a subscription in Cadiz, heading it with his name, in order to procure funds for presenting one pair of cloth trousers to each of the valiant soldiers of the regiment of Asturias!"

This financial disorder explains how it has been possible for the Spanish army to continue, ever since 1808, in a state of almost uninterrupted rebellion. But the real causes lie deeper. The long con-

tinued war with Napoleon, in which the different armies and their chiefs gained real political influence, first gave it a pretorian turn. Many energetic men, from the revolutionary times, remained in the army; the incorporation of the guerrillas in the regular force even increased this element. Thus, while the chiefs retained their pretorian pretensions, the soldiers and lower ranks altogether remained inspired with revolutionary traditions. In this way the insurrection of 1819-23 was regularly prepared, and later on, in 1833-43, the civil war again thrust the army and its chiefs into the foreground. Having been used by all parties as an instrument, no wonder that the Spanish army should, for a time, take the government into its own hands.

"The Spaniards are a warlike but not a soldier-like people," said the Abbé de Pradt. They certainly have, of all European nations, the greatest antipathy to military discipline. Nevertheless, it is possible that the nation, which for more than a hundred years was celebrated for its infantry, may yet again have an army of which it can be proud. But, to attain this end, not only the military system, but civil life, still more, requires to be reformed.

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#### THE LAST GALLEY.

THE sky is thick above the sea,  
The sea is sown with rain;  
And in the passing gusts we hear  
The clanging of the crane.

The cranes are flying to the south,  
But we must cut the foam;  
The dreary land they leave behind  
Must be our future home.

Even now its long gray shores arise:  
But, 'scaped this sea and sky,  
Welcome their desolated sands—  
If but to land, and die!

## HOW I CAME TO BE MARRIED.

I PROMISED William Hepburne to tell him how I came to be married, and, as it was rather an odd way, perhaps it will amuse the public; so here goes! My name is Thomas Petition Stevens; I was born and bred in Connecticut, taught my letters, and the "three Rs, Readin', 'Ritin', and 'Rithmetic" in a district school-house; learned Latin, Greek, and algebra of old Parson Field; and grew tobacco enough on my father's farm, before I was twenty, to help me squeeze through the college course at old Yale.

There I found myself one Commencement day, having delivered the third oration to a blooming audience in the galleries, and a grim crowd below, the happy possessor of a sheep-skin, a blue ribbon, a wooden spoon, two dollars and fifty-six cents, and two suits of clothes, one very shabby, and one pie-new. "The world was all before me where to choose," as it says in the primer; and I decided to go up into Colebrook, and see if my maternal uncle, Seth Downes, wanted a man to help get in his rowan. I paid two dollars and fifty cents to get there, and landed on the door-step with nothing but my own personal attractions to recommend me. However, Uncle Downes was as glad to see me as if I had six dollars instead of six cents in my left hand waistcoat pocket, and hired me for the late haying on the spot, and I set up a singing school in the red school-house the next Saturday night. When the haying was over, I staid a few weeks to see what I could turn my hand to, and Uncle Downes being on the school-committee, through his influence I was made principal of Colebrook Academy when the winter term began, and having a very pretty set of girls to teach, I made myself and my services so acceptable to parents and guardians, that I hold the place to this day, three years from then.

One day last spring, I sat on the stoop of Uncle Downes's house, thinking of nothing in a very resolute way, with discursive seasons of listening to a brown thrush that was hid in some neighboring tree, thence giving out all manner of comic illustrations of every other bird's musical powers; hitting off, with gay sarcasm, the robin, oriole, and

whippoorwill; even giving the faint peep of a dew-wet chicken lost in the grass, the warning cry of a hawk, or the love-lorn trill of a song-sparrow, with here and there a pewit, a blackbird, or the liquid frolic of a bobolink's song, mimicked, exaggerated, and interspersed with his own delirious warble, full of spring and its sweet exultation. I was lapsing out of the thrush's concert into nothingness again, when a quick, light patter, like a hailstorm coming down stairs, woke me up, and at my elbow stood the lithe shape of Lizzy Downes, my special cousin, and a peculiar little bit of womanhood as one might see in a life-time. "Get up Tom!" quoth the green sun-bonnet. "I want you to take a walk with me." I was rather in a quietist state just then, but who ever thought of resisting that clear voice, with such a decisive tone and flawless ring?

"Where are you going, Lizzy?" said I, after we had traveled silently and swiftly, like people in fairy stories, half through Uncle Downes's farm. "Oh!" said she, recollecting herself, or rather me, "I'm going to Asa Burt's lot, after some columbine plants, and you may carry the basket." "Gracious princess!" retorted I, "accept my devoirs, and put your foot upon my neck, if it please you." "It doesn't," said the princess; "I only want you to behave like a man, and not wait next time for a lady's request, before you offer to help her." At this I whistled slightly, and rubbed my hands; Lizzy had a way of speaking truth that was—well—plain! but she knew it, and turned her rosy face round to me with the divinest smile of intelligence and sweetness. "Don't mind it, Tom, it is all for your good, and you can't get angry with me, you know." Of course I couldn't, such a face as that was talismanic; besides, she was my cousin; and it is a singular fact in the natural history of man, that though there are no people on earth one gets so entirely and utterly disgusted and out of temper with as disagreeable and intrusive cousins, it is yet quite out of the nature of things to be disturbed by a young, pretty, smiling cousin, however saucy. It demonstrates most convincingly the old Scotch proverb, "Bluid's thicker than water." All the affinities

of ancestry, all the tender associations of childhood, all the nameless sympathies that are only existent between relatives, spring up to harmonize cousins; and our blood beats more warmly toward its severed tide in the pulse of a relation—except, as I said before, the disagreeable ones. So I not only refrained from getting vexed at Lizzy's reproof, but submitted with a sweet humility, and would have kissed the rod, had it been permitted or required.

"Do you hear that thrush, Tom?" broke in the lady, upon my meditation. "Yes, ma'am, I have been listening to it this hour, from the east stoop." "What a lazy creature you are! spending a whole hour in mortal idleness, this lovely day." "Not a bit of it, mademoiselle; my meditations in that stoop were of the most useful character; nothing less than a skillful analysis (mental, of course,) of the vibratory power of air, and its probable capabilities in mechanics." "Oh! Tom, Tom! can't you let school-mastering alone, on Saturdays? and such a celestial Saturday as this; look there, if you want a better meditation than your analyses."

I did look up through the dim, gray branches of the wood we were skirting, and there, on the leafless bough of a tall hickory tree, sat two wild pigeons, eyeing us with soft, shy glances, stooping their graceful, shining necks, and drawing them up again, with a native pride, not unlike that of my companion, though I acquit her of being anything dove-like! A few steps on the dead leaves startled the pretty creatures from their perch, the dull blue plumes shot suddenly into white, and black, and gray, and slowly they lit, some few rods off, on a fir tree, while we went on our way.

"Do you know, Tom," said Lizzy, "I have a theory about birds, and people. I think every one is like some bird. Could you guess, now, who a wood-pigeon always makes me think of?" "I know who has that same way of drawing up her head, Miss Lizzy; no other than your fair self." "Nonsense! I am no more like that pigeon than I am like a turkey; nor as much, for I can gobble imitatively, to the intense rage of all the turkeys in our barn-yard. No, indeed, I am much more like an oriole; look at that one, how it dashes aslant the elm boughs, and makes a descent into the hollow below, like a flake of fire; that's the way I drop into our

stupid sewing societies here, and make the old ladies' hair stand on end with my absurdities. No! if you do not recognize our Colebrook wood-pigeon, I shall not help you." "Then I shall never know," rejoined I, in a tone of mock lamentation. "Oh! yes, you'll discover for yourself, some time," laughed Lizzy, quietly climbing a fence between the home-farm and Uncle Asa's lot. "Why, Lizzy, you are too quick! I was just offering to help you, and you are over." "I never will have any help, sir, over a fence; what is the use of being a country girl, if you cannot cross a fence without help?" "Not much, indeed, in this New England, where every acre field is fenced; but, Lizzy, look! here are columbines enough for you."

As I spoke, we had reached the centre of the little meadow through which crept a slow, bright stream, keeping the the grass about it greener than the sea, and set thick with blue violets and golden cowslips; while on the drier banks of moss and turf that skirted the marshy borders of the brook, hundreds of sunny adders'-tongues flaunted their yellow turbans, all dropped with garnet, in the spring-winds, and still further back, among budded lupines and sweet fern, myriads of anemones, fair and frail, bent languidly to the warm breath of the south, seeming just ready, so aerial were their shapes, to take flight from their rest upon earth. On the inner edge of the meadow a great gray rock abutted from the hill-side right on to the greensward; about its base clustered a quaint crowd of brown flowered trilliums, and the delicate straw-bells of May—while on its ledges, from every crack and shelf where a grain of earth could harbor, sprang innumerable columbines of the brightest scarlet and gold, swaying, and dancing, and tossing their jeweled heads like veritable fairy princesses, so full of laughter and delight, that you waited involuntarily to hear the gay peal of musical mirth from their tiny bells, and fancied, on each new sigh of the fragrant air, a far-off echo from their tinkling in some distant field. Here my task began, and in a few minutes Lizzy's basket was filled to the brim with roots, and her hands with the blossoms—fit representatives of her gay, brilliant, graceful self, as she stood poised on a ledge of the rock—her sun-bonnet hanging by one string, her face

burning with the warm flush of youth and health, her blue eyes glowing deeply in the sun-light, and her soft chestnut hair coiling in lustrous rings about her throat, lifted by the light wind, and melted to living gold wherever a sun-beam kissed it.

I know I stood there with mouth and eyes wide open, like the sun-struck fool I was, "glowering" at Lizzy, who must have had some idea of my condition, for suddenly she began to descend the rock with free, firm steps, like a chamois (at least, I suppose so, *vide Buffon*), and I remembered afterward, as one does remember things seen and not perceived, that there was a furtive smile glittering in the corners of her eyes. As for me, I was altogether in a maze, for the idea had suddenly taken possession of me that I was in love, actually, in good earnest, in love with my cousin Lizzy! Everything I had the presence of mind to recollect, favored that idea. Did I not obey her like a bond-slave? was I not always so lonely at Uncle Downes's when she went away?—I admired her beauty more than that of any other woman. I admired her mind in its active, earnest, and noble development.

Her character had faults, to be sure, a need of some small feminine virtues, but love would teach her those.—Ah! *did* she love me?—"Tom! are you asleep?" pealed from the lips of which I had been dreaming. "N—o, Lizzy, I was thinking." "Come a few steps further, then, and I will find you a better place to think, for if you had eyes to see, there is a hornet's nest visible about a foot from your head, in that maple sapling, and you are in what the newspapers call a precarious situation." "So I am!" thought I to myself, adding aloud, "I am bound to follow you, *mademoiselle*; only lead me."

A brief walk over the green field brought us to its upper corner, where the brook leaped and chattered over a stony bed, before it sung itself to sleep in the silent channel below. Over this little nook stood two great apple-trees, rosy with bloom, filling the air with their delicate and peculiar odor, and all murmurous with honey-bees, whose loving labor-song only heightened the cool silence of the shadow and the perfume; while the little brook's laugh toned itself to a bobolink's voice, that echoed its mad mirth back again from the

nearest fence post. "Sit down," said my liege lady, "it is too pleasant here not to be enjoyed."

I seated myself on the turf, still in a dream, while Lizzy bathed her hands and face in the cool water, and anchored her flowers to a stone on the edge of the stream to keep them from fading. She came back to me looking as fresh and lovely as the spray of pink apple-blossoms she held in her hand, and, seating herself beside me, began to talk about them. Her entirely unembarrassed air gave me a sort of shiver, but I listened. "Aren't these blossoms very pretty, Tom? There is something specially fascinating to me about 'apple-blows,' as Uncle Asa calls them; they are so refined, so gracious, so home-like; withal softly and warmly tinted, and of such delicate scent, a little bitterness about it, just enough to make it piquant, not insipid: a sort of common sense, do you understand? And then they are so full of promise for future winter firesides; I have a vision of a whole cider-barrel and ten apple-pies in the very cluster I hold! but really I am serious about their beauty and expression, my flowers will do well to mate the wild pigeons won't they?"

As she spoke an oriole flashed across the meadow, and her own comparison for herself made a like flash across my thoughts; how beautiful, how piquant she was! and oh! Thomas Petition Stevens, what a fool you were! dyed in the grain! I lumbered on to my knees before her, I don't remember how, and without one word of warning gasped out:—"Oh Lizzy! I love you to distraction, can't you love me?"

Her face was absolutely pale with surprise, then a wild and flitting fear swept over it, I could see she thought me suddenly crazy, and the hot tears began to fill my eyes, man that I was! I suppose she saw, then, I was in earnest; for she blushed most beautifully, then bent her face down in both her little hands, and began—oh reader! pity me!—actually to laugh:—laugh till the red blush spread to the very parting of her hair, colored the slender throat, the small ear, and at length the white fingers. It was too much; I could not bear it; I became a man again, and something very like a thrill of anger brought me to my feet. At this Lizzy looked up, her eyes full of

tears from long laughing, and her face radiant with dimpling mirth, and yet a sweet shadow of pity and surprise upon it. She held out her hand to me—how could I help taking it? or sitting quietly down beside her, very much in the state of a water-cure patient after his first douche? "Dear Tom," said she, in the gentlest, laughter-wearied voice, "do forgive me, but really I could not help it; what does ail you this morning?" "Nothing but what I just told you," said I, in a sulky-dignified manner, that was too much for Lizzy's seriousness; a little shock of laughter shook her again, and brought out new tears, which she wiped away soberly, and clasping her hands over the handkerchief looked round at me with a grave face, through which the comic air still flickered, and discomposed me. "Tom, you are very queer; I cannot believe you really thought you were in earnest!" "But I was," said I, having by this time become disposed to high tragedy; "I love you desperately, devotedly, and if you choose to laugh at the life-long misery of a fellow-being I can only hope you may never know by experience how to sympathize with such misery!" Poor Lizzy! she had to bite her scarlet lips full a minute before she could speak—"Really, Tom, I do not think you know either me or yourself, or you would not have fancied—what you seem to have. May I ask how long you have been in this desperate state?" O, the wicked little witch! that question was uttered in the simplest, gravest tone, but I felt the satire to its full extent. I grew—all-over-ish, no other phrase expresses it. "Why—!" said I, "I did not know it, certainly, till this morning, but I have felt it, unconsciously, this long time." "Tom, Tom, don't be metaphysically absurd! if you must be absurd keep this side of terms. Now I can tell you something that you have been 'feeling unconsciously this long time,'—you not only do not love me but you do love somebody else!" I drew a long breath. "Be so good as to explain!" "I mean to," replied Lizzy; "only turn round so I can see you, for I must catechise a little: I never can harangue without interludes for ten minutes together. First, I am to prove you don't love me. You admire me, I dare say, but that is nothing, not even the first step, for you would admire a prettier picture more. When

I first knew you, you did not like me, your instincts rebelled against my character, I saw it before I had known you a month; is it not so?" "Do you think that is fair, Lizzy? I did not know you then—I could not judge." "That is not my answer, Tom!" "Well, if you will have it, I confess I felt a little—afraid of you, perhaps; not sure that you might not hurt me any moment."

"That will pass, and you may answer my next question to yourself, whether those very instincts have ever ceased to keep a witness among them against me, or my nature as you see it. If I had loved you, I should have lost all these traits toward you, I should have ceased to rule, to criticise, to condemn."

An idea struck me at that moment, and I did not look at Lizzy, but I felt her voice was not quite steady when she began again.

"If you had loved me, there are a thousand ways in which I should have seen and put an end to it before now. You would never have been so meek, and so easily obedient. A man who loves never loses his sense of domination; if he obeys, it is for beseeching and caresses, for love's sake, not because he recognizes a stronger nature than his own; and you know I am stronger than you in several traits."

"Amen," said I, rather satirically. "Now, don't be disagreeable, Tom, I am striving for your good, as Deacon Mather says when he 'tutors' his boys. You don't love me for still another reason, that you never thought of it till this morning. Is that love? born of a spring day's idleness, the fickle caprice of sunshine and the south-wind? Nonsense! it is only an apt illustration of Dr. Watts' truism, that

"Satan finds some mischief still,  
For idle hands to do!"

"Don't wince, for it is a fact. Honestly, now, did you ever think of making love to me when you had anything else to do? I see you can't answer, and that is speech enough. Besides, if you had loved me, you never would have asked me as you did; you would have considered me before yourself, and led me carefully and tenderly toward taking the one all-decisive step of a woman's life."

I gave a long sigh, I was becoming convinced, and convinced of something

Lizzy did not intend to prove. "Do you acknowledge, Tom?"

"Y-es, I suppose I must, but really Lizzy, I thought I loved you, and I'm not sure yet."

"I hope you do love me, after a moderate fashion, but you are not in love with me, as I intend to prove to you in the second place, because you are in love with somebody else!"

"I am resigned!" said I, inwardly amused at her confident tone, and, be it acknowledged, a little terrified also; for I began, under her minute questioning, to be partly conscious of—no matter what, yet.

"Now, I expect you to be as honest as you have hitherto shown yourself, Tom, for I am going to question more closely than before. You have had dreams—all men and women have—of a home and a future; beside, I know you went, not six weeks ago, to look at Deacon Mather's new houses upon the hill. Yes, don't disclaim! I know it was with an eye to your architectural sketches, but did not your dreams come back there? Was there not a figure dimly visible at the long window, a face turning to the gate expectantly, and a pair of neat and busy hands in the 'house-wife skep'? Now, were they nobody's hands?"

I began to feel rather restless; how came she to know what I thought?

"Moreover, is there no lady among your acquaintances with whom you feel an entire sense of quiet, rest, and freedom; whose entrance into ever so stiff and cold a room gives it a kindly aspect, like the sudden lightning of a wood-fire? No one of whom you think, when you are tired, or sad, as a comforting and soothing presence; no eyes to which you turn for sympathy in the expression of thought or feeling and always find it; no hands from which you expect and receive the thousand nameless acts of forethought and consideration that only love prompts?"

I had thought to some purpose, and was half convicted, but not fully enough to say so. "Go on Lizzy! I like to hear you," said I, affecting an incredulous laugh.

"You are not honest," replied my catechist, "your laugh was in a false key; it betrays you; but I will go on. Is there not one person whom you feel a constant wish to shelter from all the hardness of life, to protect, to guard,

to strengthen? whose image connects itself in some way with every aspect of the future, without whose ever recurring idea neither present nor future enter into your imagining? in whom you unconsciously hope? Moreover, is there no one whom your heart tells you, with undeniable instinct, loves you as a man should be loved—with entire devotion and pure tenderness, a patient faith and a sorrowful constancy, that you rely on without acknowledging it? Do you not trust her as you did your mother? Is she not a part of yourself so truly, that, till some sudden light should awaken you, you could not perceive you loved her? Are not her soft dark, eyes—"

"They're not dark! they are gray." Now Lizzy laughed indeed, and I too. The sly girl! I was quite in her power.

"My dear Tom, do you suppose I have not known this three months that you were very quietly sliding (not falling) in love with Helen Stanton? Of course I saw it, and so did half the village. As for your exploit this morning, I think I have fully accounted for that; and now, having shown you to yourself, and brought you to confession, do you forgive my laughter? I own it was all unkind, but how could I help it?"

"I don't need to forgive you, Lizzy," said I. "You have done me a great service. I wonder at myself."

"Don't wonder, but act, Tom. I had no authority to say what I did about Helen's liking you, but my own observation, and I am by no means infallible. I shall not laugh if she rejects you, I assure you."

This suggestion made me thoroughly unquiet. I could no longer repress an impertinence I had been trying to utter for the last fifteen minutes.

"We shall see," said I, assuming a miserable caricature of confidence. "And, by the way, Lizzy, how came you to be so well read in the statistics of the tender passion, as you have shown yourself?" I accompanied the question with a malicious stare at Lizzy, whose face was instantly double-dyed with crimson, and her hands working relentless destruction with the bough of apple-blossoms.

"Why—to be honest—I don't—oh! I meant Helen, by the wild-pigeon, Tom."

"Yes, I know you did; but I am not to be blinded by that flash of the oriole.





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Where did your wisdom come from, Lizzy?"

"Oh!—you see—dear me! how silly I am! Tom, I am going to be married to George Stanton, and that is what I brought you out here to tell you, and then wasted two mortal hours telling you that *you* were in love with his sister! It is too absurd!"

Lizzy's words came like rockets, and her face drooped in her hands, as she finished—no—in one hand, for I had taken the other, and absolutely was kissing it, I was so very glad. George Stanton was the finest fellow in the county, fully worthy of Lizzy, had just finished his theological course, and was to be installed in Colebrook next month. It was exactly the best thing, and, as soon as I found words, I told her so, adding, somewhat ruefully, "I hardly expected to be congratulating you on this subject, two hours ago, but I am sincerely glad, Lizzy."

She looked up, with a little, sweet laugh, and thanked me; so, rising from the turf, we gathered up the basket and the columbines, and threaded our way homeward through the woods, silently enough.

That night I went down to Mr. Stanton's, and persuaded Helen to go to singing-school with me. I don't know if they had the class without the master, or not. I never asked; for instead of being in the red school-house, Helen and I were sitting on a pine log, by the

edge of the river, in the moonlight; and after a great many devices of speech, I had at last managed to ask her the same question I put to Lizzy in the morning, only in rather a different way, and much more uneasily.

She, too, hid her face, but tears came dropping through the slender fingers, and she did not forbid me to take away the hands or dry the tears; but looked up at me with her clear eyes, so full of unutterable love, that they seemed to have grown blue, instead of gray, and said, softly, "I wonder what I have ever done, to be made so happy!" Well for me that I felt, with no slight heart-ache, what the tender humility of her speech implied, though she did not know it herself. If I could not now efface the past, I would try faithfully to make her future blessed.

We were married last autumn. First old Father Mather married George and Lizzy; then George did the same kind office for Helen and me. My wild-pigeon still keeps that name; and Lizzy and I have once in a while a little clash that Helen cannot understand. Only yesterday, when I asked Mrs. Stanton to admire the comfortable arrangements of my new house (one of Deacon Mather's), she informed me she "could not sympathize with the life-long misery of a fellow-creature!" I had to laugh, in spite of myself.

That, patient reader, is the way I came to be married.

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ON my bed of a winter night,  
Deep in a sleep, and deep in a dream,  
What care I for the wild wind's scream?  
What to me is its wayward flight?

On the sea of a summer day,  
Wrapped in the folds of a snowy sail,  
What care I for the fitful gale?  
Now in earnest and now in play?

What care I for the fickle wind,  
That groans in a gorge, or sighs in a tree?  
Groaning and sighing are nothing to me;  
For I am a man of steadfast mind.

## LONGFELLOW'S "SONG OF HIAWATHA."

WE were looking, with a friend, the other day, at the beautiful etching of Faed's new picture of Evangeline.

There sits the Acadian Psyche, as, in the poet's pathetic fancy she sat, weary with the quest of her lost love, "by some nameless grave, and thought that, perhaps, in its bosom he was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him!" Over the lonely savannas, away to the shadowy sea, her look ranges, but rests not, for her eyes, with her thoughts, are still "commerce with the skies." "Very beautiful, is it not?" we said. "Very!" answered —, musingly. "Of course you know Scheffer's picture of Mignon aspirant au Ciel?"

This answer led to a controversy, which we should be sorry to inflict upon the reader, even though he, more fortunate in this than the hearer, has it always at his option to skip our pages, or to toss them into the fire. But the substance of that discussion over the legitimacy of the lovely Acadian mourner, we shall take the liberty to reproduce here, apropos of the poet whose genius inspired the pencil of Mr. Faed, and moves the pen of the present writer.

Ought our vivid recollection of Scheffer's Mignon, and our distinct perception that the pose and general outline of Mr. Faed's Evangeline must have been suggested either by a vague reminiscence, or by a positive study of the French picture, to have diminished or dampened our enjoyment of the English artist's fair imagination?

It certainly did not produce that effect. But it did as certainly impair the interest with which our friend regarded the picture. Now, which of us was right?

Had Mr. Faed's Evangeline been really a copy of the Mignon, identical therewith in every important feature of form, and face, and pose, and varying therefrom only in slight accessories and secondary details, it would have excited something like repulsion in both of us. As the case really was, the reminiscence being vague, delicate, and almost undefinable, while the picture, in all essential respects, produced a fresh and original impression, we

venture to believe that our way of being affected by it was the true and more natural.

The reproduction of the ideas of one artist by another, when merely a servile matter of eye and hand, of course destroys the attraction of the second work, which then becomes an indifferent copy of a good original, unskillfully varied by an inferior mind.

From Bernini to Bartolini, how many Italian sculptors have toiled with compasses and with chisel to multiply gods, goddesses, and graces, in "the eloquent marble," and yet, how disastrously have they failed to win us away from the thought of half-a-dozen battered and restored antiques!

As for analogous proceedings in literature, the reader must not fancy us so indifferent to the hatred of offended mediocrity, as to expect that we shall rashly allude to any which have transpired within our own observation. If he must have a literary illustration, let him go to some remote provincial library, and ask for Ramsay's Travels of Cyrus, try to read it, and then remember his school-boy days and the adventures of Telemachus. This kind of reproduction is what Lamothe-le-Vayer called the "ant's theft, who carries off a whole grain."

But there is another kind of theft, which is that of the bee; and this kind of theft, while it wrongs not the flower, is often a matter for congratulation to the consumer of the honey. When an artist reproduces some fine trait of the works of another, to decorate or to develop an idea of his own, which is worthy of being decorated and developed; or when he takes a thought, to which imperfect expression has been given, and clothes it more adequately and more beautifully, the perception, by the student, of the sources whence the creator drew his materials, ought not, we think, to affect the impression produced by the creation.

For, while the secret of the little interest which we feel in a servile reproduction is easily to be found in the fact that such a reproduction must inevitably be a thing poor in itself, a reproduction of the second kind, or what we may call

a free and fruitful reproduction, can only repel us when we recognize in the work the immorality, the ungenerousness, and the deceitfulness of the artist. And this, of course, in the immense majority of cases—we do not say in all, for we fully believe that there are instances in which the animus of the artist is to be subtly and inexplicably apprehended in the very atmosphere, the presence and the influence of his work—must be the result of studies extraneous to the work itself.

When, for instance, we find that nearly the whole of Pascal's celebrated book of "Thoughts" is made up of passages taken from Timæus, from Charron and, above all, from Montaigne, and when, on further examination, we find that, in the time of Pascal, Montaigne was but little read, and that Pascal himself, whenever he has occasion to speak of Montaigne, treats him disdainfully, and seems desirous of still further discouraging readers from turning the pages of the wise old humorist, a conviction grows up in us that Pascal, great, gifted, and accomplished artist in letters as he was, meant deliberately to put Montaigne to death, after robbing him on the highway; and, thereupon, we shun the once favorite book of the *Pensées*, as we should decline a bran-new overcoat and boots, pressed upon us for purchase, at a vile price, by a one-eyed Irishman, in a baize jacket, with a big stick. Coleridge's treatment of Schelling, in the *Biographia Literaria*, is only in so much better than this conduct of Pascal towards Montaigne, that the Englishman takes the money, but spares the life of his victim.

How different is the case with such reproductions, for example, as those of Raphael, which, from the very nature of the case, could never have been expected to be overlooked, and which simply contribute to enhance the beauty of his own beautiful works. When we find in the "Preaching at Athens" a distinct reproduction of Masaccio's noble figure of St. Paul at the window of St. Peter's prison, the interest and the charm of Raphael's picture are far from being diminished for us by the discovery. The figure is introduced so appropriately, it is in itself so grand, and harmonizes so grandly with the figures grouped about it, that we at once admit the legitimacy of the reproduction.

Or, again, when not Raphael only, but all the great artists of the sixteenth century, content themselves, for the most part, with working, in their religious pictures, upon ideas imperfectly and rudely expressed, three centuries before them, by the Mosaic workers of the East, what man, in his senses, would think of saying that they lacked originality, and that their compositions had lost their interest for him?

So, too, in literature, when, as Jeremy Taylor says (and no man had more need, than this Shakespeare of divines, to establish in the minds of his readers a clear and catholic rule of criticism on such matters), the piece of purple cloth, the *purpureus pannus*, which has been borrowed, is apt to the place which it fills in a web of equal hue and splendor, there can no fault be found with him who takes it. Look at the magnificent web into which Shelley has woven what he calls the one plagiarism of the "Cenci!" The sublime thought which Calderon puts into the mouth of Patricio, questioning of the soul and the soul's fate,

"Quanda ha de volver, queda  
En estado de viadora:  
Y así le queda suspensa  
En el universo, como  
Parte del sin que en el tenga  
Determinado lugar,"

certainly loses nothing of its sublimity when it wears the imagery of Shelley:

"In its depth there is a mighty rock,  
Which has, from unimaginable years,  
Sustained itself, with terror and with toil,  
Over a gulf, and, with the agony  
With which it clings, seems slowly coming  
down:

Even as a wretched soul, hour after hour,  
Clings to the mass of life; yet, clinging,  
leans—  
And, leaning, makes more dark the dread  
abyss  
In which it fears to fall."

When the literary reproduction, like the reproduction of the Byzantine types by the Italian painters, consists simply in giving a new form and a new finish to ideas inadequately embodied, to question the legitimacy of the process, or to arrest it by the strong arm of critical law, would be the most absurd imaginable proceeding.

Johanna Bothmer was a very estimable German lady, and her letters from Switzerland were, no doubt, highly interesting to her friends; but should we have thought of her with much complacency, had she or her heirs, executors,

and assigns interfered to annihilate Coleridge's Hymn to Mont Blanc? or how should we like to sacrifice Milton's

"Airy shapes that syllable men's names  
On sands, and seas, and desert wildernesses,"  
to the memory of the quaintly mendacious Sir John Mandeville?

Of course, there should be a limit in these matters as in all others; and we do not advocate that ancient temper of mind which lauded Epictetus for having plundered three hundred books without one quotation, and which savors somewhat too strongly of the Spartan passions. Neither can we agree with the Cavaliere Marini, that, while it is petty larceny to steal from one's countrymen, it is good conquest to take from foreigners; nor with Scudery, that what is robbery from modern books is only study from the ancients.

Our code is simple and clear—we hold that the memory of a man of genius is as much bound to the service of his imagination as are any of his other faculties; and that if, in the honest creation of a beautiful work, he finds a contribution to a required effect offered him by his memory, he is at perfect liberty to use it. If he is at work dishonestly, if he is laboring not to create a beautiful work, but to bring about some deceptive result which shall redound to his own profit and glory, and in so laboring deliberately casts about to rob some one for the easier furtherance of his aims, then, of course, he ceases to be an artist, and becomes a picaroon, a freebooter, a larcener, great or small. Or if the artist contents himself with emulating the method of another artist, then, of course, he is simply an imitator; and, as the case may be, either a child learning to talk, and destined one day to speak his own thoughts, in his own fashion, or a parrot, who will never get beyond his lesson. All great writers have begun with this kind of imitation—Shakespeare sat for a little while at the feet of Spenser; Spenser never wholly forgot the Italian accent of his own teacher; Milton took Shakespeare's hand to guide himself and the lovely Egerton safely through the woods. All little writers are apt to end with this kind of imitation—there is —, and —, and —; we name no names; but, after all, Tompion, and the Brownings, and Keats are such sweet singers, one cannot wonder the parrots try to learn their fine fashions! But given

honesty, feeling, and imagination, we find that, in our experience, the use of reminiscences and studies by artists whose method is their own, never interferes with our enjoyment of their works. And so we liked Mr. Faed's Evangeline. And so we like still better the Evangeline of Mr. Longfellow, and certain other works of that distinguished poet.

Our friend, of course, likes these works of the poet no better than the work of the painter. For, as Mr. Faed's picture displeases him by recalling Scheffer's Mignon, so the works of Mr. Longfellow displease him by continually recalling something done by somebody else. He reads the Voices of the Night, and throws them down with a "Pshaw! Novalis!" He looks over our shoulder while we are reveling in Hyperion, and cries out, "Let me send you Tieck's Sternbald at once, and have done with it!" or, "do you so much prefer rose-water to roses, that you can't be contented with Richter's flowers as they grow in his garden?" While for us the bells of old cathedrals toll, and their solemn organs peal along the cadences of the Golden Legend, our friend sits, muttering to himself, "Faust and the Coventry Plays! when a thing has once been done, why disturb chaos afresh?" And all the sorrow of Evangeline cannot touch him, so faithful is he to that homely German Dorothea, who really had no very great troubles of her own, and who made such a happy and arcanian ending of it in a great comfortable farm-house!

If our friend were not something of a quietist, we should expect him to write a book on the "Reminiscences of Longfellow," in which he would hunt down the poet as fiercely and as steadily as if he were the Benedictine Cahot, at the heels of Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Now, nothing is more true than that Mr. Longfellow constantly calls his memory into the service of his genius. He is at the mercy of an unscrupulous anatomist, and our readers cannot yet have forgotten how savagely he was treated but a few years since by a writer, since deceased, who lacked only goodness and nobility of heart to have made him as admirable in creation as he was skillful in dissection.

But, if our theory be well founded, Mr. Longfellow's reminiscences do not militate against his claim to originality. He is not given to servile reproductions



of other men's works; he is not, systematically, an imitator of the styles of other men—he has a passion and a method of his own. Whatever he takes he moulds, and his conquests become integral parts of his dominion. The works of a genuine plagiarist resemble those pictures which came in fashion during the latter days of the reign of Louis XIV., and which were made by clipping out a figure here and a figure there from the finest engravings and the poorest, to paste them together upon a bit of canvas, in paltry groups! Such are, for example, the dramas of Alexander Dumas, who whips you up in a moment a Duke of Guise, by beating in together half a Verrina with half a Fiesco; or cribs a passionate lover's question from Schiller, and the lady's reply from Walter Scott. Not such are the poems of Mr. Longfellow. Take the Psalm of Life—than which a more remarkable accumulation of reminiscences is not to be found among his writings. The poem begins with Goethe: "Tell me not in mournful numbers," is nothing more than a translation of "Singet nicht in Trauertönen;" the title of one of Calderon's finest plays, "La Vida es Sueño" furnishes the very next line; Schiller comes next, to tell us "Ernst ist das Leben!" and so on, with now a contribution from a Roman priest, and now from an English theologian, now from a Latin, and now from a Teuton, till we end with an old family motto. Some of these reminiscences are simple versions, "conquered from the foreigners," as Voltaire conquered from Parnell his episode of the Hermit. Some, and particularly that famous adaptation of the fine passage in which Soame Jenyns compares the throbbing of our hearts to the beating of drums on a funeral march, are perfectly legitimate embodiments in verse, of thoughts which had before been only clothed in prose; but the essential fact is that there is not one striking image, and hardly one striking phrase, in Mr. Longfellow's Psalm of Life, which originated absolutely with himself. More than this, the philosophy, the morale of the poem belongs rather to Mr. Emerson than to Mr. Longfellow. And yet if you should read the Psalm of Life to a person of tolerable perceptions, who had never seen it, but was familiar with the rest of Mr. Longfellow's minor poems, we would wager largely upon his rapid recognition of

the author. The rhythm of the poem, and the way in which the thoughts are linked together, are both so thoroughly characteristic, that the man who could mistake their origin would deserve a place in history with the soldier to whom the Emperor Gallienus gave a medal for showing more talent in missing a mark than anybody he had ever seen!

When the *motif* of a poem is more truly congenial with the constitution of Mr. Longfellow's mind, his originality of sentiment and of perception vindicates itself still more triumphantly. Who would take to pieces the "Arsenal at Springfield," or the "Gleam of Sunshine"? So natural in feeling are they, so exquisite in utterance, that their completeness satisfies us; and we should as soon think of questioning the genuineness of their author's genius, as of questioning the genuineness of a pear-tree, with one of its perfect fruits just melting into fragrance on our palate.

Talent can do a great deal: it can make a capital waxen pear, or an admirable cento. But give the pear to your youngest child, or read the cento to your wife—if you dare!

This charge of plagiarism against Mr. Longfellow is a favorite with our domestic critics. Foreigners, and especially Frenchmen, come to their help with another. Mr. Longfellow, say these latter, is an un-American poet—his nationality does not colour his poetry. "His works," says M. Montégut, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "resemble those of an emigrant. He imitates all the poets of the olden countries; he translates a great deal; and his poems are all echoes. In this respect he resembles M. Washington Irving, whose works are perfectly literary, and perfectly puerile." You see how these irreverent Parisians speak of our mightiest men. "Mr. Longfellow," says M. Amperé, a man of fine culture and of fine taste, "Mr. Longfellow is more cosmopolite than Mr. Bryant—he is somewhat like a German. He is European, and complete in his training." Nay, even M. Philareté Charles, the friend of virtue, and the patron of opinions rather rashly expressed, on all sorts of subjects, while he lauds Evangeline, must have his fling. He, too, could desire that Mr. Longfellow might be more national and vigorous. The study of Tegner and the Swedes is too apparent in him. Evangeline, even, is

really Scandinavian, for it is written in a northern alliterative metre. This surprising discovery M. Chasles illustrates thus:

"Tegner sings:  
Tigur frango  
Trael af elskod  
At han dig attar  
Atsael finde!"

"Longfellow echoes:  
'Fuller of fragrance than they,  
And as heavy with shadows and night-dews?'"

Q. E. D.! and truly may we exclaim, with the enlightened Chasles, that "this effort of English poetry in the direction of its primitive source in the Scandinavian caverns, is a fact too curious to be passed over in silence!"

Now this whole question of nationality in literature lies in a nutshell. Nationality in a writer must manifest itself either in his choice of subjects or in his treatment of them. If the first be the true condition, then Barlow's *Columbiad* is really a great national poem; if the second, we should be sorry to believe that Barlow had found the only American path up Parnassus! It is so utterly absurd to put forth the choice of subjects as a criterion of nationality, that one is half ashamed to say a word about it. Are we of the English race to give up Shakespeare, then; and to whom shall we surrender him? Shall we yield him to Verona or to Venice, to Egypt or to Rome; shall he swear allegiance to Pericles, Prince of Tyre, or to Theseus, Duke of Athens? Were there no lovers and no nightingales in England, that he must go for sentiment and song to Lombardy? Had he known no William and no Anne make Warwickshire romantic, that he must paint us a Romeo and a Juliet, a Rosalind and an Orlando? Thus must we arraign the mighty dead if we would deal to them the same measure which is meted to the living, by judges who read only the letter which killeth. But happily there lies an appeal to the spirit which giveth life. It is the spirit, says Goethe, which is the highest matter. And by the spirit which a writer infuses into his works we recognize his race and his breeding. The same French critics who lament the denationalized character of the author of the *Belfry of Bruges*, and the *Golden Legend*, insist upon Chateaubriand as one of the glories of France, though he won his great renown by pictures of Indian and of

Eastern travel. The romance of Atala and René is supposed to paint the savage life of Florida and the Mississippi, and all the critics hear, "in its magnificent pages, the voice of virgin forests, the cry of mighty rivers descending to the sea, the mournful sighing of vast, untrodden wastes."

Possibly they do. We, for our part, can hear in it only the melancholy croaking of a young man disgusted with life, who persuades an Indian girl to talk blasphemy and calls it passion. And, therefore, we admit that Chateaubriand's romance is a thoroughly national work, because in it the unhappy spirit, which wandered to and fro in Paris some sixty years since, takes fitting shape and utterance.

It is a trait of nationality which distinguishes, above all, the Chinese and the French, that they are apt to get themselves between their own vision and every object towards which they turn their glance. It is also a trait of nationality in the literature of England, and especially of Germany, that the writers of these countries have, once and again, exhibited a capacity of cosmopolite sympathy with the life and the thought of foreign nations which has given them great success in the very highest walks of literary art.

When Shakespeare draws Venice and Othello, he puts no Englishmen and no English scenes into his picture, but he brings into the highest light just those traits of Venice and the Moor which are revealed to him from his own position as an Englishman. By such nationality in art, the truth of the artist's character is preserved, without impairing the truth of the nature which he studies to present.

If our readers are familiar, as we wish they all were, with the poems of Robert Browning, they will find in his works the best modern illustrations of this kind of nationality. His range of subjects is as wide as Europe, his feeling for local coloring as fine as Turner's; but he always chooses and keeps his own stand-point. Look, for example, at that marvelous picture of his, "My Last Duchess." There is not a line in the poem which does not glow with Italy, and yet that hard, proud, cruel, mean Italian noble, is so brought before you, that you feel yourself standing by the poet's side, and sharing with him his generous scorn of the character he

paints. He gives no opinion of the Duke, but he spares no touch of that nature as it appears in his own honest English eyes; he draws its finest lines, its slightest shades, with the minute particularity of hatred.

Of course, a poet must further exhibit his national feeling, if he really has it, by an interest in the subjects of his own national history, and in the nature which surrounds his daily steps. Yet all the passages of every national history, and all landscapes, do not furnish the best materials for the poet's art. Shakespeare cannot be blamed for preferring Cleopatra to Boadicea, nor Schiller for finding more glory and majesty in the Alps, which he had never seen, than in the trim Weimar before his window.

And now, how stands the case with Mr. Longfellow? Does his nationality vindicate itself naturally and fully, in his works, or does it not?

In the spirit of his works we think it does, most thoroughly and truly.

Mr. Longfellow is something of a diletante; he has a dainty liking for quaint phrases and for oddities—for all that has a flavor of rarity and of strangeness—and so, he not seldom mars his verse with inappropriate ornaments; putting on a beryl here or an amethyst there, not because the beryl or the amethyst is required, but because he happens to have them, and because they are pretty. So he talks of Pentecost, in New England, and waits for the bishops' caps to "have golden rings," in pine-woods where the "bishops' caps" are as utterly unknown as the bishops themselves. So, too, he makes the simple Acadian Catholics take up their "household gods;" and thinks of the Druids with their "golden hatchets," on the banks of the Mississippi.

But, in the spirit of his poetry, he is almost always true, simple, in the best sense national.

He chooses subjects often from European history and landscape, because the interest of Europe is as legitimately poetic to an American, as the interest of the tale of Troy to a Greek of the age of Pericles, or the interest of the wars of the Roses to an Englishman of the time of Elizabeth, or the interest of the Crusades and of the English conquest of France to a Frenchman of the present day. But Mr. Longfellow writes as only an American would write, of his themes. The glow of his enthusiasm

amid the ancient triumphs of art, and the memorials of the races from which we spring, is natural, just, and honest. His point of view is prevalingly American. We might send you, for a most vivid illustration of this, to his "Building of the Ship," than which nothing could be more American in spirit, but we prefer to select a European theme. Take, then, his poem of Nuremberg. No subject could be further removed from our American life, than this of the old imperial city. The very houses of Nuremberg, so quaint in form, so elaborate in ornamental and fantastic details of architecture, announce another world from that in which we live. Once, it is true, in her old prosperous days, Nuremberg was a kind of inland New York; but how different was the traffic, which wound its slow way from the gorgeous East to the barbaric West, through those stately ancient streets, from the commerce that runs and bustles and drives about our island to-day! Of Nuremberg, the poet sings: He paints to us its position and its beauty. The blue Franconian mountains rise beyond the meadows; the old castle looks down on the pointed gables of the barghers' homes; Queen Cunigunde's linden, and poet Melchior's oriel window; the carven saints above the old cathedral doorway; the bronze Apostles that guard the dust of holy Sebald; the "pix of sculpture rare" that rises in the church of sainted Laurence; the ale-house, where once Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laughed and sang, where now the swart mechanics come to quaff their ale from pewter tankards; all these are touched so simply and so picturesquely, that the ancient city rises like a vision in the mind. But he who paints it is the son of a land where labor is honorable in the earth, and for him, the American, that quaint old town, "of toil and traffic," has a charm the feudal castle lacks. "In those obscure and dismal lanes," he sees the Master-singers walking—the men who reversed their own honest handicrafts.

"As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he,  
Too, the mystic rhyme, not over slow  
And the smith his iron measures hammered  
To the anvil's chime."

"Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom  
Makes the flowers of poetry bloom  
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues  
Of the loom."

These are the men who make Nuremberg a holy land to him:

"Not thy councils, not thy kaisers, win for thee the world's regard;  
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler-bard;  
Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,  
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his careless lay,  
Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,  
The nobility of labor, the long pedigree of toil."

Neither has Mr. Longfellow neglected the subjects which his native land furnishes to the poet. Less familiar with the life of the American landscape than Bryant or Emerson, he cannot claim to rank with those poets, as a singer of the woodlands and the fields; yet, while he has less of strictly descriptive power than Bryant, and while his perceptions are much less subtle than those of Emerson, he has a certain picturesqueness of sight and speech quite his own, and nothing could be more true, in that style of poetry, than his pictures of Acadia and the Mississippi, in *Evangeline*, or than the occasional color-sketches scattered through his works. And, in this most truly and nobly American fashion (and in the best and bravest sense of that word), Mr. Longfellow looks the history of his country frankly in the face. He treats national subjects like a man who desires to make his countrymen better. He paints the wrongs of the weak, that the strong may learn to disdain injustice. Is this American, or is it not?

He utters no discourses in the fashion of Exeter Hall; but he makes us weep with the victims of Puritan intolerance and national animosity. He hears the voice of the slave in the rice-swamp, and follows with mournful glance the retreating forms of the red-men. We know nothing which expresses so simply, so completely, and so justly the true pathos of the Indian history, as Mr. Longfellow's poem of the "Driving Cloud."

"Ha! how the breath of these Saxons and Celts, like the blast of the east wind,  
Drifts evermore to the west the scanty smokes  
Of thy wigwams."

In this short poem of the "Driving Cloud," and in *Evangeline*, Mr. Longfellow had learned the adaptedness of the Indian names to the antique metres. The accentuation of the Indian syllables is so marked, that they lend themselves to the metrical forms of the Greeks more fitly than those of any living European tongue:

"Gloomy and dark art thou, O chief of the mighty Omāwāhwa."

"Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions west of the Wabash!"

"Marks not the buffalo's track, nor the Māndān's dexterous horse-race;"

"Lo! the big thunder-canoe that steadily breasts the Missouri!"

"On the Acadian coast and the prairies of fair Opelousān."

"Westward the Oregon flows, and the Walla-way and Owyhee."

Such hexameters as these might, legitimately enough, make a poet wish to develop the musical wealth of the Indian languages. A mine, too, almost unwrought, of legends and traditions, exists in the results of the researches that have been made, but recently, into the history of the tribes, and particularly by Mr. Schoolcraft.

And so Mr. Longfellow, who, as all his friends know, is a most diligent worker and an assiduous student, has ransacked the pages of Schoolcraft, and weighed the Indian words, and now, after two years' comparatively barren (for it must be owned that the fugitive pieces which he has published since the appearance of the *Golden Legend* have hardly done much to enhance his fame), he comes to us again with a poem of three hundred pages, entitled, the "Song of Hiawatha."

"The Song of Hiawatha!" And, pray, who was Hiawatha?

Hiawatha was the Manco Capac, the Cadmus, the Cecrops, of the North American Indians. He was known among the tribes by various names, of which Hiawatha was by far the most agreeable; for some went so far as to call him "Tarenyawagon." Hiawatha taught the Indians the arts of peace, but certainly was less successful than his Peruvian and Grecian compeers. Yet the legend is a good legend, and Mr. Longfellow has woven with it many others, and thus constructed a sort of Edda of the Indian mythology, the scene of which is laid among the Ojibways, on the southern shore of Lake Superior. This application of a Scandinavian form to receive the Indian fancies, this second discovery of America by the Northmen, is thoroughly characteristic of the author of the "Skeleton in Armour." Not less so is his adoption of a new metre from the German. This is a trochaic metre, founded upon the antique principle and familiar particularly to the readers of Heine, who is very fond of it. He

has used it in several of his smaller poems, and in the fantastic tale of Atta Troll. Thus it runs with him:

"Traum der Sommernacht, phantastisch  
Zwecklos ist mein Lied, ja zwecklos,  
Wie die Liebe, wie das Leben  
Wie der Schöpfer sammt der Schöpfung."

The application of this metre, the rhythmic beat of which is essentially gay in character, to a legendary poem, like the song of Hiawatha, strikes us as a serious mistake. We say this with due deference to the poet who has, perhaps, studied his materials even more carefully than we critics are supposed to have done; but we feel a strong persuasion that we are right. We do not believe that any man can read ten pages of the song of Hiawatha, in a natural, unforced manner, without lifting his voice into a canter. We open the book at random for an illustration, and fall upon the saga of Hiawatha's Lamentation. This, of course, should be a somewhat sad and pathetic saga. But what is the movement of this passage:

"Rise and speak, O Hiawatha!"  
'Hi-au-ha!' replied the chorús,  
'Way-há-way!' the mystic chorús.  
Then they shook their *méd'cine pouches*  
O'er the head of Hiawatha,  
Danced their *méd'cine dance* around him,  
And, upstarting, wild and haggard,  
Like a man from dreams awakened,  
Hé was healed of all his madness!"

If we are right in our feeling here, if the measure of this new poem be really unsuitable to its subject, we need go no further in our criticism. No beauties of detail, no elevation of thought, no naturalness of sentiment, no grace of expression, can save a poem which comes deformed into the world. We have no quarrel with antique metres in general. The metre of *Evangeline* seems to us one of the great charms of that most charming poem. Its long-delaying flow exquisitely harmonizes with the nature of the emotions excited by the poem itself. As Mr. Longfellow has managed it, the English hexameter becomes "most musical, most melancholy."

But these tripping trochees! Whither will they carry Hiawatha—to Valhalla, to Olympus, or to regions more shadowy and silent? This the judicious reader will ponder for himself; and, meanwhile, we must give him some notion of the story.

The song of Hiawatha opens with an introduction explanatory of the sources of the legends.

"Should you ask me, whence these stories?  
Whence these legends and traditions,  
With the odors of the forest,  
With the dew and damp of meadows,  
With the curling smoke of wigwams,  
With the rushing of great rivers,  
With their frequent repetitions,  
And their wild reverberations,  
As of thunder in the mountains?

I should answer; I should tell you,  
From the forests and the prairies,  
From the great lakes of the Northland,  
From the land of the Ojibways,  
From the land of the Dacotahs,  
From the mountains, moors, and fen-lands,  
Where the heron, the Shah-shuh-gah,  
Feeds among the reeds and rushes,  
I repeat them as I heard them  
From the lips of Nawadaha,  
The musician, the sweet singer!"

Nawadaha dwelt in the Vale of Taw-sen-tha, and sang of Hiawatha:

"How he prayed and how he fasted,  
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,  
That the tribes of men might prosper,  
That he might advance his people!"

The Introduction closes with a simple and graceful invocation to the hearer, in which the poet makes a skillful apology for his metre.

"Ye who love a nation's legends,  
Love the ballads of a people,  
That like voices from afar off  
Call to us to pause and listen,  
Speak in tones so plain and child-like,  
Scarcely can the ear distinguish  
Whether they are sung or spoken—  
Listen to this Indian Legend,  
To this song of Hiawatha!"

Then, in twenty-two sagas, or cantos, the life of Hiawatha on earth is described, from the time when Gitche Manito, the Master of Life, descending on the great "Red Pipestone Quarry," stood erect, and called the tribes of men together, and proclaimed peace to the warring nations, and gave them the calumet, and promised a prophet—

"A Deliverer of the Nations,  
Who shall guide and who shall teach you,  
Who shall toil and suffer with you.  
If you listen to his counsels,  
You will multiply and prosper;  
If his warnings pass unheeded,  
You will fade away and perish."

till the day when Hiawatha, having been born and nurtured, having fasted and toiled, and wooed and wedded, and sowed and reaped, and sorrowed and sung, received at his wigwam the "black-robed chief, the Pale Face," and presented him to the Indians, who gravely listened to the stranger's new message

"Of the Virgin Mary,  
And her blessed Son the Saviour."



Hiawatha was the son of Mudjekeewis, a valiant fellow, who stole the wampum from the great Bear Mishe Mokwa, and was thereon exalted to the important post of West Wind. Mudjekeewis had three sons to whom he gave the three other winds, and whose love adventures are exquisitely told. Nokomis, a young lady of the moon, being pushed out of her grape-vine swing by a rival, fell to the earth and bore a daughter among the prairie lilies, Wenonah. Her, Mudjekeewis found among the lilies, as Zephyr found Aurora, and wooed her till she bore a son in sorrow, Hiawatha, child of wonder. His mother dying, Nokomis brought up her grandson, till coming to manhood he finally went after his father to avenge his mother's wrongs. After an attempt at mutual deception, a dreadful fight took place, which ended in a reconciliation, and Hiawatha went home feeling quite happy. He stopped on the way to buy arrows of the Dacotah, and was transfixed with keener darts by the eyes of the Dacotah's daughter, Minnehaha (Laughing Water). But he went back to Nokomis, said nothing of Miss Minnehaha, the sly youth! prayed and fasted in the forest, received the visit of Mondamin, the messenger of Manito, clothed in garments of green and yellow, with whom he wrestled, like Jacob with the angel, overcame him, buried him in the earth, and lo! in the autumn found himself a prophet distributing the first ears of maize to the people! To follow Hiawatha through all his history were a superfluous task for us, since the interest of the poem depends not on the development of the story so much as on the beauty of the several legends, on their singular suggestions of analogous myths among other peoples, and on the truth of description, the force of feeling, the felicity of phrase which distinguish the poet's treatment of his subject. Suffice it to say that Mr. Longfellow paints for us, in the story of Hiawatha, the whole range of emotion and sentiment in the Indian mind, and the course of Indian history. The priests of Rome at last arrive, and then Hiawatha, his mission ended, departs. Beautiful is his passing away:

"On the shore stood Hiawatha,  
Turned and waved his hand at parting:  
On the clear and luminous water  
Launched his birch canoe for sailing,

And the evening sun descending  
Set the clouds on fire with redness,

Burned the broad sky like a prairie,  
Left upon the level water  
One long track and trail of splendor,  
Down whose stream as down a river  
Westward, westward, Hiawatha  
Sailed into the fiery sunset,  
Sailed into the purple vapors,  
Sailed into the dusk of evening.  
And the people from the margin  
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,  
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted  
High into that sea of splendor,  
Till it sank into the vapors,  
Like the new moon, slowly, slowly,  
Sinking in the purple distance,  
And they said, 'Farewell forever!  
Said 'Farewell, O Hiawatha!  
And the forests dark and lonely,  
Moved through all their depths of darkness,  
Sighed, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha!  
And the waves upon the margin  
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,  
Sobbed, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha,  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah  
From her haunts among the fen-lands  
Screamed 'Farewell, O Hiawatha!'"

The finished grace, the subdued yet rich and living color of this passage must satisfy the reader, we think, that in substance and in handling the "Song of Hiawatha" is worthy of its author. So, indeed, it is. A breath of the pine forests is in the poem, a healthy odor of the woodlands and the meadows pervades it. There are pages over which we linger, as we linger by the shores of a fair water at sunset, and passages as crisp and vigorous as the curling bark of the birch. As a reproduction of the genuine spirit of legendary poetry in its childlikeness, its tenderness, and its joyous strength, the poem seems to us singularly successful. Our friend of the "reminiscences" will, no doubt, murmur over it "Starleson! Heimskringla!" but it remains and will remain, nevertheless, an independent, fresh, and original work. Antiquarians will go to it for illustrations and inferences; students of poetry will go to it for its fine and faithful management of poetic materials; will people in general go to it for pleasure? But for our doubt about those trochees, and a general prepossession which we have against barbaric names and notions, we should say unhesitatingly, "Yes!"

For, when we glance over some of these legends, it appears to us impossible they should not charm every reader. Whether the Indian brain be really responsible for them all, we have our doubts. The legends of "Wenonah," and of "Hiawatha's Sailing," for instance, seem too finely and fancifully touched to be of Indian origin. We



think we see the "supreme Caucasian mind" in such personifications as these:

"Give me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!  
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!  
Growing by the rushing river,  
Tall and stately in the valley!  
I a light canoe will build me,  
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,  
That shall float upon the river,  
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,  
Like a yellow water-lily!"

"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree!  
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,  
For the summer-time is coming,  
And the sun is warm in heaven,  
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha  
In the solitary forest,  
By the rushing Taquamenew,  
When the birds were singing gayly,  
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,  
And the sun, from sleep awaking,  
Started up and said, "Behold me!  
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!"

And the tree with all its branches  
Rustled in the breeze of morning,  
Saying, with a sigh of patience,

"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

With his knife the tree he girdled;  
Just beneath its lowest branches,  
Just above the roots, he cut it,  
Till the sap came oozing outward;  
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,  
Swoer he cleft the bark asunder,  
With a wooden wedge he raised it,  
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

'Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!  
Of your strong and pliant branches,  
My canoe to make more steady,  
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"

Through the summit of the cedar  
Went a sound, a cry of horror,  
Went a murmur of resistance;  
But it whispered, bending downward,  
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,  
Shaped them straightway to a framework,  
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,  
Like two bended bows together.

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!  
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree!  
My canoe to bind together,  
So to bind the ends together  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me!"

And the larch, with all its fibres,  
Shivered in the air of morning,  
Touched his forehead with its tassels,  
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,  
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"

From the earth he tore the fibres,  
Tore the tough roots of the larch-tree,  
Closely sewed the bark together,  
Bound it closely to the framework.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree!  
Of your balsam and your resin,  
So to close the seams together

That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me!"

And the fir-tree, tall and sombre,  
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,  
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,  
Answered wailing, answered weeping,  
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"

And he took the tears of balsam,  
Took the resin of the fir-tree,  
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,  
Made each crevice safe from water.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded  
In the valley, by the river,  
In the bosom of the forest;  
And the forest's life was in it,  
All its mystery and its magic,  
All the lightness of the birch-tree,  
All the toughness of the cedar,  
All the larch's supple sinews;  
And it floated on the river  
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,  
Like a yellow water-lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,  
Paddles none he had or needed,  
For his thoughts as paddles served him,  
And his wishes served to guide him;  
Swift or slow at will he glided,  
Veered to right or left at pleasure.

Fancies like these, we cannot think  
came from our brethren who paint their  
faces in blue and bistre; but, whatever  
their source, we hope they may be popu-  
lar.

For, while we do not anticipate for  
Mr. Longfellow a place among

"The grand old masters,  
The bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of time,"

we hold him to be among the first of  
those whose

"Songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care."

We believe that the refining and pacify-  
ing influence of his poetry cannot be  
too highly prized, we are glad that we  
possess it, and proud that we should  
owe it to one of our own people. And  
from this new poem there goes up a  
fine aroma, as mild and as beneficent as  
the smoke which, ascending from the  
pipe of Shawadasee,

"Filled the sky with haze and vapor,  
Filled the air with balmy softness,  
Gave a twinkle to the water,  
Touched the rugged hills with smoothness,  
Brought the tender Indian summer,  
In the moon when nights are brightest  
In the dreary moon of snow-shoes."

## IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

AN August evening, on a balcony,  
That overlooked a woodland and a lake,  
I sat in the still air, and talked with one  
Whose face shone fairer than the crescent moon.  
Just over-head, a violin and flute  
Played prelude to a dance. Their long-drawn chords  
Poured through the windows, gaping summer-wide,  
A flood of notes, that flowing outward, swept  
To the last ripple of the orchard trees.

I had not known her long, but loved her more  
Than I could dream of then—O, even now,  
I dare not dwell upon my passion,—more  
Than life itself I loved her, and still love.

The white enchantment of her dimpled hand  
Lay soft in mine; I looked into her eyes;  
I knew I was unworthy, but I felt  
That I was noble if she did but smile.

A light of stars shone round her head—I saw  
The sombre shores that gloomed the lake below—  
The shadows settling on the distant hills,—  
I heard the pleasant music of the night,  
Brought by the wind, a vagrant messenger,  
From the deep forest and the broad, sweet fields.

But when she spoke, and her pervasive voice  
Stole on me till I trembled to my knees—  
I pressed my lips to hers!—then round me glowed  
A sudden light, that seemed to flash me on,  
Beyond myself, beyond the fainting stars.  
Then all the bleak disheartenings of a life—  
That had not been of pleasure—faded off,  
And left me with a purpose, and a hope  
That I was born for something braver than  
To hang my head and wear a nameless name.

That hour has passed, nor ever came again.  
We all do live such; so I would believe.  
Life's mere arithmetic and prose are mine,  
And I have missed the beauty of the world.

Let this remembrance comfort me,—that when  
My heart seemed bursting—like a restless wave,  
That, swoln with fearful longing for the shore,  
Throws its strong life on the imagined bliss  
Of finding peace and undisturbed calm;—  
It fell on rock and broke in many tears.

Else could I bear, on all days of the year,  
Not now alone—this gentle summer night,  
When scythes are busy in the headed grass,  
And the full moon warms me to thoughtfulness,—  
This voice, that haunts the desert of my soul—  
"It might have been," alas! "It might have been!"

## THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS.

[Continued from page 490.]

## VI.

## SCENERY.

THE view from the top of the Warm Springs mountain is said to be the most beautiful of any in this part of the Alleghanies. Although, in either boldness of outline or grace of detail, it cannot by any means be compared with the famous scenes of the Alps or the Pyrenees, still it will well repay the trouble of the ascent. You climb to a rocky crag, whence there is a panoramic view of summits and intervening vales, far and wide, until the distant horizon is lost in mists, or ranges so remote as scarcely to be distinguished from the clouds. The shadows of passing masses of vapor lie about in black spots upon the green foliage of the forests, which cover both mountains and valleys. For, everywhere here is this green veil drawn over the face of nature. Only the narrow streams, meandering through the vales, send up a silver gleam; or, here and there, a cultivated hill-side is yellow with grain; or the limestone of the road glistens, as, like a scaly monster, it winds its coils around the breasts of the mountains; or, far below, a white-washed cottage, with its curl of blue smoke, lends its brilliant contrast to the gardens and meadows. And yet, at a second look, you observe that, while the nearer summits are overspread with these numerous variations of green, from the white birch's delicate tints to those of the sombre cedar, there are on the remoter ranges such great numbers of them yellow pine, stript of its foliage by the preceding winter's fires, and showing only its bark, that a purple hue prevails in many localities, almost deep enough to remind one of the heathery hills of Scotland.

Passing from the general view to the examination of details, you see below you, on the western side, the valley of the Warm Springs. It is as lovely a vale in Vallambrosa—long, and moderately narrow, with several gaps in the mountains on either side, and through one of them passes out toward the west the small stream which flows down from near the head of the valley.

By its side runs a carriage-road, along which are scattered a few habitations; the little cluster of buildings at the bath being the principal ones. The meadows are not so low but what you can watch the mowers as they swing the scythe, or the hay-makers piling up the thick stacks; and so far are the undulations of sound conveyed through the clear, elastic air, that you distinctly hear the sheep-bell tinkling from neighboring summits, the lowing of cattle on the cultivated hill-sides, and even the shrill call and answer of partridges whistling to each other from still lower grain-fields. The mountain situated opposite you, and on the other side of the valley, has its sides very evenly ribbed or furrowed, the upper half being thickly wooded, and the lower under tillage. Its ridge is a gracefully undulating line; and so sharp is it that the topmost trees have the appearance of being set upon it as a fringe. When in the afternoon the sun has somewhat declined from the zenith, only the tree-tops between the furrows on the declivities are directly illumined by its rays, while those in the furrows themselves are dark with shade. The tall woods, also, that skirt the cultivated half of the mountain side, cast long shadows upon the green of the pastures and the yellow of the grain fields; while single elms and chestnuts, here and there, project their profiles far down into the still sun-lit valley. To this unequal distribution of light and shade the landscape owes its most pleasing effects.

Indeed, it is the charm of this scenery that it is never seen twice the same. With every change of light and shade, in different positions of the sun, from various points of observation, in different states of the atmosphere, the aspects of this mountainous and wooded nature vary perpetually. The beholder is constantly discovering some new features in the landscape, graces before overlooked, a more true and significant expression. The mountains are a very Proteus—a chameleon, rather—and their tints change while one is looking at them. For now the distances are a deep blue, and how they are purple. The sun lights up, at one moment, the

round-topped hills covered with flowering chesnuts; at another, the rays being withdrawn, the hollows of the valleys are dark as evening. Large white clouds gradually form above the higher summits; and, one by one, float off into mid-heaven. The mists rise, and again are dissipated. At high noon, there is not a shadow among the whole multitude of mountains; while, at early morn and evening, every peak, and crag, and rock and lone-standing tree has its reflected image, and the forms of the landscape are multiplied two-fold. This hour, the vapors, driven by the winds, are chasing each other, like wandering spirits, athwart the sky, and over the mountain tops; the rain-clouds gathering dash against the summits, and break over the valleys; the thunder rattles from one end of the heavens to the other, shivering, with its bolts, the monarchs of the forest; and illumining with frequent flashes the untimely obscurity. The next, the winds are hushed; the sun bursts brightly out of the clouds, which roll away to the eastward; the bow of promise, spanning the heavens, binds together the distant mountain-tops; the wet foliage of the trees glistens in the sunlight; and, at evening, the last rays of declining day spread the hue of roses over the round clouds which, here and there, elevate their gorgeous heads above the horizon. Then, in their turn, the gorgeous clouds losing the tints too fair to last, the stars light up their fires on the highest peaks; the valleys are peacefully folded in the mantle of evening; and the grim mountains sleep.

## VII.

### THE BATH.

There is no luxury in water greater than that of the Warm Springs bath. That one of these fountains used for bathing is protected by an amphitheatre, having a circular opening in the roof, for light and ventilation. You undress in an ante-room, and descend by a flight of steps into the pool, which is some forty feet in diameter. The water, generally, is about five feet deep, suit may be made higher or lower, to but the stature of the bather—the rule being that it shall come up to his chin. A rope is stretched across the bath, and upon that one may hang or lean. The temperature of the water is about ninety-six degrees of Fahrenheit

around the edge of the pool, and ninety-eight in the centre; where, especially, it comes gushing up with innumerable gas bubbles from between the stones which cover the bottom.

On entering, everybody feels perfectly well to do in this bath—however he may do in the world. The water readily fraternizes with the bather's blood, both being of about the same temperature. One can promenade, or swim; he can loll on the rope, or sit meditative on the steps. In either of these cases, he is all under water, except his head, and he feels as though he could never willingly get out of it. This is, in quality, exceedingly buoyant; so that the individual, too large to get about in the air with entire comfort, here feels not much heavier than a feather, and gay enough to dance hornpipes. It is so soft that the roughest hide will seem smooth, as if anointed with myrrh and frankincense. It is, also, perfectly transparent; and the light, streaming through the circular opening in the roof, not only fills a portion of the pool with the gorgeous colors of the prism, but also furnishes the stones lying at the bottom with tints as if they were all precious—rubies, pearls, and emeralds.

Steeped in this delightful element, the traveler forgets the aches of the road, the rheumatic feels the pains in his bones assuaged, the cripple is conscious in his chords that they are relaxing, the nervous invalid is soothed, and all, no longer oppressed by ills, whether of the body or the mind, revel in the most delicious sensations, or are transported in day-dreams into far-off, happy planets, where the inhabitants live in warm water.

But perhaps the greatest charm of the bath is its bubbles. These come up, here and there, as they will; sometimes single, then in pairs, and again in clusters—like the going off of a bouquet of rockets. As you stand up in the water, those rising from between the stones directly beneath you, attach themselves, as if drawn by some magnetic influence, to your legs; and then, creeping up your body, produce a species of titillation the most exquisite, surely, ever felt. They tickle you as if it were fun for them too.

If you give the little things a serious thought, you cannot persuade yourself that they are not animated, happy

existences. As they rise to the surface over the whole bath, those directly in the rays of the sun show, even on starting from the bottom, the prismatic colors, the violet predominating; while those in the shade flash through the water like balls of silver. They all come trembling, quivering, dancing up to the surface. And when they gain it, the round ball becomes a half sphere, and floats for an instant on the water. It is as though the joyous, sparkling being, after its brief dance of life from bottom to top of the water, were given one instant of more perfectly conscious delight, ere bursting into void and naught. For it is only a half-dozen seconds that the bubble reposes on the water, though some are longer-lived than others; and when it breaks, the expansive force of the rupture drives a tiny circle outwards with infinite grace, but quickly to disappear in the level smoothness of the surface, or oftener, mingling with other kindred circles in lines of intricate and confused harmony.

But you have time, first, to observe that the bubbles, floating in the sunlight, have in their centre a point of red light, flashing like Mars in the heavens; while those in the shade are lit up with the softer ray of those stars whose light is white. These are the souls of the bubbles, no doubt, that burn with fires only less purely intellectual than those which shine out of the eyes of man or beast.

Though creations of a moment's vain endurance—mere bubbles on the water these, too, burn their tiny tapers in God's temple, as well as do the priests before their altars. Myriads upon myriads of them, without ceasing, here rise and shine, as wonderful in formation as the sun and moon, all obedient, in form and motion, to the great laws of the universe, each perfect in its kind, and without spot—and yet how few of the multitudes who lay their weary or enfeebled limbs in this pool of healing—alas! how few—ever think or care for these poor bubbles!

## VIII.

## MANNERS.

The manners here are those of the South, and decidedly suited to the summer watering-place. There is nothing townish about them. All the men and women seem as much at home as if they had been brought up here, mingling in

rustic scenes with natural grace, unconstrained, simple, and happy, without too much excitement. If a lady finds it convenient to dine in a morning dress, she is at liberty to do so. There is no objection to calico at a picnic. The evening's dance will, indeed, bring out a few short sleeves and low necks, where arms and shoulders are so very pretty; but all sorts of styles are admissible; and, while the gardens are rilled of roses, pinks, and honey-suckles, to twine in the young girls' tresses, I scarcely ever saw an artificial flower in the mountains. Sometimes, the first day after her arrival, a lady, not to the manor born, will come down to dinner looking sufficiently stiff and uncomfortable; but the next, she also gives her stays a little more string, leaves off the heavy silk, and begins to learn some of the artless grace of nature in these vales.

At the northern spas, most of the ladies look as though they were not out of town. Their style of dress, not being expressly adapted to the bathing-place, like that of English ladies, reminds one constantly of balls in the Fifth Avenue, and of the boxes of the Academy of Music. There is as much whalebone around the heart of the belle, in a hop at the "Ocean House," or the "United States," as if the public room of a summer tavern were an Almack's, or the drawing-room of Queen Victoria. The graces which attend tier steps are not rustic, surely.

As for the costume of the gentlemen, there is, of course, little opportunity for change, on going into the country. Their white beaver is as destitute of grace as the black; and the straw hat, unless it have a flower in the string, has but little rural beauty about it. Still it is, indeed, something to get out of high-heeled boots into low-quartered shoes; and, if the young beau will only wear a white coat, and tie his neck with a bit of ribbon, instead of the high cravat, 'tis all that can be asked of him.

The manners of our southern friends have a peculiar adaptation to the spas, from the fact that their life at home is mainly rural. This gives them an air of naturalness at these places, and enables them, also, to pass their time pleasantly, without bringing thither the routine of morning calls and card-leaving, the giving of balls and dinners, with formal invitations, and refreshments sent by express from town.

Has not, perhaps, the presence of the colored race, at the southern baths, something to do with this air of simple, natural, hearty enjoyment of the country, which prevails there? Sambo on his travels, in his best doublet and hose, riding on the top of stage coaches, smitten at every different bath with the face of some new Phyllis, and realizing, at last, the fond burden of his song of "O, carry me back to old Virginny," wears a face in which the wrinkles are, none of care, and all of merriment. The carbonic acid he drinks in the mineral waters has upon him the effect of the exhilarating gas; while the lively air of the hills makes him as cheery as though he had been drinking whiskey-toddy. He takes his summer life easily; and, in his simplicity, enjoys the succession of passing events—though but the arrival of the stage-coach, or the simple carrying a glass of mint-julep with a straw in it to his master—to such a degree that these springs, constantly giving back the picture of his grinning face, might better be called the Laughing Waters, than those of the upper Mississippi.

On the other hand, the Irish immigrant, who mostly performs the service of our northern hotels, carries in his face no sign of summer-day satisfaction—much less, any excess of radiance to reflect on society. Patrick has no banjo; and can no more sing a song than a Jew by the waters of Babylon. The donkey that stands at the hotel door has much more drollery in his head than this exile from beyond seas, who is a mere scrub, and scullion, not even possessed of wit enough to make a good flunkey. His mulish physiognomy suggests no visions of rural enjoyment, and the life Arcadian. On the contrary, the very sight of these coarse-handed waiters, and wenches unkempt, is enough to disenchant all the illusions with which one may have come down into the country respecting the purity of life in the midst of nature, and the chances of meeting nymphs in the woods. Who, forsooth, ever saw a naiad in fountains when Bridget was drinking at them?

It really does make a difference, and that in favor of the southern spa, this thrumming of the banjo in the evening twilight, together with an occasional melody heard from under

the gum-trees—for banjos are as numerous in Virginia, if not quite as romantic, as guitars in Spain. And one "picked" under my windows, on the evening of the full moon in the month of August, I remember with especial pleasure. No sooner had the musician—I think his name was Pompey—struck up his tune, than all the colored amateurs within hearing flocked around. At first two or three small black boys, unable to restrain their heels, began to shuffle on the pavement with might and main. But straightway an older nigger, crying to these small ideoys to get out of the way, and at the same time frightening them off the walk by blowing a low note from his steam-whistle, took up himself the jig. He wore a slouched felt hat, turned up, however, both before and behind, like the ancient cocked one, and which for band was tied around with a long, gray garter, that hung down over his left shoulder. Having on a heavy pair of boots, worn outside his breeches, he at once made the pavement ring; scraping it furiously with his soles, and knocking it sharply and rapidly with his heels. All the while the double joints in his knees were in full play, as also his shoulders, and, in fact, every bone and muscle in his whole body. Now, his feet were thrown nearly as high as his head, and his arms a good deal higher. Now, his legs were extended like a dancing-girl's; and, again, the hinges in his knees were bent double. From time to time, I could see his eyes, when he turned them upwards, flash with the excitement of the fling though in the dark; his ivory shone through his mouth like the moon out of clouds; the half-suppressed cry of triumph, a sort of horse-laugh, would occasionally break from his throat; and when, at length, he came to stamp out the finale of the "break-down," the blowing of his steam-whistle might have been heard at the distance of half a mile.

## IX.

## LITTLE SAMMY.

A public table is a very good place for showing off the bringing up of children. One small boy, four or five years of age, who had a seat directly opposite mine, one day gave me an opportunity of making an observation or two on the







effects of the discipline of the Virginia nursery. He was a determined looking little fellow, evidently accustomed to carrying things at home with a high hand, and kicking all the little negroes about right and left.

He began his dinner with a dish of almonds, which happened to be standing before him, and at which he made a sudden grab the moment he was in his chair. No squirrel ever put nuts into his mouth faster than he did for about a couple of minutes, at the end of which time he began filling his pockets.

At length, the waiter asked him what he would have for dinner.

"Give me chicken," said he sharply.

The chicken was brought.

"Give me jelly."

The currant jelly also was brought.

But, very soon, something going wrong, the youth began to cry. His mother, however, appeased him; and, stopping his noise, he called in a mild tone of voice for some milk.

"Give me milk."

This furnished, he did not withdraw his nose from the cup until it had touched the bottom; and when he did, there was still a drop pendent at its tip. This, however, fell off, as throwing his head back against the chair, he drew a loud, long breath, as if his dinner were done, and he himself completely exhausted.

But a few moments' rest revived him, when he "returned to his muttuns." Yet, nothing within sight suiting him, he sat, for the next five minutes, grumbling and whining, and in a humor decidedly unfavorable to the digestion of his almonds, chicken, jelly, and milk. But, at length, having made himself and his parents sufficiently uncomfortable, he knew what he wanted, and cried out boldly,

"Give me 'lasses."

"Molasses, Sammy," replied his father, "You don't want molasses at dinner!"

This paternal reproof brought the blood into the face of the heir, and gathering up all the strength of his lungs for one burst of wrath, he bawled out, high above the clatter of knives and forks,

"'Lasses! 'lasses! corn-dodger and 'lasses!"

The molasses was produced—if for no other purpose, to stop the young wretch's mouth. But corn-dodger being a breakfast cake, he was cajoled into

substituting a piece of bread for it. This he now amused himself with working around in the molasses until the bread was well soaked through, and more or less broken to pieces. How then to get these fragments into his mouth, was the next question. A spoon did not altogether suit him; and finally in went the fingers. These carried him successfully through the job; though, at the end of it, his face was as well smeared from ear to ear as if he had been sucking at the bung-hole of the original hogshead. He was now told to wipe his face on his napkin; but I think he did it on the table-cloth.

To all appearances, the little gourmand was satiated. He leaned back in his chair, braced his feet against the table, and seemed as quiet as if he had been the fattest boy in the state, instead of being, as he was, as lean as a stick.

But he was not through his dinner yet. Giving the rickety table a sudden push with his feet, which overturned a good-sized dish of custards, he resumed his upright position, and cried out,

"Beef—give me beef."

"Oh, sonny," exclaimed the mother, "you have eaten enough!"

"No, no, no!" was the indignant reply, "give me beef! give me beef!"

What was to be done with the little rascal? He kicked, squirmed, threw up his napkin, and still cried for beef. He would have it.

Well, the beef, too, was brought. But he wouldn't touch it—didn't want it—and sat pouting with one finger in his mouth. In fact, he could eat no more. But as nobody said a word to him, he was the more indignant, and, bursting into a rage, he threw the plate containing the beef into his father's lap, that containing the remainder of the molasses into his mother's, and himself, at the same time, under the table.

"Caesar!" called out the father, "take away this blackguard!"

And, before Sammy had time to catch his breath and scream twice, Caesar had him out of the dining-hall.

Little Sammy was, indeed, an exceptional child; but I have seen his yoke-fellow in these mountains. The one was in the highest class of society; the other in the lowest. One day when I was going by stage-coach from the White Sulphur to the Sweet Springs, the driver took up by the roadside a couple of natives, having with them a

child about four years of age. They were of the most vulgar order of persons to be met with in this or any other of the states, foul in language and not clean in appearance, both half tipsy, and disposed to be loquacious. But, without further description of them, suffice it to say that the child was a little monster, being of almost twice the size natural for his years, and having the manners of a boy approaching his teens. Already he had taken to the bottle, and sucked whisky as another child would pap. The little barbarian also imitated his parents in another bad habit—he swore like a pirate. I did not see him chew tobacco; but doubt not he will smoke his “long nine” before he is a couple of years older. The only way of keeping him quiet was, to ply him with sugar candy, and give him now and then a taste of the whisky. But at last, being tired of the motion of the carriage, and out of sorts from the regimen he had adopted, he swore, at one of the stopping-places, that he would go no further.

“I no go beyond dis place, nohow,” said he to his parents, “see you both d——d fust!”

Children, whether of the rich or the poor, are not too well brought up in this

country. In those states of Europe which have made the greatest progress in civilization, especially in England, the care of children is much more methodical and pains-taking than in this newer part of the world. English children are provided with simpler food, suited to their years, and are not allowed to partake of the stimulating diet of their elders. The bone and sinew of the tall Scotchman come from the oat-porridge he ate when a boy. British children are kept in subjection to rules; they are made, regularly, to say their prayers and the catechism; they are early instructed by tutors and governesses; and afterwards the boys are well whipped at Eton. But our “young America” enjoys quite too much infantile independence; is too much left to servants and negroes; gets its religion from the Sunday-school—which is a poor substitute for parental supervision, and the catechising of the curate; uses its leading strings as a slow match—*un mechon*—to light its cigars with; makes a by-word of “Does your mother know you’re out?” and, first thing you know, joins the Order of the “Know Nothings,” or the “Know Somethings,” for which, indeed, it has every qualification.

#### LOW LIFE—IN THE SAHARA.

**H**OW fiercely the perpendicular rays of the sun fall upon the golden waves of that vast ocean, the Sahara! The eye seeks in vain for the comfort of a dark object: floods of light pour down from above, floods of light rise up from below, for, as the dusky sons of Malabar say, the heavens glow like brass, and the earth like molten iron! The weary eye turns in despair from the intolerable glare. Solemn silence reigns supreme, and the very air is still and stagnant, as if it were out of breath. Not a cloud on the deep dark sky, not a hill on the far horizon. Far from the world where men dwell in communities side by side, the poor pilgrim has lost all trace, all feeling of fellowship. There is neither life nor change in the vast, dead, boundless plain that surrounds him as far as eye can reach. How

happy he thinks the bold mariner on the broad ocean! The sea has its life and its motion—“it cannot be quiet;” its waters teem with beings innumerable, that sport with each other through the sparkling water; its surface is ever heaving and sighing in restless activity, and the merry waves kiss the sides of the sailor’s ship. How different is the dread silence of the unmeasured desert! It is rigid in ever fixed forms; neither color nor shape ever change months; and the wide horizon, the unlimited prospect, the monotonous uniformity, are all that the two—ocean and sandy plain—have in common.

The wanderer in the East, when he first sets his foot on the burning sands of the desert, enters the realm of eternal silence and solitude. The vast expanse before him remains ever the same; the

few details he sees—few and far between as they are—are the same to-day and to-morrow.

His eye greets a lonely rock as a welcome change from the everlasting level; but it is bare, square, and lifeless. High banks of sand break, for a moment, the dreary monotony; the bright but cold moonlight shows them to him as snow-covered hills; the sun, with its quivering rays, transforms them into long, low waves; but they neither rise nor fall, as does the ocean's heaving bosom in cheerful alternation. Now, a well is hailed with loud, joyful cries by the caravan; but its waters are dark and brackish; its basin is formed not of stone, nor of wood, and the pilgrim shudders to see that its walls are built up of bones. Far more deeply, however, he feels his utter loneliness, his hourly peril, when his camels suddenly raise their quaint heads high in the air, and, with anxious groans and contortions, tell him that he is close to a "valley of dry bones." There they lie, hundreds of once joyful and buoyant children of the East, and their faithful animals—their bodies dried up and shrunken, but forsaken even by the worm, to which Job said, "Thou art my mother and my sister!" Here is the gigantic negro stretched out as he breathed his last in the shadow of the noble dromedary that bore him through many a bloody battle, and would not forsake him when life was slowly, sadly ebbing away. There, reclines the Howadji from holy Mecca, the parched skin, that would yield no last drop any longer, still held up by his withered arms. The wanderer shudders and shivers with cold, in the furnace heat, thinking how, over his head, also hangs the sword of Damocles, and he turns to Him who has promised "that the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." Even when his brother-man is seen on the far horizon, he dare not at once rejoice to meet him; for the desert is the home of the children of Ishmael, whose hand is against every man. Hence the deep meaning of the common greeting of the Arab: "Peace be with you!" and the ready reply: "Peace is between us!" A few words are exchanged, gentle gestures waved with eastern grace and silent smiles, and all is past. The pilgrim feels himself lonelier than before; he thinks again of the mariner on the distant ocean. He himself is

in the realms of death, bound for the land of life. The sailor returns from an active, eventful existence on the waters to the harbor of peace—from the monotonous, liquid element of the sea to the finer and varied land—from the solitude of his floating house to the tumult of vast cities. But the pilgrim in the desert is as far from nature as from man; he lacks, he suffers, he wanders painfully through lifeless, cheerless regions. Hence, also, the dread names given to the few marked objects in the Sahara. The false, fleeting images, known as mirage, are there called the Thirst of the Gazelle; the rocks of the Nubian desert appear to the Arab as El Moot, death; and one of its awe-inspiring mountains is the Hill of Thirst.

At last, after days longer than years, and nights spent in tantalizing dreams of cooling waters and precious shade, ended by fearful wakings, the sharp, watchful eye of the son of the desert discerns in the distance the vapory outlines of the blue Atlas. And lo! in the midst of the sandy ocean there rises an island, so sweetly green, so inexpressibly fresh, that the past fades from the weary memory, as a painful dream vanishes in the bright light of morning, and new hopes and new joy return to the exhausted heart. Large, glorious pastures stretch their verdure boldly into the midst of this scene of desolation; ash-colored olive-trees blend, harmoniously, the golden glow of the desert with the deep dark-green of the fig-tree; and at last the princes of the vegetable kingdom, light, lofty palm-trees, rise gracefully above the groves, and wave a welcome to the rejoiced pilgrim. How home-like sounds the gentle lowing of the cattle that rest peacefully under the broad shadow, and yet how quaint and grotesque are the high-necked camels on the far plain, where cactus and heaths thrive in astounding profusion!

Full of peace and joy those sweet islands rest in the wide sea of the desert; like faint dreams, they rise out of the unmeasured waste; like dreams, they vanish again on the morrow, and are seen no more.

All the rest is Sahara-villa-mâ, the great waterless waste, as the children of Hagar call it among themselves; whilst the Bedouin, when he relates his marvelous stories of wonders and witchcraft,

speaks of it always as the "ocean without water." Nearly all the nations of Asia and Africa call it, in more than merely allegorical meaning, the Sea of Sand; and the faithful friend and servant that carries them safely through all its dangers, the Ship of the Desert. Even in our continent, where we have, fortunately, only pampas and prairies, more or less fertile, all travelers are struck by the resemblance of these wide plains with green, blooming oceans, and compare them instinctively to the vast deep.

Deserts belong, properly speaking, only to the tropics and their immediate vicinity. They are almost perfectly level, or at best only varied by imperceptible elevations; the surface presents only one substance, wherever they may occur—naked, monotonous masses of rock, pebbles in countless, incredible numbers, or light, loose sand; the whole broken here and there by a pool of brackish water, a timid herb that seems afraid to venture beyond the scanty shade of a rock, or a dwarfish, gnarled shrub, and now and then a gazelle flying like a dream over the waste, or a poor bird driven by the pitiless fury of a tempest.

Few men have a correct standard by which to measure the vast extent of the African desert. It stretches westward down to the green waters of the Atlantic; it yields not to the gigantic floods that the great ocean ceaselessly rolls against the continent. Far into the high sea the Sahara extends below the restless waves, so that the depth of water is but trifling for miles, and ships cannot approach the inhospitable shores. Fearful sandbanks announce to the wary mariner that he is near the land of mysterious Africa, and warn him to seek more kindly harbors. Eastward, the dread waste spreads its white shroud over the whole northern part of the continent, until at last it is lifted on high by the pyramids of Egypt, and torn by the mighty floods of the Nile. In vain, year after year, does it roll its colossal, dry waves over sphinx and temple; in vain does it send its tempest-tossed clouds even across the fertile valley—the great god of the Nile, whom the Egyptians worshiped, and before whom the ignorant fellah still kneels in blind awe, interposes his power, and from the sacred mountains beyond a higher voice is heard: "So far shalt thou go, and no further!"

The length of the Sahara is thus nearly six hundred and eighty geographical miles, but its breadth differs, especially toward the Red Sea; still it covers with its dread and dismal terrors a space much larger than two-thirds of all Europe.

Why our great mother nature should have dealt out her gifts so niggardly to this part of the world, we know not; but surely, under an all-wise Providence, her purpose is none the less there, nor less amply fulfilled, though we may not see it yet, or, at least, but as through a glass darkly. No land on earth has a soil and a climate less favorable to vegetation. Where there are no plants there can be no animal life, and hence the silence that ever broods over these melancholy regions. This desolation is, however, not equally striking in all parts of the desert. Now and then places occur, where out of the stony, heated soil, rises a thistle, a lean thymian, or a thorny mimosa, faint, feeble plants, around which gather heaps of death-bringing sand, but still most welcome food for the exhausted beasts of burden; alas! with weak, weary motion they often turn sadly aside, when the joyfully-greeted green turns out to be senna or colocynth, unfit even for their modest, frugal palates. But a large, fertile strip of land nearly divides the Sahara into two unequal parts. Here the soil is an arable clay and bears, beside a variety of millet, some date-palms, which even form occasional groves and forests. Near Fezzan a few rocky hills may be seen, very low and little like the hills of more favored lands, but of inestimable value, for they are rich in the greatest of African blessings—wells and clear springs. Here are large pastures for cattle and sheep, and among them those precious date plantations with which is bound up the very existence of numerous tribes. But in the heart of these happier regions the wanderer also sees vast tracks of loose sand, that cannot support even the humblest of plants, and yield to the footstep of the camel, until it sinks and can rise no more. A lake, called Chad, announces its blessed moisture as far as a long day's journey: fragrant tops of grass are seen scattered over the parched surface; low, lurking bushes hide behind a sheltering rock or cling in anxious fear close to each other; at last



nobler trees rise on the horizon and then, near the lake, the full, tropical vegetation bursts forth, like magic, in glorious, gorgeous splendor.

This fertile tract of land divides the so-called Lybian desert, on the east, from the larger waste on the west, the Sabel. The former is far more favored by nature; stern and sterile like the whole Sahara, it is at least without sand. In its stead, hard, naked limestone stretches out to incredible distances, and not a loose stone, not a handful of dust interrupts the monotonous prospect. These slabs are so perfectly level and so smooth, that for thousands of miles not a swelling wave, not a rill can be seen. The heaviest pressure leaves no mark on the even surface, baked and hardened as it is by the heat of uncounted ages. Few travelers venture across this fearful desert; they describe it as the greatest of terrors, seeing day after day nothing but the hard, lifeless expanse beneath, and the red glare in the quivering air above them; they sigh for the breath of a breeze, or even the gentle rustling of the sandy desert. Even the shy gazelle and the roaring lion, are found there but in the poet's fancy. They live only in the cool shade of trees and within reach of gushing springs. Not even the eagle, soaring on high, ventures out on the dreadful plain. But when a tiny ant is seen cautiously creeping from cleft to cleft, or, for a wonder, a lizard, fed, as the Arabs say, by the sun's hot rays, glides noiselessly along on the hard, smooth rock, the whole caravan stops, and many a fervent *mashallah!* is heard, even from the lips of the skeptic and scoffer. The most touching of all, however, is, that even the Bedouin's fierce selfishness cannot resist the charm which mere life has in the desert. Ever and anon—once, perhaps, in years—a graceful little bird is found chirping his merry song on the "tree of water," a date-palm, which, risen from a chance-scattered seed, has grown up in the midst of desolation, and crippled and crouching to the ground, raises its long, feathery leaves, imploringly towards the merciless heaven. The Arab, a stranger to pity or mercy, with a heart as stony as the soil beneath him, yields to the simple charm, and drops a handful of grains as his thanks for the heart-cheering notes of the lonely songster.

In such fearful regions it was, that there once lay a helpless son of the North, with parched tongue, with weary limbs, and, alas! with sinking heart. Death was all around him—death was darkening his soul. Far, far from his home, he was about to die in sheer despair, unknown, unmourned, and, what grieved him most, unprofitable both to his native land and his long-worshiped science. But lo! his eyes sparkle, and new life, with unknown vigor, passes from limb to limb; he raises slowly his feeble arm, he fixes his dimmed gaze upon a tiny, unsightly object at his feet. It is a moss, so small that no eye could have seen it but that of the dying man; but a moss living and thriving, and actually blossoming in the dread desert! Such was the power of that humble sign of life in the midst of death, that Mungo Park rose again, and that spirit revived, which, through him and others, soon opened kingdom after kingdom, and is destined to shine brightly until the whole of mysterious Africa shall be endowed with the gifts of civilization and the blessings of the Christian faith.

Further west the scene changes: the large, uniform slabs slowly become smaller and smaller, round pebbles are seen in their stead, and, to the inexpressible relief of the weary wanderer, deep gullies occur, and in their grateful shade a few stunted shrubs greet the eye of the pilgrim. But, with awful and undefined terror, he looks upon the white salt that blooms forth from cleft and crevice, and at times covers the ground as far as eye can reach, with a thin, light crust, as of transparent ice.

Here and there a deeper indentation in the surface sinks lower than the upper layer of lime-stone, and in them the thousand invisible rills of precious water, that have trickled through the porous earth above, greet once more the light of day, in tiny springs, which distribute their invaluable treasure over field and meadow. Thus, by the labor of centuries, perhaps a minute portion of humus has been gradually produced, mixed up with the inevitable sand, and there in the plain, rice and durra yield a scanty harvest; nearer home dates and dhumm-palms bear more abundant crops. But these oases are more valuable still, when they afford grazing for sheep and goats, and enable the richer dwellers in the desert even to

raise chickens! They are then called Wadis, and often extend to considerable size. Those nearest the valley of the Nile partake of the fertile showers that fall in Nubia and Upper Egypt, and the southernmost are often refreshed by the periodical rains of the tropics. There are not less than thirty-two such Wadis known, though only seventeen produce enough to sustain human life. Science, however, both in the far west near Algiers, and in the extreme east towards Egypt, has done much to soften the terrors of the desert. Artesian wells have been dug—five alone by Mehemet Ali in the Lybian desert—and Christian and Mahometan bless, with equal fervor, the power on high that summons up an abundance of sweet water from the very midst of the stony waste and vast fields of life-destroying salt.

Still, even with such aid, the oases would be as distant from each other as island from island; Egypt would be separated from Abyssinia, Syria from Persia, and Arabia from the whole world, were it not that God has given to the dweller in those accursed lands, in the camel, a servant, a companion, a friend. It alone prevents Africa from being a stranger to man and a voiceless desert forever. From the time of the patriarchs, it alone has given life to the Sahara, in spite of its terrors; and to it are due those three great caravan-roads through the mysterious continent, on which probably the boldest and bravest ventures of trading man are made year after year. All the dangers he incurs, however, and all the sufferings he endures, arise but from one common source, the want of water. Hence the incalculable advantage of the camel. Perhaps no creature on earth has so directly and so powerfully affected the history of whole races. Without it even the two parts of the great continent, separated by the Sahara, would never have known each other. But as the stout ship steers safely across the ocean and binds land to land, so the camel also carries man safely over the vast sea of sand, and binds, by its faithful, humble service, nation to nation.

No animal on earth shows more strikingly, in its peculiar structure, its wonderful adaptation to the land which it serves. The broad soles protect the foot against gravel and sand, and, spreading wide, prevent it from sinking into the loose soil. With its

long, flexible neck, it seizes, without stopping, the scanty, woody herbage that grows by the wayside. Poor, precarious food, indeed! But tongue and palate are as hard as horn, and the prickly thistle, the stiff grass, the woody bushes yield easily to their pressure, and the broad teeth grind and crush the miserable food into wholesome nutriment. The immense stomach, suspended in startling ugliness between the stilt-like legs, holds ample stores, and its spongy texture, the marvel of early naturalists, preserves most copious quantities of water. Our day believes no longer, it is true, that the strange reservoir can furnish liquid enough for dying caravans—not a single such case has ever been authenticated—but the camel itself retains large quantities in reserve, and raises the slimy, bitter water whenever it is needed to moisten the dry food and the parched palate. Without this wondrous provision, even the camel could not live in desert and steppe. The unsightly hunch, also, destructive of all symmetry and beauty, has its long unsuspected usefulness. It is a storehouse of the richest fat, and provides, in time of need, the lungs with the required material, so that long fasting reduces it to a mere shadow, while ample food soon restores its former size.

A child is born unto us! exclaims the joyful Arab, when another camel is added to his numerous herd; and neighbors crowd eagerly around the newly arrived friend of the tribe. In joy and in grief, at home and abroad, the camel is the Arab's best friend. When he remains behind, it misses his familiar face, and groans and growls like a bear until he returns. How beautifully bright those large, lustrous eyes—the only thing beautiful in him—shining upon his master, when he walks with measured step in the grateful shade of his towering friend, and speaks to the listening animal of the joy of return and the sweet greeting of his children, or when he sings to him the ancient songs of his fathers! At a slight sign, the long lines of camels, often counted by thousands, stand instantly still; the Moslem, the faithful believer, spreads his carpet, washes his face with sand, and, turning his brow to the holy grave of the prophet, humbly says his prayers. At sunset the cry is heard: *Kerri! kerri!* and, at the word, the wearied animals

bend their knees, to be relieved of their heavy burdens.

Thus, ever since the days of Moses, the camel has been the very centre of nomadic patriarchal life in the desert; without it neither trade nor intercourse, nor life itself, would be in the Arab's power. As soon as the horse takes its place, as in the desert of Gobi, where both camels and horses are said still to exist in original wildness, pastures become more fertile, occupations more varied, and all relations more complicated; each province grows into a state, each camp into a village, and soon there is but one more step to feudalism and despotism. So close is the connection between climate and soil, and man and nature!

In the desert, and close upon its borders, man has other ways of inner and outer life, other joys and other sorrows, than in more favored regions. A shady grove, a green meadow, and a merry rivulet, are rare sights, indeed; but they afford him a pleasure, a delight but little known to the dweller in happier lands. Springs, elsewhere free to all, like the air that we breathe, are to him a most precious treasure, an object of ardent wishes, and often—from the days of Abraham—a cause of strife and bloody war. Ever changing, like the sand of the desert, is his home and his life; in the wide waste space there is no resting place for long years; he strikes his tent in a moment, and on the morrow he is gone. His whole life is full of movement and endless change, and yet, most sadly monotonous. As the sailor is chained to his vessel, so is he bound to the animal that carries him and all he owns on earth over the wide plain. The nations that live around the desert are mostly traders, like civilized maritime races, or corsairs, like the degraded dwellers on abandoned coasts; for the desert and the ocean are the free fields of commerce and warfare.

The children of the Sahara itself are Arabs, and in no way different from the Bedouins of Egypt. In the southern part of the desert, and toward lake Chad, live the Tibboos, a tribe of natives who, in some of their features, resemble the negro; but their color varies from the deepest black of Ethiopia to the copper red of our northwest Indians. The same strange variety extends to their faces, and we find now the broad nostrils of the negro, and now the fair, bold nose of Shemitic tribes. The hair

is curled, but not woolly, and the mouth and lips are decidedly European. Both sexes have tall, slender figures, and the women, especially, show most graceful and dignified movements, reminding the stranger of the classic sculpture of antiquity. Unlike other tribes of that continent, who delight in wearing a great number of copper and iron ornaments, these natives have but a single broad ring of brass or of silver, just above the ankles, which serves admirably to set off the dark shining skin and graceful outlines. Their lands are probably the richest of all in the Lybian desert, so that some tribes even raise cattle, and all enjoy what might there be called comfort, and often abundance. Still, their soil is poor beyond all that we know in civilized countries; and their resources are scanty, even in the midst of the desert. But they are rich in that which is better than fertile soil or tropical climate: they combine an ingenuity, sharpened by ever-threatening want and distress, with a perseverance taught them by iron necessity. Low, therefore, as these "poor natives of Africa" stand in the scale of the nations on earth, they present to us here, most unexpectedly, a race that has reached the highest grade of culture possible in the heart of the Sahara. A few small fields on which they raise miserable millet, scanty pastures with short, coarse grass for a herd of diminutive cattle, and larger tracts covered with shrubs and prickly plants, which sustain, wonderfully enough, the most frugal of animals, the camel—these are their only resources. They must live one-half of the year on millet, colocynth, and similar plants; the other half they subsist on the milk of their camels. Although the soil produces no vegetable from which they might weave tissues with which to cover themselves, they still have succeeded, in a few lonely places, in raising patches of cotton. Nearly all, however, that they need for their clothing, they obtain, by barter, from the caravans which annually pass through their country. They pay for it mostly in horses, and in mohairs, or swift camels. These they select from their large herds, which in some tribes count as many as 5,000, and train them carefully until, at last, the best can travel for twenty hours, making eight or ten miles an hour, without even resting for food or for water. Where horses

and camels cannot be raised on the poverty-stricken soil, ostriches and gazelles are hunted for the purpose of trade. The same caravans readily exchange their goods for the skins, the horns, and even the meat of the latter; while the costly feathers of the ostrich often bring fabulous prices, even there, in their home.

It is not without its psychological interest, to see how this happy and modest race must endure all the painful effects of their higher culture, at the same time that it enjoys its blessings. Bound to the glebe by dire necessity, settled in permanent homes, and loving the sweet arts of peace, they become an easy prey of their nomadic neighbors, the Arabs and the Tuaries. This is less due to a want of physical courage or of skill in the use of their weapons, in both of which they surpass much higher races, than to a strange, invincible fear of firearms. The great traveler, Dee, tells us, how five or six of them will cautiously walk around a tree, against which the long gun of an Arab is leaning; they will speak in a whisper and tread lightly on their toes, as if afraid that by their noise the rifle might be disturbed!

Their neighbors, marked even among the wild sons of the desert for their boldness of character and fierce contempt of all danger, oppress them without respite or mercy. Their villages are periodically invaded, their men are slain, and their sons and daughters are carried away into bitter captivity. What wonder, then, that their minds have been poisoned, and that faithlessness and unscrupulous falsehood are qualities for which they are famous? Most nations, that are in a state of transition from a savage to a more civilized life, are apt to suffer in this way, having been freed from the vices of their former condition, though they have not yet acquired the higher virtues of better races. The Sahara shows us some striking and highly instructive instances of this kind.

The desert has its conquerors, also, and its declining nations. In the very heart of the most sterile regions, the wanderer meets of a sudden some of the arts of western kingdoms; his astonished eye admires skillfully carved weapons, and delicate ornaments, wrought in gold and in silver. The camel, that carries him through vast wastes, is covered with richly-embroidered cushions, and

in the dismal, dark tent of his hospitable host, his weary limbs recline on gorgeous carpets. The Moors of the Sahel—*Bedowi* they call themselves, or men of the desert—who live to the west of the great caravan-road between Fez and Morocco, are skillful artists, and cherish the cunning and the craft of their forefathers. They are not born on the soil; at the time of the Arab invasion into Spain, they did not follow their brethren to cold northern climes, but preferred carrying the green standard of the prophet still further to the south. Here they exterminated the native population and nomades, as were almost all the dwellers in the Sahara. They now range over boundless space, so that in the north they are fair as the Arabs of the east, whilst in the south their skin grows darker and darker, until, at last, nothing but their noble, finely-cut features and straight hair distinguish them from the deep-black races amidst whom they dwell.

The boldest children of the desert are the Tuaries, who live in the middle part of the Sahara, where it is broadest. They point with pride to the dazzling whiteness of their complexion, wherever it has not been darkened by exposure to a merciless sun; and to the countless inscriptions in their newly-discovered language, the *Targhia*, which cover the rocky walls of mountainous regions and many a noble ruin of times unknown to history or tradition. They claim, perhaps not unjustly, to be the descendants of the ancient Berbers, the oldest offspring of Africa, and, by a lofty, majestic carriage and an unrivaled skill in arms, succeed in lording it over all other tribes of the desert. No caravan passes, richly laden with the fruits of northern culture and European skill, that does not cheerfully pay them the moderate tribute they require; but the traders from Soudan, in the south, have to yield up a larger share of the costly treasures they carry back in ivory, gold, and slaves. Bred, and often born on their swift camels, they pass like winged arrows over the boundless plain; the doubting eye has scarcely discovered the small black point on the horizon, when already the gaunt, quaint form of the dromedary is discerned; with gigantic strides it approaches; it grows before the amazed pilgrim, like the fisherman's ghost in the Arabian Nights, and he has not recovered from his surprise, ere the

bold Tuaric stands close by his side. Even the Arabs fear their irresistible impetuosity and their never-failing aim. The French traveler, Caillié, was once following a richly-laden and well-escorted caravan of six hundred camels. They were, however, short of provisions, and five or six days from the nearest well. Just then, two Tuaries approached, both seated on the same dromedary; they silently alighted, and imperceptible signs only passed between them and the merchants. But in an instant carpets were spread, the choicest food, the richest spices, the clearest and freshest water was placed before them, and all vied with each other in feasting and honoring the formidable guests. Dressed, as they ever are, in dark woolen or leather garments, that cover body and head, leaving hands and eyes alone unprotected against the sun and the sand of the Sahara, they appeared, to the wondering witness of this strange scene, like demons, born amid the terrors of the desert, and ready to vanish in a whirlwind, wanton, and weird as they had come.

Beside these three dominant races, the great Sahara also counts among her children, the "cursed Jew," as the Arabs call the haughty elder son of their common father Abraham. The love of gain, the excitement of venture—those two ruling passions of the Hebrew—carry him far from his promised land or his home in exile, over land and sea, even to the heart of Africa. Here, as all over the world, he is the middle man between those who buy and those who sell; despised, ill-treated, and often robbed, he still amasses riches and glories in the knowledge that in the silent sands of Africa, as in the busy marts of Europe, wealth is power. For wealth he braves the dangers of the Chamsin, the fierce tyrant of the Sahara, so called from the word "fifty," because it commonly lasts fifty days from April to June; for wealth he endures the fearful sufferings caused by the simoom, which stifles, with its intolerable glow, all living beings that breathe the heated air, and buries, in an instant, caravans of vast numbers under fatal sand-hills. For wealth, he even endures that most terrific of all tortures to which man's body and mind can ever be exposed—the bitter mockery of the

"water of Satan," as the Arab calls the mirage. His goat-skin has rendered up the last drop it contained; his lips are parched, his limbs exhausted; on the right lie his costly wares in unwonted confusion, on the left the ghastly corpse of his camel. Of a sudden he hears a gentle rustling of sand; his eye discerns afar off the rolling gait of a dromedary, and high on its grotesque and heavily-laden saddle the easy, recumbent form of a Tatar. At his side glitter sabre and pistols in almost intolerable glare; the long pipe rests gracefully in his hand, and the whole figure is tossed to and fro, in quaint, indescribable contortions, by the swift, sudden jolts of the camel. The Jew revives; help is near, for a man, a brother approaches. Alas! the Tatar sees at a glance the despised race, to which the sufferer belongs; he flings a curse at his head, and in a few moments the rising breeze has wiped out even his traces in the loose sand. The Jew sinks back in despair. But still greater sufferings await him, ere death brings relief forever. His feverish eye, glaring into the far distance, suddenly burns with wild fire; he raises his withered form and stares at the marvel: the God of Abraham has not forsaken him; he sees water; water in rivers, in ponds, and in lakes. Nay, there is the sea itself, the great ocean, and its waves rise and fall under the playful breeze. There are islands, too, looking wondrously like the mountains he saw in the morning afar off, and their image is flected in the glassy surface. Vessels, also, are not wanting; they are bending under the weight of their sails, but they cannot move from the spot. The Jew drags himself painfully over the burning sand; despair, hope, fear, lend him new strength. Only a hundred feet further, and his lips will touch the precious water, his burning face will revive in the cooling flood! He raises his sinking eye once more, and, O God! all is gone; as by a magic touch, rivers and lakes, sea and ships have vanished, and the heated, horrid sand of the desert alone lies before him. The blow is fatal; he bows his head and the black drop falls from the sword of the Angel of Death upon his tongue. To-night he will be with his fathers.

## LIFE AMONG THE MORMONS.

[Concluded.]

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, March 1, 1853.

TO-DAY we have been walking out in the warm sunshine; the air is bland; Mrs. Farnham and Father Lee are gardening, and you are shivering under one of those cold northwestern blasts, the bare remembrance of which is enough to freeze one's blood.

I find a marked difference between our hostess and the Mormon women here. She is energetic, and careful for the comfort of her family. Yesterday I had a long walk with her, and among other places we went to Sayres' garden with a Mrs. Van C., who keeps a boarding-house for gentiles (her husband being on a mission), and is reputed neat and thrifty. But she spoke with so much langour and despondency, that I suspected the skeleton, which some one speaks of as being in every house, had manifested its ghostly presence in her own. She complained bitterly of poverty; and expressed anxiety in reference to being able to provide her children with bread.

"What is the use," said she, "of slaving myself; Van C., like all the rest, will bring home a number of spirituals. I am surprised, sister Farnham, you can keep up such a flow of spirits, for I suppose your husband has left you to provide for yourself for the next five years."

"Certainly he has, and I get along quite as well—if I can't live here, I will go to my sister in California."

This Mrs. Van C. is lady-like in her manners, but fragile in form, and poorly calculated to battle for bread in such a place as this. It slipped out, during the conversation, that some of the dignitaries had intimated, that women, whose husbands were long absent, had duties to perform peculiar to Mormon institutions; and that, if she was more complying in this respect, her pathway would be rendered smooth. What an abyss of abomination!

Sayres, in whose pleasant garden we were sauntering, is as much out of place as a jewel in a swine's snout. He perfectly detests the saints, all and sundry, and only came here because his wife became a convert to their absurd notions, and would be content nowhere

else. Gardening is his ruling passion; he is an extravagant lover of flowers; finds many a floral *rara avis* in this region, and is making an extensive collection of plants, peculiar to the Great Basin, that will be valuable to botanists. It was a treat to see his forcing beds, and his fine display of vegetables just starting up, and arranged with that degree of neatness and taste peculiar to the ardent horticulturist. While I was expressing pleasure at the sight, he said in the States it would pay, but in a community of leeches, whose eternal cry was Give, Give, and no thanks, it was a hard business.

I tried to get an inkling of his wife's motives for coming here from her own lips, but she manifested so much unwillingness to say anything to me, that I gave it up. From Aunt Shearer, I learn that Mrs. S. was a Bostonian of Yankee shrewdness in some things, connected with many unprofitable idiosyncrasies; in common parlance, her mental machinery had a great many "screws loose;" and that is the case with the most of them. Like the mass of emigrants, they entered the valley poor. Soon after their arrival, Mrs. S. received, from some eastern resource, a sum of money sufficient to have made them very comfortable. They built an adobe house with a small portion of it, and all the rest the foolish woman loaned to Parley Pratt, whose powers of suction, where money is concerned, are equal to the most active of the blood-sucker kind; he is like a sponge, with one important difference—in having great capacity for absorption, without allowing anything to be squeezed out of him.

I am tired and weary of gathering up incidents of personal history in this place—it is all alike—it is just one unvarying picture of rascality, folly, imposition, credulity, and crime. And you, too, must be equally tired in reading the sketches which I give you. I will try to get rid of this monotony, though the chances are that I shall find myself gliding back into it, as easily as a carriage slides back into an ugly rut which disfigures the road.

March 5th. We are just now in high



spirits. Our friend, Mr. Livingston, has decided to start on the first of May with a train of cattle for California, and we are to go with him. There will be from sixty to one hundred men, more than enough, at any rate, for safety, and it is said we shall reach San Francisco early in July. The prospect of escaping from this region of moral pestilence, at a period much earlier than we anticipated, has almost lifted me into the clouds. In addition, we have, within a few days, formed the acquaintance of a Mr. and Mrs. McP., who are gentiles—temporary sojourners—he engaged in all kinds of trading, and she lively, intelligent, and having about the same opinion of the saints that we entertain.

The spring opens with great beauty: everything blooms in the valley, while the surrounding mountains are robed in white. The snow has been receding on these lofty heights for some time. The mountains here furnish a scale by which the progress of spring and summer can be measured. The snow line gradually retreats to the top, but they say the "Twin Peaks," which majestically tower above the neighboring elevations, retain their snowy crown during the whole year.

In looking from our north window on the plateau, it is one glow of a delicate pink color, with scarce a tinge of green. On walking up there this morning, we found this ruddy carpet to consist of myriads of the tiniest flowers, opening their buds thus early. In this thicket of bloom, the sego plant shoots up its needle-like stem here and there, and in spots we find the expanding leaves of plants that are strange to us.

This plateau stretches along the base of the mountains, south, as far as the eye can reach, and was evidently once the shore of the lake, then, of course, a great inland sea. The region is so manifestly volcanic that the geologist can find but few of the remains of organic life. We picked up a very good specimen of coralline, belonging to the olden time, showing a delicate and fan-like tracery, from a common center. These little insects must have been as much noted for industry, in the misty ages of a far off antiquity, as at present. How wonderfully is the evidence of their instinctive skill imbedded in stone, more enduring than the monuments of human celebrities!

In our stroll, we came to an emigrant

wagon just in from the valley of the Weber, where, in one of the lateral gorges of the mountain, the family have spent a lonely winter. They were from the pleasant banks of the Ohio, the preceding summer; got snowed up forty miles from here in October; have had a precarious living on fish and game; and have now just wallowed through the snow-obstructed cañon in search of food. It was a traveling household, with the usual collection of traps, and the mistress of the migrating tenement was at home. I said to her:

"You are not going to remain long here, are you?"

"Well, I don't know as it'll make much difference—we're pretty comfortable, my man's out herdin' cattle, and son's lookin' up work, and as for me, I've got all my work done up and am goin' to take a nap."

I queried again—"Where is your sewing or knitting? How can you content yourself without doing something?"

She yawned and said: "You are a gentile, aint you? Why labor for the meat that perisheth? We are sojourners for a season. The lilies toil not, neither do they spin," etc.

Thus ended the colloquy with this interesting specimen of womanhood, and thus has ended many a similar one in which I have taken part. Such women form a goodly portion of the mortar with which the bricks of the Mormon temple are cemented together. They are the contented portion of the harem, and must, I fancy, claim maternity to a very stupid or vicious race of descendants.

March 20. To-day we have had a long walk up City Creek, my husband with his fishing rod, and I with my curiosity, the weather being about equal to our first of May at home. The stream is rapid and beautiful, and runs from a wild gorge on the north side of the city, into which we passed, along the banks of the principal canal, conducting the water for distribution into our part of the town. At the end of the canal we found a road, leading to some wood a long way up the cañon. The creek was full of trout, but they seemed to have no appetite for gentile bait, and we threaded our way leisurely along the road, which wound around very irregularly among a perfect labyrinth of hillocks, rising one above another intermi-

nably. We reached an elevation sufficient to find patches of snow, which appeared in still greater quantities further up.

In our stroll we encountered an Indian hunting, and I was childish enough to feel timid, as we were at least a mile and a half from the mouth of the cañon, and out of all sight or hearing of the city. He proved to be a young, well-formed, and not bad looking Ute, and readily enough, and with apparent good humor, entered into such conversation as we could hold, with a few words and many signs. I took out a pencil and paper, and gave him to understand that I wanted to sketch him, and it was curious to see into what a graceful attitude he placed himself, leaning on his rifle, and how pleased he was with the very rude production of my impromptu effort.

These Utes we meet with almost every day. They are wretched-looking objects, often squatting down in the very middle of the streets, devouring their food like dogs. All human beings, I believe, have a spark of pride, however low and degraded they may seem. I said to one yesterday, "You are a *Digger*." He raised himself with offended dignity, and said, "*Shoshonie*—*Shoshonie*." "*Digger*" is a term as offensive to them as "nigger" to our poor Africans. Their paposes, with eyes glittering like little snakes, have humanity about them, for I can make them smile, like other babies, by chirping to them. The poor things are great beggars, and as a general rule the inhabitants are very charitable towards them.

In these walks there is an oppressive loneliness, on account of the absence of trees and birds. Very few of the feathered race are to be seen, except the everlasting crow, which croaks over and around us at every turn, as if depredation and prey were the ruling characteristics of the region. In our ramble to-day, we were delighted to hear the clear whistle of the meadow lark, and the occasional trill and twitter of two or three other summer birds. Our landlady tells us the robin will soon make its appearance.

It has been said that birds, on account of their keenness of vision, ease and rapidity of motion, and elevation, as it were, above the earth, correspond to the intellectual principle in the mind. This

nearly universal absence of the feathered tribe, except those of the scavenger kind, may well typify the Mormon intellect, steeped as it is in sensuality. But, perhaps, I am seeking a fanciful cause for what may be easily accounted for in the want of trees. Paradise itself must have been birdless, had it been treeless. Who would live where there are no forests? These eternal savannas, though surrounded by grand ranges of snow-mantled mountains, become dreadfully wearisome.

April 2. Yesterday we went to Salt Lake. This may sound paradoxical, inasmuch as, in common parlance, we have spent the winter "at Salt Lake," yet, until now, we have been no nearer that celebrated body of water than twenty-two miles. The expedition was planned by Mrs. McP. and myself; we literally "joined teams." Two of our mules were harnessed with two of theirs, into their carriage, and with a bountiful supply for a picnic upon the lake shore, we crossed the Jordan bridge near the city at an early hour, and rolled smoothly over the plain. This plain, however, was found to have its inequalities—there were an inconvenient number of small miry depressions, strongly impregnated with saleratus, which plagued us not a little, and two or three large ponds, filled with countless fowl, which rose up in clouds as we rode along, filling the air with their screams. It must be a perfect paradise for the sportsman.

We took the road which leads to Antelope Island. The island reared its mountain form before us, and after we had traveled for hours seemed no nearer. Gradually, however, its outlines became more boldly relieved against the sky, and the rocks, ravines, and inequalities upon its sides began to assume distinctness and shape, like the landscape, from which the misty twilight of early morning is fast receding. The lake, too, began to stretch away to the northwest, as far as the eye could reach; and, after wading laboriously through some miles of deep sand, we found ourselves upon its shores.

A strong south wind had swept the waters to the north, leaving a broad space of the bottom perfectly bare; this was crusted over with salt, which sparkled in the sun like innumerable diamonds. Our driver found the fording place to the island and plunged in, and on we went

until it seem to me the waters were too deep for safety. We halted to debate the question of a further prosecution of the journey. We were really in the Great Salt Lake, over which had hung such a cloud of mystery, and about which so many marvels had been related by early *voyageurs*, of terrible whirlpools and submarine grumblings. To us it was a very harmless sort of a water-monster. A picnic on Antelope Island would be a very pretty thing to talk about at home, but to get swamped in trying to get there would end all stories on the subject. Prudence prevailed—we filled a bottle from the “briny deep,” took a homœopathic taste all around, and then wheeled about. The mules, and carriage, and whatever else received a splash of the water, were coated white with salt.

Back again upon the shore, we found a place covered with sage bushes—picketed our animals, built a fire, made a strong dish of tea, and, in addition to sharp appetites, seasoned our dinner with free and easy remarks about the saints, entirely unapprehensive of espionage. Where, you will say, did you get the water to make your tea? A shrewd question. We brought with us a number of cans of the precious liquid, and had enough to give our patient mules a few swallows to wash down their scanty dinner. We are old campaigners, and all this was done up with the least possible waste of time, and, after gathering a few early wild flowers, we rolled back again to “Zion in the tops of the mountains.”

The view to the north was uninterrupted to a great distance, and the mountains, stretching away south, lay “voluminous and vast,” their snowy tops glittering in the rays of the sun. There they repose in stern and gloomy grandeur, the store-house of storms, and of the thousand streams that dash and hurry down upon the thirsty plains.

At the south we had a fine view of the rounded and heaped up masses, like thunder clouds, which bound the Utah lake. Nature has laid herself out here upon a great scale. In outline there is nothing little—everything is massive, mighty, grand.

At the base of the mountains, directly in front, lay the city, just discernible, melted together into a confused mass. As we traveled toward it, the view to the north contracted. A little to the

northeast a thin, white vapor, like the spray of a spouting whale upon the ocean, indicated the presence of the hot spring. Gradually it assumed more distinctness, and finally rolled up in a compact volume, like the vapor from a locomotive in the frosty air, and was whirled away by the brisk south wind. Silvery threads, too, started out from the mighty canvas before us, as the dashing and spray-like streams, from the banks of snow, became discernible. There the prominent buildings in the city came into view, and separated themselves from the rest; little patches and shades of green, from the ornamental trees, made their appearance; finally the dwellings ranged themselves in regular rows, the streets opened to view, we rolled over Jordan bridge and found ourselves once more in the Mormon capital.

April 5. I did not intend to say another word about the saints, male or female, but I was tempted yesterday to attend a meeting of the Council of Health, and am so full of what I saw and heard, that it will be a relief to give a brief account of it. This Council of Health, as it is called, is a sort of female society, something like our Dorcas societies, whose members have meetings to talk over their occasional various aches and pains, and the mode of cure. There are a few who call themselves physicians in the place, and they are privileged to a seat in this important assemblage.

The meeting was in one of the ward school-houses. There were from forty to fifty present, old and young, and, judging from physiognomical indications, they all, with two or three exceptions, belonged to the lowest class of ignorance. There seemed to be no redeeming qualities. The elder were destitute of those mild, refined, and softened feelings which often form such an agreeable relief to old age. The specimens before me were of the wrinkled, spiteful, hag-like order—time had evidently laid a rough and relentless hand upon them. The younger portion were to me, if anything, more repulsive still—there was no youthful vivacity of appearance or manner. They were stupid, and sensuality had swallowed up all pure womanly feelings.

The meeting was called to order by Dr. Richards, a hoary-headed old sinner, whose looks were sufficiently

sanctified to remind you of some of our good deacons at home—but you must not fancy a further resemblance. He made a strange opening for a Council of Health. He said they were in the midst of dangerous times—that trouble was brewing for the saints, by disaffected spirits, and, if they were not cut off before their plans ripened, the devil would reign again. At this interesting climax, he brought his hand down as though he intended, then and there, to punch a hole through the heads of one of these spirits. He managed to get up so much ferocity of expression, that I was relieved when he sat down.

A Dr. Sprague, a man having a look of vulgar dissipation, then rose and made a few common-place remarks about health. In the mean time, the women began to manifest much uneasiness, twisting, weaving, and rocking to and fro, as though they intended to do something effective when they got a chance. As soon as Dr. S. sat down, sister Newman bounded up like a cork, and in spiteful and sharp tones said that Mormon women ought not to be subject to pain, but that disease and death must be banished from among them, and go to the gentiles, where they belonged; that God would soon glorify his name by cutting off the rotten nations of the earth; and then the women would obey their husbands, love them, wait on them, and, if they wanted more wives, help to get them. It was a rambling tirade, and there was enough more of the same kind, but I can only report the substance. She was succeeded by sister Susanna Lippincot, one of Dr. Richards's houris, and a fair specimen of the degraded class of spiritual wives. One of the sisters near me whispered, "She is full of the spirit." I could easily see that she was full of spirits that came from the distillery. She advocated pouring down lobelia until the devils were driven out of the body. She fastened her red, gooseberry eyes upon me, and made some ill-natured remarks about the gentiles. She finally broke forth into an unknown tongue, and, as near as I can recollect, these were the words: "*Eli, ele, elo, ela—come, coma, como—reli, rele, rela, relo—sela, selo, sele, selum.*" This gibberish was repeated over two or three times.

Sister Sessions then arose and translated these mysterious words. The inter-

pretation proved to be a mere repetition of what the inspired Susanna had before said in murdered English. Sister Sessions took her seat, and sister Gibbs got up, fully possessed, to overflowing, with the notion of healing, even to the mending of broken limbs, by faith and the laying on of hands. By some unlucky mishap, her arm had been dislocated, and she roundly asserted that it had been instantaneously put into its place by this divine process. But alas! exercise had put her arm out of joint a second time, and she piteously bemoaned her fate with tears, lest the Lord might not condescend to heal her again. She was a wretched case of crazy fanaticism. Others poured forth incoherent nonsense in the same strain.

One woman had a daughter present, who was badly afflicted with scrofula, and expressed a wish to have the remedy applied. The sisters crowded around, and, with the two brothers, laid their right hands upon her, and prayed very much like the Catholics repeating their Aves and Pater Nosters over their beads. Dr. Sprague was then moved by the spirit to bless the patient in an unknown tongue, pronouncing, in a blatant tone, words something like these: "*Vavi, vava, vavum—sere, seri, sera, serum.*" The same sister, who had already acted as interpreter, gave the meaning to these oracular utterances. They proved to be the invocation of great blessings, both temporal and spiritual; she was to have everything that heart could desire; her seed was to outnumber the hosts of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Poor thing, she looked as though she needed some better guaranty for temporal comforts than these empty sounds. She could not have been over eighteen; had a large baby in her lap and another child at home; was poorly clad, and undoubtedly half fed.

My guide-book, Aunt Shearer, was with me. She, too, made some remarks, which, to do her justice, were a good deal more to the purpose. Sister Sessions again took the floor, and related a dream of the night before, of a remarkable fight between the Lord and the devil. His sooty majesty came pretty near obtaining the mastery, but was finally overcome, and, as the moral of the affair, the Lord advised her to use lobelia in curing disease, as that would

drive the devil away. With this crowning dose the meeting adjourned.

This is a faithful account of the meeting, except that I have been compelled to soften down some of the expressions used, which were too gross to be repeated. It has given me the horrors. I begin to have a superstitious dread that we may be in some way prevented from leaving at the time appointed, and our stay in this place indefinitely prolonged.

April 30. To-morrow we turn our backs upon the Mormon capital, with its wretchedness, abominations, and crimes. We have formed a few friendly acquaintances, with whom we part with

regret; but oh! how rejoiced to escape from a region of human depravity, the terrible features of which have opened more and more distinctly to view the longer our sojourn has continued.

Our arrangements are all made. To-morrow we resume our wandering life, in the same traveling mansion which brought us here, drawn by the same patient mules, under the superintendence of the same faithful Morso; and for the next six or eight weeks we must thread our way through the Great Basin. What the future has in store we know not, but our hearts are light, and our trust is in Providence.

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#### THE LOSS OF THE ARGO.

THE vane, it pointed southward;  
The breeze, it cheerily blew;  
The skipper was standing beside me—  
The skipper and all his crew.

It was up with the jib and the topsail;  
It was up, and sheet home, and belay;—  
The skipper he laughed as the breeze came aft,  
And the clipper she bowled away.

She was all that he had or he cared for;—  
His mother had never loved him,  
With a love more watchful and tender than his  
For his clipper staunch and trim.

And gaily she went and quickly,  
Till half the voyage was o'er;  
Till she neared those treacherous latitudes  
Midway 'twixt shore and shore.

For there and then;—but well you ken—  
Confusion all on deck:  
'Tis an old, old tale—up came the gale—  
And down, down went the wreck.

He was not drowned, the skipper—  
Nor I, who tell you the tale;  
But he thrilled with a mortal agony,  
And his cheek was deadly pale.

For—ask not how I consoled him,  
Probe not what lies beyond—  
It was our little Harry sailing his ship  
Across Green Brier Pond!

## ABOUT NIGGERS.

"WHAT now, are you going to bring the niggers into 'Putnam?'"

Yes, Mrs. Grundy, I am.

Niggers are admitted into the best palaces in New York, and into churches; and on some first-class plantations, a clergyman is kept, whose business it is to get them into heaven. Then why not into "Putnam," I say?

"Why? They are nothing but niggers!"

True enough; and you? You are nothing but Mrs. Grundy, yet you get into "Putnam," and oftener than some folks think you ought to.

Now to begin: I am sorry for him, and I do not respect the "boot-blackening," "waiting," "tobacco-chewing," "old clothes," "three-cent-job" nigger, Mrs. Grundy, any more than you do, though I do not see what else he can well be, if we white folks insist upon his being that; but I do admire that barbaric splendor which hangs about the true nigger—that sable and glossy skin, that ivory mouth, that lithe and stalwart form; I like, too, the flexible grace and inexhaustible kindness which belong to the negro woman, as well as to you, Mrs. Grundy; which drew from Mungo Park, in the wilds of Africa, this tribute to woman:

"But I do not recollect," says Mungo, "a single instance of hard-heartedness towards me in woman. In all my wandering and wretchedness, I found them uniformly kind and compassionate; and I can truly say [he is speaking of niggers], as Mr. Ledyard has eloquently said before me, to a woman I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship without receiving a decent and friendly answer: if I was hungry or thirsty, wet or sick, they did not hesitate, like the men, to perform a generous action. In so free and so kind a manner did they contribute to my relief, that, if I was dry, I drank the sweetest draught, and, if hungry, ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish."

Now, I like these things about nigger women, and so do you, Mrs. G.; confess it. Well, tender as I am of your feelings, I have decided to treat niggers as I see fit here and hereafter; and, if you will not dissolve the Union for a month or two, I will say a few

words, because I want to say them, and because their dark, tropical, luxuriant grace will pleasantly vary the pale-faces which so charm us in the pages of the crescent "Putnam."

Cuff has come to be the synonym for a race, which is varied by the epithet "damned nigger," whether applied to the beastly Bozal, who grovels in the rice-swamps of Carolina, or the Toussaint Louverture, who orders a kingdom. The origin of this singular title, no man knows; but I suggest that, as the nigger has always more cuffs than coppers, it may have started from that; the curious will look in Roget or Crabbe; their latter title (quoted above) is a compound word, and will be found in no dictionary.

It is not necessary for me to defend niggers, for I believe in the law of force—that the strong man must rule the weak; and if any man, black or white, is unable to master himself, somebody must master him. Now, I hope the reader will not go off like a skyrocket and say:

"There, I always said so—that the niggers must be slaves, and must be bought and sold like cattle; and now 'Putnam' says it, and it is so."

"Putnam" does not say so, and I don't. "Putnam" says what I do, and I say:

That the strong must govern the weak—must control, guide, support, and encourage the weak, and that it must be done wisely for their mutual benefit.

When it is done to benefit the one side only—the strong—then it is slavery, although it is not always chattel slavery, for there is a good deal of it this side of Mason and Dixon's line.

Now, whatever benefit the nigger has got, (if any,) it has been no part of the white man's plan; he has never "talked turkey" to the black man once, and this, in so many years, is not the fair thing. The private chaplain of the Cotton Press says:

"Oh, my dear Mr. Wallys, he's going to, pretty soon; he's going to employ clergymen, and save their souls."

But I am inclined to believe that patent steam-salvation-done-by-the-job-cheap, won't last; but others think differently. Many say that God has made the nigger on purpose to be the slave and shoe-







black of the white man; they say, "If not, why don't the nigger rise and cut the white man's throat, and be free?" and then they are apt to say a little line:

"Who would be free, himself must strike the blow."

which is an honest truth, strikingly expressed.

When the timid sportsman was aghast at a live lobster who had seized his hook, and one cried out, "Catch hold of him!" he declined following the advice, and said: "Oh, yes, it is easy enough to say, 'Catch hold of him,' but try it."

So with these niggers; it is easy enough to say, "Why don't they rise?" but those who say this are hard to please, as I shall show. I should think it a likely thing enough that my friend, the Rev. Mr. Careful, would say, "Why don't he rise, if he be really a man?" Now, my reverend friend gets a large salary, and some of it comes from cotton profits, and he does not see things as I do, who am only a blacksmith. He cannot. Let us put him into the nigger's shoes, or tracks rather, for a while.

The nigger is born with a dark skin, often without a known father, (which is not the case now with Durham cattle,) and so is a sort of Immaculate Conception, not yet, however, elevated into a dogma; he is suckled four times a day, for his mother is let in to him as carefully as if he were a calf; in due time he makes mud-pies, as any child, even a white one, does; then he gets old enough to be in the way, and is cuffed out, but on the whole has a good time, for his hair curls without the aid of tongs, and he is not distressed with clean clothes; as he grows older, he is carefully trained—

"His mind, of course, Mr. Wallys?"

Oh! bless your simple soul, that would shake the glorious Union to pieces. He is carefully trained to handle the hoe, and is assiduously watched over by a judicious overseer, hired for the purpose, regardless of expense; who, having conquered his prejudices, is able, with the aid of timely flagellants, to keep this growing soul in the path of duty, (between the rows of growing cotton or stalwart cane,) so that in time the "boy" develops mind, body, soul, and affections, and becomes—

"What, Mr. Wallys?"

A finished minister (of that Jesus who said he came to let the oppressed go free, and to loose the chains of the captives)—of—course! One whose polished eloquence and bland piety are the solace and delight of great numbers of kindly Mrs. Grundys of both sexes, who say—"Why don't he rise?"

Is that the way the boy Careful was trained into a Christian minister, and is that the article which slavery produces?—Reader, I ask you.

Now I say—has God not created him for the benevolent purpose of hoeing the cane, and blacking the boots of us sinners?

One serious thing enough may be said, namely—that when very heavy mountains of ignorance, and degradation, and superstition, and oppression, have lain on one for some centuries, one is apt to be pressed rather flat, even if one is a nigger, and to find it rather hard to rise.

But let us see what did once happen, and what was said then.

Once upon a time, on an island in the sea, where there were many very brutal and degraded blacks, who, it was satisfactory to think, were the descendants of Ham, and whom a kind and good God had damned to this patriarchal state—on such an island, where there were 480,000 of these creatures, and some 30,000 amiable and refined whites, trouble broke out. Strange as it may seem to cultivated and simple-minded people, the Christian whites quarreled among themselves, and came to violence and bloodshed, and shouted "Liberty! liberty!" "to arms!" so loud, that it penetrated the thick tympanums of these degraded niggers; and out of their slough some of them crawled, and they discovered, my dear Mrs. G., that liberty did not mean slavery! Stupid as they were, they supposed that this was a discovery, for there were no eminent Doctors of Divinity among them, no learned lawyers, no liberal commercial princes to tell them that it did, that they were exactly synonymous, and that slavery was really the corner-stone of liberty, and that any man who knew what was good for himself, would put himself (mind, body and soul) into slavery; but especially niggers, for the kind Providence had arranged it for them some years ago. They had no one to tell them these things, so they said—"We

love not the scars of the whip, we love not degradation and ignorance; nor do we love labor for your sake—oh! mighty masters: so we will take your arms and our liberty, and henceforth you may work your own sugar-fields." In other words, "they rose," and, for twenty years, cruelty and revenge met cruelty and revenge, and these niggers almost equaled the white men. But now comes the singular part of the story, namely—that after they had done this, and had risen, and had applied the whip to the backs of their masters—the Rev. Carefuls and others were not a bit more satisfied than before, and they have not ceased to scream in their solemn slumbers since that day.

So it has been as I said: if they were content with degradation, they were called "Cuffs;" and if they rose and slaughtered right and left, and tricked themselves in gold lace and swallow-tailed coats, as Louis Napoleon does, and in all things behaved after the manner of the white folks, they were called "dam'd niggers."

No wonder they are discouraged.

The claim is that niggers belong to a less capable race than the whites. Intellectually it may be so. Then the inference is, that as they cannot be masters, they must be slaves; in other words, they are weak, and it is the business of the strong to rule them; and there is no difficulty in deciding who is weak and who strong, because the color of the skin settles it.

Let us agree to that for the present.

Now I go a step further—and this is my position, to which I think Mr. Knox will not object, viz.:—that bilious temperaments, with black hair and strong digestive apparatus, are stronger than pale-haired lymphatic temperaments—therefore, the black-haired people are destined by God to rule the pale-haired people, equally destined by God to be made slaves of. Now to carry out this logic to the Rev. gentleman mentioned,—he is stronger than a large part of his congregation (perhaps),—they, therefore, should submit quietly to him, and hoe his cane. But—unfortunate word—but—there is somebody stronger than the Reverend Careful, and Careful is, therefore, bound to pass quietly and quickly under his yoke, and hoe his cane, and have no more words about it; and, if right, why does he not do it?

I don't say it is right, and I would

advise no nigger to do it. Take advice; but go your own way, if you want to be a man. Right or wrong, that is my private opinion.

There is a difficulty which meek and ingenious people get over as well as they can, and it grows out of the fact that those Jews did capture, and buy, and hold slaves, and that Moses advised or consented to it. Christians, earnestly engaged in the dissemination of cotton, say that if it was right then to steal men and work them up, it may be right now; and with a clear conscience they urge the increase of slave territory, in order that those niggers in Africa, now denied the blessings of the gospel, may be brought over between-decks and be saved. It certainly is queer!

There are a few who say,—that to deny or in any way cripple a man in the full use and development, for his own benefit first, of all his faculties—and especially to make laws and bayonets to prevent him from doing it—is highly improper and impolitic; and that, if any think God consented to or advised any such thing, they are very greatly mistaken. Lloyd Garrison and Harriet Stowe have charged upon this windmill, and, perhaps, Taylor Lewis will be induced to try a lance. One side or the other might be used up; and, for myself, I am like the man who looked on when his wife and the bear fought—he said "he didn't care which whipped; but, if anything, he'd a *leettle* rather it would be the bear!"

Whatever be his capacities, I am sure the negro has had no fair chance yet; and I am so unfortunate as often to be on the side of the minority. When one of our big boys at school kicked a small girl, there was an outcry and an uproar, for it was a brutal and cowardly thing; yet, when all went at him, and scoffed him, and hissed him, and were disposed to annihilate and confound the fellow, I went and kicked the same girl. I can laugh at it now as a very absurd and quixotic thing; but I don't know that I regret it, for it served to save Tom Harrison from the total loss of self-respect. So, the way that some Christian men and all blackguards treat niggers, would be enough to make a negrophilist of me, if there were not other reasons. They allow them to do any amount of dirty work at a very cheap rate; but to go to school, or to

ride in cars or omnibuses, or to sit at meat, or to vote: that is presumption; and in churches two pews, marked B. M. and B. W., contain their souls, while, so far as I know, no black angel is allowed to fly about loose.

This is eminently the case in the free states, more than in the slave states; while any dirty drunkard is allowed free range in all places except, perhaps, Heaven.

Some of my friends live in Connecticut, and I am sorry for them; for they went there remembering something of the Shermans, and the Wolcotts, and the Winthrops, and the Hillhouses, and thinking to find schools and an enlightened community, and a sense of justice and decency—but they discovered that on some railroads niggers were forbidden; and last year they discovered, also, that there were not two-thirds of the people of that old state sitting in Legislature, willing to extend to these few blacks in the state the right to vote, although many of them are cultivated and rich, and nearly all good citizens. My friends decided to move out of the state, and I think they did right. One of the singular things about it is, that nearly all the opposition to this simple act of justice came from men called democrats—which used to mean "Believers in the Rights of Man," not seekers for small custom-house offices, as it does now.

I sometimes think the gods are very wasteful, for I see millions of seeds that never germinate, or that start to be nipt—millions of children born but to die—millions of men grown to be shot—millions of nations that have not reached the beginning of civilization, and yet have disappeared; and I consider it possible that the blacks may exist only to disappear as our Indians did, and leave no sign. If that be the law, I have no word against it—let them go! But when I look at Toussaint Louverture, and Dessalines, and Denmark, and Box Brown, and Douglas, and Wilson, and Smith, and my old friends Tuis, Candace, and Dilly, I have a hope that somewhere—perhaps in those luxuriant West Indies, where the white man does not flourish—perhaps in the tropical heights of the Nile or the Niger—there is yet to be developed a rich, sensuous civilization which will bring a new force into thin-blooded intellectualism, and save our noble animal nature

from extreme emasculation and contempt.

Such is my hope, not yet risen into belief.

Should I not remember well the rich, round laughs of the niggers, in soft summer evenings, on the banks of Lafourche, spontaneous, genial, sympathetic, ready upon the smallest occasion?

"How is you, Mister Jonzing?"

"Yah, yah, yah!"

"How is Missis Jonzing?"

"Yah, yah, yah!"

"Whar you cum from? Whar you goin'?" and here a whole deluge of jollity was spread abroad over the country, and fertilized the land, like the floods of the Nile.

Professor Simpson, down at Yale or Harvard, may say, that such enjoyment is quite unintellectual, and below the highest standard of a sentient and immortal being.

There's not a doubt of it; and there is not a doubt that he will say so. Yet, look for a moment at his thin, skinny grin, and ask yourself—If he has not, in the pursuit of the differential calculus and Greek roots, lost something of his manhood, which the nigger of Lafourche has yet in excess? I believe the nigger despises the professor, as warmly as the professor does him. Of this, there is no question: that the Black Convention at Rochester, last year, was much better behaved than the Scientific Convention at Providence; even if it proves nothing, it is a fact.

For myself, I am not so proud of my race and religion as some are;—when I see the *possibilities* of both, and when I see that (so far) they have culminated, the one in Franklin Pierce at the head of the temporal kingdom, and the other in John Hughes † at the summit of the Church—that the one is the blossom of Patriotism and the other of Christianity; when I think of these, I would shudder with horror were it not so extremely ridiculous, and I look about and wonder that every grown-up person is not provoked to laughter.—I say, when I think of this, (for it is not often that I do,) and remember the Jays and the Jeffersons, the Henrys and the Shermans, and when I remember that the lowly yet divine Jesus, spat upon all hierarchies and priestly machinery, then I wish I were a nigger, with such large capacities for enjoying the present, however absurd.

There was something exquisitely fine, and true, too, in the reply that the Egyptian made to Newman, who had held forth to him for an hour about the mysteries and dogmas of Oxford divinity.

"God," he said, "has given you English many revelations: he has told you how to make ships and looking-glasses, and dictionaries and mouse-traps; but he seems to have withheld from you all knowledge of the true religion, and given it to us."

Our nation, too, has an inspiration for mowing-machines, and india-rubber and daguerreotypes, but very small perception of the meaning of the twenty-seventh verse of the tenth chapter of Luke. But let us have patience, for truth makes its way, though at a snail's pace.

As this world now is, it seems more desirable to be smart and wicked, than to be good and stupid; but neither are desirable, and neither bring desirable results. We must look to the time when men can be both good and smart; in that time the lion may lie down with the lamb, but also, in Wall street, the "bull" will not gore the "bear," neither will the "bear" drag down the nose of the "bull."—That will be a singular time, when men get their living by honest work, and not by ingenious hocus pocus; and it will be a better time for niggers than this.

Some people have not been to a negro meeting—some have;—I have, and cheap as was the noise made, and common as was the theology, it was genuine and unaffected, mostly untaught; and I enjoyed, as they did, the free, rollicking style of giving way to the sense of the moment, and shouting, or dancing, or rolling about, as the impulse seized them—

"Oh, God! Oh, Lord!" shouted a woman near me—

"Oh, Lord!"

"Set me up!"

"Set me on the rock!"

"Set me on the rock edge-ways!!—"

"Oh, Lord!"

"Set me up edge-ways!"

I suppose she had some distant reference to the Rock of Ages; at any rate, she said what she chose, and it no doubt answered her purpose, and was as good as singing through the nose, or growing very weary with dull discourse, or burning gilt paper—practices in which some religious nations indulge.

Niggers are not only religious—they are wags; yet the genius for humor is held to be an indication of the very highest capability in its possessor. When my gran'ther Fowler, away back in those Connecticut times when clergymen owned a few slaves, caught his nigger Cuff bowing and fussing like a Greek priest, before an ugly wooden image that he had cut out, he said:

"What's this? What's this, Cuff?"

For a moment Cuff was silent, but he looked up, and said:

"Why, Massa Fowla, white-man steal nigger—nigger no like white-man. White-man's God let him steal nigger—nigger no like white-man's God. Massa Fowla make his God, and he like him; Cuff make *his* God, and then he know what he is, and he like him, too. Wah, wah, Massa Fowla."

Again, on a time, my friend, V. H., asked Anthony Rox, a superb engineer, on the Ohio river, how he came to get free.

"Why, Massa Vincent, my health was very bad when I was in Kentucky, I couldn't do no kind of work; I was very feeble; 'twas jes' as much as I could do to hoe my own garden and eat the sass; and the missus that owned me see that I was a mis'able nigger—one of the mis'ablest kind. So I said to her: 'Missus, I'm a mis'able nigger, and I aint worth nothing, and I think you'd better sell me, I'm such a mis'able nigger.' Now, Massa Vincent, I was such a poor nigger that missus agreed to sell me for a hundred dollars, and I agreed to try to work and earn the money to pay her, and I did, and my health has been getting better ever since, and I 'specks I made about nine hundred dollars that time, out of that nigger! Wah, wah, Massa Vincent."

But with all this charming jollity and waggishness, the nigger has terrible capacities for revenge and hatred (which opportunity may develope, as in St. Domingo), and which ought to convince the skeptic that he is a man, not a baboon; and whenever our southern partners quit us, and begin to take care of their niggers themselves, they will learn that they are no joke.

The nigger is no joke, and no baboon; he is simply a black-man, and I say: Give him fair play and let us see what he will come to.



## A VISIT TO THE DRUZES.

**B**HAMDUN, although entirely inhabited by Christians of the Greek and Maronite sects, is under the rule of a noble Druze house of the name of Abd-el-Melek. It is hardly necessary to inform the world at this late day that the Druzes are heterodox Moslems, holding about as much of the true faith of Islam as the Mormons of Christianity. They have a prophet of their own whom they call greater than Mohammed; and they have fought and suffered heroically in the conservation of their unimportant tenets. Like the Jews, they fled from Egypt, wandered through the desert and established themselves in Syria. Their oldest families live, I believe, in the Hauran beyond Jordan; but the majority of the nation, about sixty thousand souls, inhabit Mount Lebanon. The Druzes of the mountain are governed by five great feudatory houses, who have each their particular territory, possess and let extensive tracts of land, and exact military service of their peasantry, whether Druze or Christian.

The ceremonies of their religion, and some of its doctrines, are secret, known only to those who are initiated under a bond of silence. Women as well as men are inducted into these mysteries; yet the number of the "enlightened" (*okkal*) is considerably exceeded by the number of the profane. No human being, says the Druze law, shall know our faith, who will not bind himself to drink no wine, to use no tobacco, to accept no money gained by fraud or violence. Most of the nation, most even of the nobility think that this is going too fast and too far, and accordingly damn themselves with pipes and ill-gotten piasters, and remain inveterate know-nothings on the subject of theology. Some of the *okkal* are remarkable for their purity of life, their benevolence and their hospitality. One old religious official, who lived in a Druze village about two miles from Bhamdun, had gained a virtuous and charitable notoriety among every sect in the mountain. No man, they say, ever crossed his threshold without being refreshed from his table. I myself called on this venerable elder and gratified him exceedingly by my

thankful appreciation of his walnuts, dried figs, grapes, and honey.

The Druzes make no attempts to proselyte, as they say that the number of the *enlightened* is fixed, and that God will never permit it to be less or greater while earth continues. There are Druzes, according to their belief, in China, and Druzes among the Protestants, particularly the English. An incident connected with this credence occurred during a visit of one of their religious sheikhs to one of our American missionaries. Looking the missionary steadily in the eye, the sheikh said: "Do you know such a seed (giving its name) in your country?"

This is the first sign of the initiated Druzes, the test by which they discover a brother *okkal*, and the proper answer to it is: "It is sown in the hearts of the faithful." Our countryman had met with a religious book of this sect, picked up during the sackings and burnings of the war of 1840, and had taken some pains to study its curious mysteries. He recognized the sign, therefore, but was of course too conscientious to deceive the old Druze by answering it.

The Abd-el-Meleks, although the rulers of Bhamdun, are not its landlords, and do not possess one of its hundred and fifty houses, nor an acre of its rocky but well-cultivated fields and vineyards. Nor, in general, is it otherwise with the eighteen or twenty other mountain villages over which they hold authority. But the family is vigorous and numerous, counting, I believe, about forty men. In nobility of blood it is accounted inferior to the other great Druze houses, the Jembelots, the Bonekeda, the Tellhooks and Aamadys; and it has attained consequence chiefly within the lifetime and by the talents of its present aged leader. Even yet its chiefest distinction perhaps is, that it raises and owns the finest blood horses in all Mount Lebanon.

I noticed that the villagers always treated their sheikhs with great respect, never sitting in their presence unless invited. Young sprigs of the mountain nobility sometimes tried to impress us with a sense of their own dignity, by not offering this invitation, and

thus keeping respectable people standing in their conceited little presence. The demeanor of the elder and more influential sheikhs was, on the contrary, always bland, civil, and sociable, at least towards the worthier and wealthier of their subjects.

A few days after our settlement at Bhamdun, one of the Abd-el-Meleks; named Nebhan, called on the Hakeem, and requested that he would soon make the light of his presence to shine on their palaces. The day following, we mounted our horses, and rode off over a stony path, paved here and there with broad flaggings of natural limestone, and winding loftily along one of the rudest ridges of the mountain. At the opening of a narrow valley, which descended rapidly into an enormous ravine, we came upon the massive masonry of the feudal halls. Plain, heavy, oblong quadrangles of well-hewn, well-cemented stone, the monotony of their somber walls relieved by arched and columned windows, they towered, like protecting giants, at the entrance of a slovenly Druze village. Three blood-horses, with slender limbs, powerful shoulders, thin necks, fine muzzles, and gentle eyes, were tethered around the principal gate. The venerable head of the house received us with multitudinous compliments, and made us sit down by him on the divan. There entered, a moment after, the Hector of this Priam, Sheikh Yusef, the real present leader of the family—a man of about forty, with aquiline visage, gray, unsettled eyes, a sensual mouth, and an expression of mingled guile and audacity. The conversation fell upon politics. The Sheikh Yusef surprised us by asking what effect a then very late resignation of Lord Palmerston would have on the eastern policy of England. "I tell you," said he, continuing the subject, "that Turkey never will flourish, as long as there are so many Frank powers intermeddling in her affairs. She is exactly in the situation of a certain invalid who had a consultation of five doctors over him. One doctor said that the patient's trouble was yellow bile; another insisted that it was black bile; another, that phlegm was choking him; another, that his blood was perilously out of order; and a fourth declared that windiness was carrying him to the grave. Each one stuck obstinately to his own opinion, and administered physic for the case as he understood it. The

consequence was that the patient died suddenly, and (God permitting) Turkey will do the same." This was rather anticipative of the famous declaration of Nicholas about the "sick man." The play in the story is on the five great powers of Europe, compared with the five causes which Arab physicians allot to disease. These causes, as Sheikh Yusef hinted, are yellow-bile, black-bile, phlegm, blood, and wind.

Pipes were handed to us, and succeeded by a ration of sherbet, that is, sugared water flavored with rose. A boy followed up, with a basin and towel to cleanse our paws and muzzles. Sheikh Nebhan then invited the Hakeem into his palace, to prescribe for his wife. I followed, under the doctorial wing of my companion, and found myself, for the first and last time, in the harem of an oriental. In a small apartment, three women, the mother, wife, and sister of the sheikh, reposed upon low, free-and-easy divans. They shrouded their faces in white veils, as we entered, and returned modestly-muffled responses to our salutations. The sheikh sat down with us, and encouraged the women to talk, by chatting sociably, like a cosy, good-natured husband. The mother soon dropped her ghostly mask, and exposed a visage pale, wrinkled, emaciated, but lit by a kindly smile. The others followed her example, discovering to my gaze high aquiline features, which would not have been handsome even without their corpse-like pallor. Some unimportant symptoms having been detailed, and a prescription administered, the conversation cackled away to other topics. The eldest lady, finding that the Hakeem had a mother at home, seemed greatly interested in the fact, asked how old she was, compared the age with her own, and ended by pitying this American parent for being so widely separated from her son. She then inquired what was our religion. The Hakeem mentioned the principal doctrines of Christianity. "Ah!" said she, "Praise be to God! That is exactly our religion. How very remarkable that we should hold the same belief!" The others nodded confirmatively; and there was a general salvo of Praise be to God! over this enormous falsehood. This is one of the pious peculiarities of the Druzes. They pile hypocrisy on the back of mystery, and pretend to be of the religion of whoever has them by the

button-hole; that is to say, supposing that an Arab ever had such a thing as a button-hole about him. The straightest of the *enlightened*, if in a Moslem community, will go to the mosque, imitate all the prostrations of Islamism, and talk fanatically about the Koran, the seventh heaven, and the sacred camel of the prophet. Among Catholics, were the ruling powers in exterminating mood, he would frequent the church, use holy water copiously, cross himself with orthodox precision, and swear by the saints and the Virgin Mary. One is puzzled to decide between this stupendous methodical hypocrisy and the cruel, uncompromising zeal which delights in a stout stake and a rousing fire.

After a call of twenty minutes on these respectable eastern ladies, we rose, and set off for home. I subsequently learned some particulars concerning the morals and history of a certain influential Druze sheikh, called Ali. An ambitious, intriguing, turbulent fellow, he was perpetually getting ready kettles of hot water, for himself or somebody else. Having broken into, or rather, to do him justice, having been forced into, an open rebellion, he was attacked by an overwhelming force of Turkish troops, and had to fly for the sheltering deserts of Hauran. His old father followed with the family chest of money, containing about ten thousand dollars, and was robbed, by a party of irreverent Arabs, of his money and a favorite mare. He got back to the hereditary seat, unmolested by the government, which now had nothing to gain from him, but almost broken-hearted at the loss of his mare and his piasters. Sheikh Ali was blown about by the winds of adverse circumstance for some time, and at last sought refuge in the house of Mr. Wood, the energetic British consul at Damascus. The pasha, like a cunning old spider, put on an air of indifference, and even friendliness; but, as soon as the Sheikh Ali ventured into the streets, clapped hands on him, and stored him away, quietly, in a corner of his own den. Hereupon, the British lion wagged his tail, indignantly, and the Turk, in a fright, allowed his prisoner to be carried back to the consulate. Mr. Wood sent to Constantinople, representing the rebel's capacity and good intentions, and requesting that he might be restored to his sheikhdom. Indeed, to give him his due once more, he has always been

a reasonably good ruler, as rulers go in Lebanon.

In the mean time, the astute Ali put two strings to his bow; called Mr. Wood his lord, his savior, his only refuge, and wrote secretly to the pasha, praying "to be delivered from this hog of an Englishman." The consul, as cunning as himself, learned all his tricks, repaid his hollow compliments in kind, but accomplished his deliverance, for the honor of the British lion. The pardon came, and Ali departed in peace, having first scratched the back of the English hog with innumerable flatteries and protestations of gratitude.

A day or two subsequent to our call on the Abd-el-Meleks, one of their servants came to Bhamdun, bearing a kid to the Hakeem, as a bleating testimonial of thanks, for his services. The creature was tied in the little court-yard, and fed, daily, with slops, grass, leaves, and all those crumbs of comfort that kids desire. He soon became a kind of awful pet to Master Charley, or, as Yusef and Jurjus phrased it, Khowajah Sharley, a timid child, who held quadrupeds in particular fear, from camels to mice. There was something terrible to him in the idea of four legs; a sort of dreadful possibility of doing his small person four-fold damage. When he was scampering ahead of us, in our walks about the vineyards, the sight of a distant calf would always send him rapidly under the protecting shadow of our coat-tails.

He used to walk slowly down the stairs into kiddy's domain, pause on the lower step and look doubtfully at the animal's physiognomy, to see if it was at all ferocious that morning, then descend from his post, and advance cautiously towards the prisoner, with an offering of grape-tendrils or mulberry-leaves. Occasionally, kiddy would get the small lad's fingers into his mouth, or make a successful dash at his white apron, which, to his inexperienced eyes, probably seemed to be of milk. Squeaking hysterically at these frightful demonstrations of cannibalism, Khowajah Sharley would jump backwards, and usually tumble over a straw, or a bit of orange-peel, and come down on the top of his head.

Soon after, the Abd-el-Meleks sent the Hakeem an additional present of a couple of geese. These were the only birds of their race that I ever had

the honor of meeting in Syria. In fact, they were foreigners, and had emigrated from Europe only a few years before, under the guardianship of an enterprising Frenchman. He made over a number of his gabbling protégés to the Abdel-Meleks, within whose domains he had established a silk-factory; and they, ignorant that the Hakeem came from a country where geese-feathers are so plenty as to be used to confer distinction on malefactors, sent him these two specimens, as a great rarity. They were lodged in the court-yard, with kiddy, and accommodated with a tub of water, in lieu of a fish-pond. They took a bath immediately after their journey, and then waddled through an inspection of their new domain with cacklings of considerable approbation. They were a most home-like spectacle to us, and brought back to our memories the brooklets and puddles which refreshed our truant childhood.

Speaking of geese, and especially of goats, leads me naturally, and, as it were, through green pastures, to the subject of sheep. There are considerable flocks of sheep on Mount Lebanon, and they form a pretty addition to its life and scenery. You see them, sometimes huddled together and creeping up or down the declivities, in distant diminutiveness; sometimes scattered, and nibbling, in tranquil, woolly contentment, at the scanty herbage; sometimes standing, in a kind of brown study, on the edge of a precipice, gazing at the under landscape and, apparently, wondering at the extreme bigness of the world. These good sheep are never driven, but collect at the call of the shepherd, and follow him, because they know his voice. They are larger than our breed; so tall, in fact, that asses sometimes graze among them without being easily distinguished, at a little distance, from their nibbling competitors. Their flesh is particularly well-flavored, but their wool is rather thin, being adapted, with great judgment, to the climate. Hogs being unpopular in the east, among Christians as well as Moslems, sheep supply their place in the economy and affections of the household. Almost every citizen of Bhamdun usually has his family sheep. This favored, though fated quadruped, enjoys as many domestic privileges as an Irishman's pig, and is waited on in a style of considerable more gentility. He is

generally tethered in a clean place by the door-way, and, at night, often shares the protection of his master's roof. If there is a daughter in the family, who has reached the maturity of eight or nine years, his unctuous welfare is confided to her.

In consequence of their full diet, the household sheep of Mount Lebanon soon become unmanageably stout, as polite people express it, and sometimes take their victuals without rising from their corpulent recumbency. In this state they are very much troubled by their tails, which grow so inconveniently big as to be almost untransportable. For the Syrian sheep, like those of the Cape of Good Hope, have tails as broad as their backs, which descend expansively behind, after the fashion of our revolutionary fathers' coats. As the animal fattens, this appendage grows larger and more unctuous, until it becomes a huge sack of nearly pure mutton suet. The people told me that the tail of a fat sheep often weighed thirty-five pounds, but that they had sometimes known them of nearly twice that gravity. They are never absolutely carried about on wheel-barrow, as travelers relate; but a shingle is often fastened to the under side, to prevent irritative contact with pebbles and grape-vine stumps. In a very fat case, two wheels might, perhaps, be attached to this machine, for the purpose of diminishing friction and so rendering locomotion less laborious, but, I doubt if a Lebanon peasant ever contrived them. During my stay in Bhamdun, a respectable family was thrown into distress by an accident resulting from the unwieldiness of these living tallow-bags. A remarkably stout-bodied sheep incautiously jumped from a wall about four feet in height, and the shock dislocated his tail. Medical aid proved unavailing, the injury was in too delicate and vital a part; the animal sunk rapidly, and the owner had to kill him to prevent mortification.

This is the only kind of sheep in Syria; and the inhabitants have no idea of any other. "Raheel," I said one day, "what singular tails your sheep have! You must excuse me for laughing at them."

"Why are they singular?" responded Raheel, looking up with a wonder as innocent as my own.

"Oh, they are so large!"

"But what kind of tails have your sheep?"

"Why, little ones, about as long as your finger, and with no more fat on them than a kitten's tail."

"Dear me!" said Raheel, her large eyes drowned in amazement. "How very queer they must look!"

Indeed, she was partially right there, for, except the humorous twist in a pig's peroration, there is nothing of the kind more comical than the sudden nervous wiggle-waggle of a lamb's tail.

Raheel's wonder at the outlandish conformation of our sheep was equaled by the amazement of the mountaineers at what they considered the eccentricities of American wheat. The stalk of the Syrian mountain wheat is not over two feet in height, and the head is venerable with a long beard like that of our rye. The Hakeem wished to introduce our variety into the country. He procured some seed of the true

Genesee growth and planted it on one of the warm exposures of Mount Lebanon. It seemed to take a wonderful liking to the soil and climate, and shot up confidently to the height of five or more feet. On the natives it produced some such impression probably as would the apparition of a long-legged spindling, jawky, clean-shaved Yankee. The mountaineers used to gather round and survey its beardless prolixity in amazement. "In the name of God!" said one man, "why does your wheat grow so tall?"

"The people of our country are tall," replied the Hakeem, "and require tall wheat."

"But why has it no beard?"

"It is the fashion of our people not to wear the beard; and the wheat respects the customs of the people."

"O Hakeem! thou art joking with us. But the wheat is wonderful. What has God wrought?"

### THE LOST LAMB.

**T**he little Tartar maiden,  
That guards my master's sheep,  
She makes a lamb her pillow  
When she lies down to sleep.

She parts her gray tent curtains,  
Before the morn is seen,  
And drives our flocks together  
To pastures fresh and green.

My heart goes with the maiden,  
For when I wake I find  
No heart within my bosom,  
Nor any peace of mind.

I track the lost lamb's footsteps,  
And find it fast asleep  
Beside the little maiden,  
That tends my master's sheep.



## THE GREEN LAKES OF ONONDAGA.

"Lo! Nemi! naved in the woody hills,  
 So far, that the uprooting wind which tears  
 The oak from his foundation, and which spills  
 The ocean o'er its boundary, and bears  
 Its foam against the skies, reluctant spares  
 The oval mirror of thy glassy lake;  
 And, calm as cherished hate, its surface wears  
 A deep, cold, settled aspect naught can shake,  
 All coiled into itself, and round, as sleeps the snake."

CHILDE HAROLD.

"His look" (that of Professor Teufelsdröckh) "had the gravity as of some silent, high-encircled mountain pool—perhaps the crater of an extinct volcano—into whose black deeps you fear to gaze; those eyes, those lights which sparkle in it, may, indeed, be reflexes of the heavenly stars, but, perhaps, also glances from the region of Nether Fire!"—SARTOR RESARTUS.

"It is described by Strabo as lying deep and darksome, surrounded by steep banks that hang threatening over it. Black, aged groves stretched their boughs above the watery abyss."—*Article AVERNUS, Encyclopædia.*

OF all the elements of scenery, water is the most various in its character, and capable of the greatest diversity of effect. Think but a moment, and how rapidly examples, proving this assertion, rise to memory. The long swell of the Pacific, the bright waves of the Mediterranean, the clear expanse of the St. Lawrence, the impetuous-rolling Mississippi, the dark trout-stream shaded under the American forest, the Scotch "burn," stealing under the long, yellow broom," the fountain of Vaucluse, the huge welling springs of Florida, the remote Baikal, that strange water-filled chasm in the Siberian earth, the cypress-skirted lake of the Dismal Swamp, the terraced steepes of Como, the cold, desolate, fir-bordered Superior. There is nothing more replete with associations of every character, whether bright or sombre. The refined intelligences of the poet and the painter are not more strongly impressed with these influences than are the rude and superstitious minds of common humanity.

The invisible boundaries of seas, the sources of unexplored rivers, the depths of unfathomed lakes—all are fields in which the robust native imagination of man finds pleasant room to wander, and whence it brings hosts of vague fantastic forms. The depths of the sea were peopled with naiads. Somewhere beyond the horizon's rim, the mariner thought

"—To reach the happy isles,  
 And see the great Achilles, whom he knew."

The renowned Domdaniel, seminary for all evil magicians, was under the waters of the Red Sea. Across the sullen Avernus was the path to Hades. The northern mind saw the mermaid

haunting the shores of Orkney—the kelpy rising from the twilight pool. O'Donoghoe emerges on moonlight nights, to sweep over the lake of Killarney. From the gloomy Mummelsee, at full moon, ascend its lilies, transformed into a chain of maidens, who dance till dawn along the strand. The last fairies in Scotland, according to Hugh Miller, were seen about the burn of Eathie. Egeria was met only beside her spring; the Muses loved best the sod around their fountain.

From the cold and forbidding lake on Mount Pilatus, the troubled shade of the old governor of Judea rises to spread cloud and chill over the country around. Holy wells, sacred rivers, are found from the shores of the Western Ocean to the mountains of India.

In America are no fairies, no elfin stories, no ghostly legends associated with localities. The supernatural has no hold among us, and as to aught invisible, unsanctioned by the Catechism, our northern and western minds are infidel. Else would our rivers, our lakes, our fountains own some wild and graceful legends; if not such as are born in Teutonic or Celtic minds, at least some orphan superstitions, adopted by us on the decease of their parents, our red predecessors on this soil. Of the last, indeed, there are some, but in their translation into our civilized speech and thought, they undergo a backward transformation, and from flitting butterflies become dull grubs. Such as they are, however, we must take them or none; and the only one connected with the theme of this article is thus narrated in "Clark's History of Onondaga:"



"The Indian path leading from Oneida to Onondaga passed along the brink of this pond. Here an Indian woman lost her child in a marvelous manner, and, in order to have it restored to her again, made application to the Prophet for advice. He told her the wicked spirit had taken her child from her, but, if she would obey his injunctions, the Great Spirit would take charge of the child, and it would be safe, although it could not be restored. In the autumn of every year, the woman and her husband, and after them their children, were required to cast a quantity of tobacco into the pond, as an oblation for the spirit's guardian care. This office was religiously performed until after the first settlement of the white people at Onondaga, since when it has been discontinued. The name given to the lake, on account of this circumstance, was Kai-yah-koo, signifying satisfied with tobacco."

This is a bald enough story as it is told, yet, perhaps, one which, more gracefully narrated, and with less business-like brevity and directness, might have been an effective one; raising to our imagination the still, patient attitude of the red woman, as, centuries ago, she stood on the brink where the green upper precipice of forest surmounted the lower gray precipice of rock, gazing into the blank green waters, far beneath which lurked the invisible expectant of her offering.

There is certainly a fitness in the association of such a legend with so wild and strange a place. Other lakes lie open among sloping hills, perhaps with an occasional rocky cliff along the shore, but margined elsewhere with meadows; the winds drive their waves freely hither and thither, wild-fowl splash on the surface, snipes and plover course along the beaches, cheerful life abounds around them. This, however, is a far different body of water. From a generally level plateau, sinks abruptly a huge circular basin, of perhaps twenty acres. In its bottom, surrounded on three sides by a ring of mural precipice, a hundred and fifty feet high, lies a small lake of the deepest green.

"A silent precipice above,  
A sleeping tarn below."

The rocky walls which sweep round it, crowned in part with woods, in part only tufted with straggling bushes of cedar, clinging, as it were, to the cornice of this natural amphitheatre, suggest a comparison with the Niagara whirlpool; though no two conditions of water can be more different than that boiling "hell of waters," and this changeless lake. On the fourth side, like the open end of a horse-shoe, this

circling wall is broken away, and a level valley opens, filled with forest, on the tree-tops of which we look down.

The pond seems shallow on the side next this opening, but all around the other three sides its depth is sudden, the rocky debris of the cliffs sloping directly into the clear green element. Of its actual depth we fortunately know nothing, having never sounded it, so that the abyss beneath the green mirror may be imagined indefinite.

It appears to be so considered in the popular mind thereabout, for we were told of adventurous explorers who had fathomed its waters ineffectually, letting down "bedcords on bedcords" with a stone tied to the end, which seems to have only swung vaguely in the dim mid-region below, groping ineffectually for bottom, and not touching so much as a sunken tree top. In Clark's "Onondaga," above quoted, we are informed that a hundred yards of line have failed to reach its floor, and that the water has a depth of a hundred feet within half that distance from the shore. This we doubt, yet deny not, for it is our earnest wish that it may be unfathomable.

This lake, Kai-yah-koo, lies in the town of De Witt, about a mile west of Jamesville. Another, very similar to it, is to be seen some two or three miles further eastward; and two more, different in some respects, but showing many features of analogy, and equally remarkable, lie at a lower level, about two miles northeast of the village of Fayetteville, in the town of Manlius. To one of these the quotations, with which we have headed this paper, are singularly appropriate.

Turning north from the "old Seneca turnpike," at a red gate on the land of Mr. Collin, about a mile and a half east of Fayetteville, we drive across a couple of fields to a dense body of woodland which has hardly felt the axe. Through this, between the tall trunks of maple and tulip tree, under the dark boughs of hemlock, and the arches of the elm, we follow, for half a mile, a "wood-road," a narrow wheel-path connecting two farms, and serving as a winter highway to draw firewood and timber; a smooth, half-beaten track like a park "drive." Turning from this to the right, and following for a short distance a still ruder path, we tie our horses to a sapling, and descend, on foot, a narrow gully worn in the steep hillside, arched with

boughs and green with all the wild growths which love a wild ravine. Fern and orange-flowered touch-me-not, and Indian turnip, with the spotted clusters of convallaria and the scarlet and white berries of cohosh, wake-robin and lady slipper, grow rank in their season on either hand; while in autumn, the showering leaves are heaped, deep and moist, over the narrow path.

As we go on, there is a gleam of water through the tree-trunks and boughs before us, not pale with the reflection of clouds, or blue with that of the clear skies, but of a peculiar green; and if the day be gloomy, no one who has once read them will fail to recall the musical as mystical lines of Poe—

"The skies they were ashen and sober,  
The leaves they were withering and sere,  
It was late in the lonesome October  
Of my most immemorial year;  
It was down by the dim lake of Auber,  
In the misty, mid-region of Weir,—  
It was down by the dark tarn of Auber,  
In the ghost-haunted woodland of Weir."

Coming to the margin, the banks sink before us suddenly as the sides of a bowl, their slowly dimming outlines visible for twenty feet, then vanishing in the uncertain depth from which, after an instant of vague search, the eye recoils and seeks to relieve itself in the familiar objects of the atmosphere. We then see the shores of the pond sweeping round in an almost perfect circle of perhaps three hundred yards diameter, in which the deep, green water gleams like the lens of a telescope. The bluffs are about one hundred and fifty feet high, and almost precipitous; being as steep as is compatible with the growth upon them of wood, by the boughs and stems of which the most active explorer is fain to support himself, as he slides and plunges down on the northern or western sides to reach the brink. A dense growth of foliage covers them on every side, in many places rising like a wall of green from the water's edge, the long, drooping boughs of birch and elm forming bowers over depths where a plummet would sink thirty or forty feet before lodging on the steep subaqueous slope. On the north shore, tall pines stand amid a miscellaneous growth of underwood, among which the wide-branching sumach is conspicuous by its spikes of red berries, and its brilliant autumn tints of foliage. The white cedar, or arbor-vitæ, delights in such slopes looking upon water, and

here it grows vigorously. Individual trees of it abound, of all sizes, from the bright green conical bush to the venerable trunk two feet in diameter, which, first slanting outward from the bank, gradually curves upward, tapering through the ragged dry boughs about its base and the thin foliage which drapes its upper portion, till the tall, sharp, dead point rises straight upwards like a lightning rod, a pinnacle where the fly-catcher watches, and whence the floating gossamer streams in the sun.

Hemmed in by this wall of wood, the echo of a shout or pistol-shot circles round and round, and seems gradually to escape into the upper air. Such shores are a fit margin for such a lake, a fit deep, hollow brow for such an eye as gleams from their cavity.

The color of the water is, as we have said, very remarkable. Where it reflects the open sky, it approaches a pale, ultramarine blue; but in the shade of overhanging trees, it shows a peculiar transparent green, and, partly from its clearness, seems as if a lighter and rarer fluid than common water. Its transparency deceives the eye. When a boy, we went in for a swim with a companion, who, after several vain attempts to stand on a sunken tree-trunk, discovered that, in order to put his feet upon it, his head must be five or six feet beneath the surface.

As deep as the eye can reach, it is, near its margin, filled with sunken trees, of which successive generations appear to lie beneath each other. The water deposits on them a white, marly coating, which renders many of them strikingly conspicuous, when seen from the heights above, stretching their skeleton-like lengths far toward the centre of the pond, and thrusting up their topmost limbs twenty or thirty yards from shore. In and out, among their tangled boughs, swim little rock bass, looking like black imps suspended in the thin element; and we have sometimes seen a large fish come slowly up along the slant bottom, and turn to melt again out of sight—"coming like a shadow, so departing." Up from such a wet cavern one might expect to see emerging a Pterichthys, or some such early tenant of the waters, here hidden since the silurian ages; or, perhaps, some enchanted fish, like those of which we read in the Arabian Nights, as speaking from the frying-pan at the summons of the stately damsel with the

myrtle wand; or those which, in Bow-scale tarn, obediently swam to and fro in open sight, servants of the eye of the shepherd lord of Brougham Castle; and it is unsatisfactory to be told that the form, making such a mysterious appearance and exit, is but a stupid and lazy sucker foraging for his dull food.

Something weird should inhabit this abyss; and it was with a sense of fitness that we once saw a snake, which we disturbed on the bank, take to the water, and go wriggling and undulating out of sight beneath the surface. He seemed a legitimate imp of the Old Serpent, bound direct to the court of his master; and our readers may the more fully agree with us in this fancy, when we mention that the water of this pond, near its bottom, is strongly sulphurous. So we found it, one bright summer day, when we floated across its surface from shore to shore, on a rude raft, sounding at intervals. The lead showed an average increase in depth of nearly one foot to every two feet of distance from shore, or a subaqueous slope of 20 to 22 degrees, till we approached the centre, around which was a large level space, the flat bottom of this Devil's Punch-bowl. This floor is 156 feet below the surface of the water, which is about 140 feet below the edge of the bluff banks around, so that the total depth of the basin, below the surrounding land, is about 300 feet. Were Trinity Church, by the power of that Adversary to whom this pit seems properly to belong, placed in its bed, the chime of bells would be stifled in the flood, and the pinnacle would not rise above its steep banks.

We tied a tightly-corked bottle to our sounding lead, and when it had descended to about 140 feet, a sudden increase of weight indicated that it had lost its air and buoyancy. On recovering it, we found the cork driven in, and the bottle filled with water of a thorough brimstone odor, which, when poured on a clear silver coin, turned it black in a few minutes.

The lake has its scaly tenants, but there seem to be few living things inhabiting its borders. No water-fowl haunt its surface, for there is no shoal water where they can reach their food. The sides plunge so steeply down, that there is not a wading place for the heron, nor a yard of beach for the sand-piper. Dark forest-mould extends to the brink, and ferns droop over the

water. There is little or none of the aquatic vegetation so abundant in most lakes. No lilies here, as in the Mummelsee, raise their white heads and cover the surface with their broad leaves—no pickerel-weed or eel-grass form pale meadows beneath the waters. The tangled, sunken brushwood is the only retreat which the fish can harbor in. Aquatic insects are consequently few, and as for shell-fish we never saw any. Thus the spot is unattractive to water-fowl, though one might think that deep-sea diver, the loon, might sometimes be found here, drawing his bright wake across the still water, and waking the circling echoes with his scream. The common forest-birds haunt the woods around; here, in spring, may be heard, ringing through the leafy arches, the clear bell-tones of the thrush, here the jay calls and whistles, and the woodpecker laughs as he drums and rattles on the dry pine-top in the sun. These sounds, however, are but occasionally heard, and even then, from their associations with lonely forest scenery, they seem but to make the surrounding silence and solitude more impressive.

The stillness of this sheltered basin is scarcely broken by the wind. We have sat on the high northern bank while a fresh breeze was waving the boughs around us, yet the pond below was smooth as glass, except where occasional stray "cats-paws" were creeping over it in a fickle, indeterminate sort of manner, ruffling the clear water, here and there, as a breath clouds a mirror, and, like it, vanishing again to leave the surface as calm and bright as before.

Looking from this point late in the afternoon, the effect of shadow is singularly rich and bold. The slant rays fall full on the eastern shore, bringing into distinctness every individual tree-top, every bare trunk and bleached stub, and laying bare all the recesses among the foliage. But under the steep western declivity all is dark and dim, the shadows obscure and blend together its draping masses of maple, hemlock, birch, cedar, and sumach, and deepen the tint of the sleeping waters beneath, until one can hardly tell where the dark foliage ends and its reflection begins.

We have mentioned that there are two other lakes of this general character near Jamesville—Kai-yah-koo and another. The one we have last

described has also its fellow close by, entirely resembling it in its sudden depth and rounded outline, but differing in that it has a prolongation from its eastern side, running, for nearly half a mile, between the gradually declining hills to the level plain near the Erie canal. This prolongation is from twenty to seventy-five feet deep (the lake itself about 165), its banks everywhere abrupt, and its bottom, in many places, of white marl, gleaming clearly through twenty or thirty feet of water. Its waters (with those of the upper pond, which flow into it through an intervening level valley), are discharged by a clear, brisk stream, through a meadow filled with masses of rough travertine, undoubtedly deposited by the water, as the like material, of which St. Peter's and the Coliseum are built, was deposited by the Anio. Though the waters of this outlet and of the surface of the lake are drinkable, its depths are as sulphurous as those of its neighbor, a fact to which it owes the ill-omened name of "Lake Sodom," under which it has been briefly described in several scientific tours and geological reports.

We may be permitted to end our paper with a little cool investigation into the causes which have produced these remarkable basins, and they may skip it who fear that it may dispel the mystery which broods over their still waters.

The bowl-like form of these hollows suggests to every visitor the idea that, like the lake of Nemi or those of the Eifel, they occupy the craters of old volcanoes. The circular form, the steep banks, the depth, and the sulphurous quality of the waters, seem to indicate such an origin, and no other of the ordinary geological agencies which theorists so freely employ seems competent to their formation. For lakes, whose basins are supposed to have been eroded or worn out by the elements, possess more gradual slopes, at least at their extremities where they connect with valleys; such is the character of all our other lakes of Western New York, such as the Cayuga, Seneca, Skeneateles. While, on the other hand, lakes whose basins are made by the upheaving of their rocky borders, show, in the tilted and distorted strata around, evidence of the forces which raised those barriers. But here the abruptness of the banks, the sudden depth of the basins, the cir-

cular form of their outline, and their want of connection with other valleys or water courses, forbid the belief that these hollows were eroded, or, in geological phrase, "denuded" by water or flood. No current could form such a cavity, or even remove loose materials from it, and leave its form so perfect, its shores so sheer. And, in the undisturbed position of the horizontal strata, which form the encircling bluffs, we have evident proof that no uplifting forces have been at work to hem in the basins.

Neither agency, of erosion or upheaval, will account for them, and the apparently plausible idea of volcanic origin is forbidden, not only by the undisturbed position of the strata around, but also by the entire absence of lava, scoriae, or other volcanic products.

Our own opinion is, that they were formed by the *subsidence* of the strata which once occupied their sites; in other words, that they are simply great "sink-holes," in each of which the bottom has fallen in, and let down the superincumbent strata bodily into a deep pit. Such cavities, on a small scale, are common in many districts, and nowhere more so than in this vicinity. All about Syracuse, "natural wells" or "sinks" are frequent in the soft, gypseous shales which contain the sources of their saline springs, and they are occasionally known to be formed even at present. The huge deposit of rock and clay, known as the Onondaga Salt Group (in which the bottoms of all these lakes lie), is very pervious to water, which, as it is known to undermine lesser masses, may have acted in the same manner on greater. It seems quite probable that these lakes, of twenty or forty acres each, now occupy the sites of huge masses of soluble earth which have disappeared, or possibly of immense deposits of salt marl or rock salt, which may have filtered in solution through subterraneous crevices to that deep, gravel-filled basin, over which (but separated from it by a water-tight bottom of marl), lies the Onondaga lake, and from the lower part of which the salt wells draw the water to supply the thousands of evaporating vats and kettles at Syracuse and Salina. If so, the old saline masses have quite disappeared from their original beds; for, in an analysis of the water drawn from the depths of the lake we have described,

Dr. Emmons detected no material trace of salt, though sulphur and gypsum were present in considerable quantity.

The mode in which we suppose these basins to have attained their present form, is, first, by the subsidence or dropping down of a circular area, forming a broad pit with precipitous sides. Where the surface strata of rock were hard and enduring, as is the case at Lake Kai-yah-koo, they would protect the softer marls below, and the gulf would retain its original form, with perpendicular walls. But where these hard layers are absent, the crumbling of the shaly banks, under the action of rain and storm through thousands of years, would reduce them, both above and below water, to a gradual slope. This is precisely what we see in the Green Ponds east of Fayetteville, where the debris from the bluffs appears to have

filled in the basins on every side, leaving only a narrow central area of the bottom flat and level.

The draping of the steep banks with woods, and the collection of rain and spring water in them, until they are half filled, complete the process by which nature would seem to have formed these mimic craters and their still lakes.

We have only to add, that a drive of ten miles from Syracuse, or a less distance from Chittenango, will enable the visitor to see them for himself. Perhaps half of those who do so will see nothing remarkable, only small green lakes with steep shores, and may think them hardly deserving of so much attention; but the artist, the geologist, or any observer accustomed to notice the forms and reflect on the causes of natural scenery, will, we think, be of a different opinion, and feel himself well rewarded for his brief journey.

#### THACKERAY AS A POET.\*

**N**OBODY who has read Thackeray, with his heart as well as his eyes, will be surprised to find that he has written verses. He does not call this little book poetry. They are only ballads. He does not seize the lyre, with his eye set in a fine frenzy; but, he leans upon the table, after dinner, and sings his song—a ballad of love or jollity—with a fine flavor of fun, satire, and sadness; and, under all, that ground tone of hearty geniality and human friendliness, which is the key-note of all his performances. Occasionally, in "Punch" and "Fraser," there have been rhymes that went to the Thackeray tune, but it was scarcely supposed they could be Thackeray himself. In Pendennis, too, there was one song, the first published effort of Pen, which showed not only the poetic feeling, but the rhythmic skill. It was a specimen strain. There is no persiflage, nothing forced, nothing extravagant, in these verses. They have the same deep,

human sympathy, that warms his books, and which will, one day, be more clearly acknowledged than it is at present. They are full of that hearty and genuine democracy which makes Thackeray a more dangerous democrat than Mr. Feargus O'Connor; and they gush with the rollicking fun which is so wonderful in Jeames and all the sketches.

The book of ballads is as honest as everything else Mr. Thackeray does. There is no landscape-painting, for there certainly never was a great author, with a great heart, who said so little of nature as he does. There is scarcely a tree in the whole book. It smacks of the city as much as Beranger's. But it is not the Cockney city. Of all things, Thackeray is no Cockney poet. Charles Lamb, who was the Londoner by distinction, and neither professed nor had a real love of the country, was fond of giving a rural flavor to what he wrote; and his

\* *Ballads*. By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. London: Smith & Elder, 1856.



tragedy of John Woodville smells so sweetly of the forest of Ardenne, that Rosalind would not go astray in it. So Lamb would sit the night out with this book of ballads, and smile, and weep, and sigh, and laugh, with the changes of the rhyme and reason. It is the pocket-book of a man who is at home in Paris, and at home in London, which is almost to say a cosmopolitan, and who hears the drummer beating his tattoo, in the garden of the Tuileries, and sees the policeman hanging about the area steps in Piccadilly; who catches the rich brogue of Erin as he passes, and anon, goes into the café where, long ago, he dined with Tom, and Augustus, and James, and as he orders the dish they ate, remembers the days that are no more, learns that the landlord is dead this many a year, and so, while the quick life beats and wars in the street without, the musing man sits alone over his dinner within, and, like a man, not like a Byron, pensively recalls the old days, and pledges, in heart and in glass, the good, brave, generous fellows who shall never pledge him again. It is this honest naturalness, this humane sadness, which make these poems more than merely funny. As the smile fades from the lip, there is a tear glistening in the eye.

These ballads are about everything. They have been written during the last fifteen years, and often to hit an occasion. There is the "Chronicle of the Drum," which is a sketch of the old French Revolution, as seen by a drummer's eye. The song is the Drummer, but not the moral; it is appended by Titmarsh, who is strolling about the Boulevards and keeping Paris out of his heart. Why should Napoleon the Great, and the bannèred French army, with trumpets and shawms, dazzle a sensible man's eyes and ears. Sodgering is very beautiful to hear about. But as our tall friend with eyes surveys

"The story of two hundred years  
Writ on the parchment of a drum,"

he naturally asks—not like a preacher in bands, but like an honest man, with his hands in his breeches' pockets—

"Tell me, what find we to admire  
In epaulettes and scarlet coats,  
In men, because they load and fire,  
And know the art of cutting throats?"

The ballad is the simple comment of humanity and common sense upon the absurdity of military glory. It is Christian to the last comma.

Our ballad-singer tells the glory of the King of Brentford's testament. The moral is the moral of the lecture upon Steele. Hard-hearted and hard-handed virtue goes to the wall. The human heart chooses brother Ned for the heir, just as the king, his father, did. It always does choose him, and there is the profoundest reason in the choice. In "Peg of Limavaddy," there is a cheery music and close sketching of homely charms which is quite in the key of Burns. There is a remarkably artful and successful management of rhymes in it. Few of the most accomplished authors in rhyme could turn off anything superior, in its way, to "Peg of Limavaddy."

We quote the concluding stanzas, and would gladly give the whole; but the book is a book to be tasted line by line. After narrating a luckless hap by which beer was poured down his pantaloons, the singer dances on—

"Then it was I saw her  
Scouring of a kettle,  
(Faith, her blushing cheeks  
Reddened on the metal).  
Ahl but 'tis in vain  
That I try to sketch it,  
The pot, perhaps, is like,  
But Peggy's face is wretched.  
No, the best of lead,  
And of Indian rubber,  
Never could depict  
That sweet little scrubber."

"See her as she moves  
Scorn the ground she touches,  
Airy as a fay,  
Graceful as a Duchesse.  
Bare her rounded arm,  
Bare her little leg is,  
Vestris never showed  
Ankles like to Peggy's.  
Braided is her hair,  
Soft her look and modest,  
Slim her little waist,  
Comfortably bediced."

"Thus I do declare,  
Happy is the laddy  
Who the heart can share  
Of Peg of Limavaddy:  
Married if she were,  
Blest would be the daddy  
Of the children fair  
Of Peg of Limavaddy.  
Beauty is not rare  
In the land of Paddy,  
Fair beyond compare,  
Is Peg of Limavaddy."



"Citizen or Squire,  
Tory, Whig, or Radi-  
cal, would all desire  
Peg of Limavaddy.  
Had I Homer's fire,  
Or that of Sergeant Taddy,  
Meestly I'd admire  
Peg of Limavaddy:  
And till I expire  
Or till I grow mad, I  
Will sing unto my lyre  
Peg of Limavaddy."

But, of the graver measures, "The Ballad of Bouillabaisse" is the most finished and characteristic. It is quite worthy of Beranger, whom it not a little resembles in general spirit, yet without losing the individuality of its author. The balance between the sadness and the spirit is perfectly kept; the pathos is a subdued tone, as in a Flemish picture. There is something tenderer and lovelier than anything expressed. There is beautiful and abundant youth in it, but only implied in the musing remembrance of the solitary who eats his Bouillabaisse. There is the scorn of coming age in it, but not harsh nor severe. There is full consciousness of the loveliness of life, and of its necessary sadness. There he sits alone at his table: you see him through the smoke of the hot Bouillabaisse, while his neighbor reads the *Moniteur*; and there is a pensive light in the eyes that have been called cynical; and there is a throb of manly affection in the heart that was recorded as misanthropical. The waiter loves to see him come, and serves him nimbly, and says the day is fine. The waiter gets but two sous afterwards, but they are like double golden Napoleons, they are given so heartily. Come, let us, too, try the Bouillabaisse:

#### THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE.

"A street there is in Paris famous,  
For which no rhyme our language yields,  
Rue Neuve des Petits-Champs its name is,  
The New street of the Little Fields;  
And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,  
But still in comfortable case,  
In which, in youth, I oft attended  
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

"This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is,  
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,  
A hotch-potch of all sorts of fishes  
That Greenwich never could outdo.  
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,  
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace—  
All these you eat at Terré's tavern,  
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

"Indeed, a rich and savory stew 'tis,  
And true philosophers, methinks,  
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,  
Should love good victuals and good drinks.

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And Cordelier or Benedictine  
Might gladly sure his lot embrace,  
Nor find a fast day too afflicting,  
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

"I wonder if the house still there is?  
Yes, here the lamp is as before,  
The smiling, red-cheeked *écaillère* is  
Still opening oysters at the door.  
Is Terré still alive and able?  
I recollect his droll grimace;  
He'd come and smile before your table,  
And hope you liked your Bouillabaisse.

"We enter—nothing's changed or older—  
'How's Monsieur Terré, waiter, pray  
The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder—  
'Monsieur is dead this many a day.'  
'It is the lot of saint and sinner,  
So honest Terré's run his race?'  
'What will Monsieur require for dinner?'  
'Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?'

"Ah, oui, Monsieur,' 's the waiter's answer,  
'Quel vin Monsieur desire-t-il?'  
'Tell me a good one.' 'That I can, sir:  
'The Chambertin with yellow seal.'  
'So Terré's gone,' I say, and sink in  
My old accustom'd corner place:  
'He's done with feasting and with drinking,  
With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse.'

"My old accustom'd corner here is,  
The table still is in the nook,  
Ah! vanished many a busy year is,  
The well-known chair since last I took.  
When first I saw ye, *cari luoghi*,  
I'd scarce a board upon my face,  
And now, a grizzled, grim old fogey,  
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

"Where are you, old companions trusty  
Of early days, here met to dine;  
Come, waiter, quick, a flagon crusty,  
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.  
The kind old voices and old faces  
My memory can quick retrace,  
Around the board they take their places,  
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

"There's Jack has made a wond'rous marriage,  
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet,  
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage,  
There's poor old Fred in the gazette;  
O'er James' head the grass is growing—  
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace  
Since here we set the claret flowing,  
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

"Ah, me! how quick the days are flitting,  
I mind me of a time that's gone,  
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,  
In this same place, but not alone.  
A fair young form was nestled near me,  
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,  
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me  
—There's no one now to share my cup.

"I drink it as the Fates ordain it—  
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes;  
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it,  
In memory of dear old times.  
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is,  
And sit you down and say your grace,  
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is—  
Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse."

The women do not like Thackeray, but nobody more uniformly confesses their charm and power than he. Sometimes this is amusingly done; sometimes it is done with a wild jollity which is not jovial; sometimes it is bitterly done, as if the speaker had profoundly suffered; sometimes it is sadly and gravely done, as by a man who had felt the touch of Nemesis;—but it is always heartily done, it is always a genuine feeling. Does anybody believe that Byron honored women, and was subject to their influence, and not feel that Thackeray is sensitively alive to whatever is most truly feminine? Read Pendennis—read the Newcomes—read Vanity Fair—especially, read Erminia; or read the ballad of the “Yankee Volunteers,” based upon a report that the great majority of one of our regiments in Mexico had turned soldier-laddies because the lassies were unkind. The bard offers this consolation:

“Thus always it was ruled,  
And when a woman smiled,  
The strong man was a child,  
The sage a noodle,  
Alcides was befooled,  
And silly Sampson shorn,  
Long, long ere you were born,  
Poor Yankee doodle!”

The friends of Arthur Pendennis, Esq., who has just edited the memoirs of that highly respectable family, the Newcomes, will recall with pleasure an early essay of his, in one of Mr. Bacon’s magazines. How simple it is! how full of the romance of a youth who is not sentimental! Our honest ballad-singer, who trolls his verses while we smoke and muse, and recall our own loiterings about church porches, declares, upon his honor, that there is no poetry in it. Mind your song, singer, and let the heart determine.

#### AT THE CHURCH GATE.

“Although I enter not,  
Yet, round about the spot  
Sometimes I hover;  
And at the sacred gate,  
With longing eyes I wait,  
Expectant of her.

“The minster bell tolls out  
Above the city’s rout,  
And noise, and humming;  
They’ve stopped the chiming bell,  
I hear the organ’s swell—  
She’s coming—she’s coming!

“My lady comes at last,  
Timid and stepping fast,

And hastening thither,  
With modest eyes downcast,  
She comes—she’s here—she’s past,  
May heaven go with her!  
“Kneel undisturbed, fair saint,  
Pour out your praise or ‘plaint,  
Meekly and duly.  
I will not enter there, said a ni sgnoc  
To sully your pure prayer,  
With thoughts unruly.”

“But suffer me to pace  
‘Round the forbidden place,  
Lingering a minute,  
Like outcast spirits, who wait  
And see through Heaven’s gate,  
Angels within it.”

Is this the sigh and the prayer of twenty? Is it bright with the bloom of youth? Ah! there comes “the age of wisdom,” says our singer, and with a noisier sweep of the strings, and a louder voice, which entirely ends our dream, he bursts into a ditty, which the German gentleman, dining at the next table, would call *keké*, of which this is the last stanza. Is it also the last word of the age of wisdom?

“Gillian’s dead, God rest her bier.  
How I loved her twenty years syne;  
Marian’s married, and I sit here  
Alone and merry at forty year,  
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine—.”

And without delay our singer proceeds in this love song, which would have pacified Mrs. Hannah More—

#### “SORROWS OF WERTHER.

“Werther had a love for Charlotte  
Such as words could never utter.  
Would you know how first he met her  
She was cutting bread and butter.

“Charlotte was a married lady,  
And a moral man was Werther,  
And for all the wealth of Indies  
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

“So he sighed, and pined, and ogled,  
And his passion boiled and bubbled,  
Till he blew his silly brains out,  
And no more was by it troubled.

“Charlotte, having seen his body,  
Borne before her on a shutter,  
Like a well-conducted person,  
Went on cutting bread and butter.”

We cannot enumerate all the ballads in our singer’s repertoire. “The Pen and the Album” has a homely directness which makes truth-telling very like pathetic poetry. “Titmarsh’s Carmen Lillienae” is very droll, showing how Titmarsh had no money in the town of Lille. Four German ditties are good paraphrases, and the “Legend

of St. Sophia of Keoff, an epic poem in twenty books," is also an epic in a good many more than twenty laughs. "Love Songs made easy" have a gentle exhilaration of sarcasm upon some amiable persons who write very easy love-songs in a kind of oriental dialect—the orientalism of the poems consisting in allusions to bul-buls, kiosks, caiques, etc., and fortunately going no further. Then we have the "Lyra Hibernica, the poems of the Molony of Kilballymolony." Mr. Thackeray will thwack away at the sons of Erin. He loves a brief shindy with his emerald fellow-subjects. He has always a laugh and an incredulous look in the eyes, ready for them. How could a man who hates the very suspicion of humbug endure the immense romance of the Emerald, however jovial and sincere? Carlyle loves them no better. Carlyle has the greatest satisfaction in Cromwell's proceedings in Ireland. Perhaps it explains his fondness for the Protector. The "Lyra Hibernica" is very funny, such smiling contempt rings along the lines! Such sly sarcasm peeps out everywhere! Molony of Kilballymolony is charmed with the Crystal Palace.

"O would before  
That Thomas Moore,  
Likewise the late Lord Byron,  
Thim sighs sthrough  
Of godlike song,  
Cast oi on that east-iron!"

The Lord Lieutenant's "coort" is dissolved in Dublin, and Molony of Kilballymolony is dissolved in regrets. One noble lady had bought taffeta in vain. Molony sings:

"She bought it of Misthress O'Grady,  
Eight shillings a yard tabinet,  
But now that the coort is concluded,  
The divvie a yard will she get  
I bet.  
Bedad, that she wears the old set!"

We cannot quote more. We do not wish to spoil the feast, but merely to give a relish and whet the appetite. In

the book of ballads, we find the same Thackeray. He seems to be no more trammelled by measures and rhymes than if he were not compelled to regard them. He moves as easily, in various metres, as he does in the fair, simple prose to which he has been more accustomed. How clear, and clean, and pungent that is, we all know. What inward music there is in many a passage; what a pensive undertone. It is pleasant to think of these ballads even, with their rollicking fun, and tripping gaiety—their sly sarcasm—their sad sincerity. They say all kinds of things of the ballad-singer. He stands there, seeing everything, feeling much. His hands rest idly in his pockets; but when he takes them out, his heart is in them—and it is what he means all the while, not what he said to Jenkins yesterday, that determines the quality of the man.

Will you quarrel because the imagination does not shine through these pages? Will you scout at the ballad-singer, because he is not a solemn Milton, or a supreme Shakespeare, or a fierce Byron? Will you have no cakes or ale, because St. Anthony was virtuous? Ah! if he were a hunter, he would bring you a chamois from the cloudy crags; if he were a sailor, he would bring you a bird of Paradise from the gorgeous south. He is neither. He is a man who loves and dislikes—who laughs when he is merry, and has tears in his eyes. He is a man with a great human heart, and he sets it to music. If you listen, your own heart will respond; and if you say, "good man, why not sing the Course of Time in a few hundred cantos," then you will hear nothing, and like nothing, that the singer has to sing. Every man's best offering is the best thing he can do. Somebody else might have done something else. But what he can do is a part of himself, and nobody else could do it.

"The minister bell tolls out  
Above the city's roof,  
A sad noise, and humming;  
They've stopped the chiming bell,  
I hear the organ's sweet—  
What's coming—what's coming!  
My lady comes at last  
Timid and stopping fast

We cannot comment on all the ballads in our singer's repertoire. "The Peacock and the Almond" has a homely directness which makes truth-telling very like pathetic poetry. "Timothy's Car" is very good, showing how Timothy had no money in the town of Little Four Corners after the good paragon, and the "Legend

# HESPERUS.

**A**WAKE, O beautiful Hesperus!  
 Awake! for the day is done,  
 And the royal purple curtains are drawn  
 Round the couch of the sleeping sun;  
 There is a hush on the blooming earth,  
 And a hush on the beating sea,  
 And silence, too, in the courts of Heaven,  
 For the stars all wait for thee,  
 Hesperus!  
 All things beautiful wait for thee!

## II.

'Tis the hour for fancy's fairy reign,  
 When the glowing brain is fraught  
 With visions of beauty, and bliss, and love,  
 That leave no room for thought.  
 With the light of warm and glorious dreams  
 This narrow chamber is bright,  
 And I need but thee to sing with me,  
 O sweetest poet of night!  
 Hesperus,  
 Open thy volume of golden light!

## III.

There may I read of the youth of old,  
 Who clambered the mountain height,  
 And talked with stars in the midnight hours,  
 Till he faded from human sight—  
 Till his brow grew bright with wonderful light,  
 And away from the world's rude jars,  
 He was lost in the beams of his radiant dreams,  
 And himself was the fairest of stars.  
 Hesperus!  
 The best beloved of the stars!

## IV.

There may I read this legend rare,  
 And its beautiful meaning learn,  
 While my soul, new-kindled to hopes divine,  
 With a holy fire shall burn.  
 O never should human heart despair  
 Of the presence of God on high—  
 O never should human faith grow dim,  
 While the stars are in the sky!  
 Hesperus!  
 Thy voice is the voice of eternity!

## V.

Thou art smiling down on me, Hesperus,  
 With that smile upon my heart  
 I know that kindred to me and mine,  
 In those measureless heights, thou art.  
 When thy spirit blossomed into a star,  
 In the mystical days of old,  
 The love and the hope it bore on high,  
 The legend hath never told.  
 Hesperus!  
 Thy sweetest story hath never been told.

O to be like thee, Hesperus!

To climb the heights of truth,

And there to drink of celestial airs,

And to glow with immortal youth:—

There wrapt in the light which is born in skies

Where the blessed angels are,

To hear earth's harmonies only, rise

Floating sweetly up from afar!

Hesperus!

How can my spirit become a star?

### LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

Our new Horse improves—He is loaned to a Neighbor, and disgraces himself—Autumnal Vegetation—The Palisades and *Rock Cataract*—An agreeable Surprise—Mr. Sparrowgrass takes a short trip in the County of Broome—Meets with a Disappointment on his Return, but indulges in a flowing vein of "Adversity's sweet milk."

OUR new horse waxes fat. He takes kindly to his feed, and has already eaten himself into the shape of a bell-pear. As he was suffering from want of exercise, I loaned him, for a few days, to a neighbor, who was moving his chattels into a new house. He was quite serviceable for a time, and really would have done very well, but for a sudden return of his complaint as he was carrying a load of crockery. I think our neighbor has acquitted me of any malicious intention in letting him have the animal, but his wife always meets me with a smile as fine as a wire. In fact, she told Mrs. Sparrowgrass it was of no consequence, that it was all right, and she would never have thought of it at all, if it had not been for an old family tea-pot, that had belonged to her grandmother, that could not be replaced—"a thing, my dear, that the family has always set a great deal of store by." Confound the family tea-pot! If it were really so choice a piece of porcelain, what did they put it in the wagon for? Why didn't they carry it by hand? I suppose we will have that broken tea-pot alluded to, every now and then, at village tea-parties, for years to come.

Our horse waxes fat. I had serious thoughts of parting with him once, but the person who was negotiating for him wanted me to take another horse in exchange, and pay him a sum of money to boot, which seemed to be, at least, as

much as, if not more than, both horses were worth. Upon consultation with Mrs. S., I declined the trade.

Notwithstanding the continued warm weather, the leaves already manifest the visible approaches of autumn. Earliest of all, the velvet-podded sumach hangs its fringe of fire, here and there, in the heart of the deep old wood. Then the sugar-maples, golden at the top, and the deeper green leaves of the swamp-maple, are bound with a florid border. The pointed foliage of the gum tree comes out with a chromatic spread of tints, and, around the trunks, and up in the heavy verdure of cedar and oak, the five-fingered creeper winds its threads of gleaming crimson. Countless little purple flowers are scattered between the trees, and margin the roads; white asters, large and small, put forth their tufts of stars, and above them the golden rod waves in the wind its brilliant sceptre. Down by the plashy spring, the wild-rose thickets are densely spotted with round, red berries, beautiful to behold, and, if you look in the grass, you will often find a yellow jewel, a sort of wild lady's-slipper.

But, oh, the glory of those grand old palisades! Those bald, storm-splintered crags, that overlook the river! Far as the vision stretches, reach their grim, gray precipices, gorgeous, in autumnal tartan, to the waist, but bare, disrobed, and regal to the summit. Brave old thunder-mockers, they. I once sug-

gested, to some of my neighbors, the propriety of having them white-washed, for appearance sake, but I do most heartily repent me of their irreverent jest. Truth to say, I had no intention in it, although the project was taken seriously, and as seriously objected to, partly on the ground that there were *other things* about the village, to be done, of more pressing importance, and partly on account of the expense.

There is another hint of the coming of autumn. The evening music of the insect world hath ceased. The iterated chirp of the cricket, the love-lorn cry of Katy-did, and the long, swelling monotone of the locust, have departed. But we have brought forth the antique audirons, and the winter-wood lies piled up in the shed, and, with the first crackle of the hickory, we shall hear, at least, one summer-voice on the earth. We shall miss our beetles, though; we shall see no more of those window-visitors who used to bump against the centre-lamp, and then go crawling, in a very improper way, over the table, with a segment of white shirt sticking forth from their nether garments behind. We shall miss our beetles. The swamps and ponds, too, are silent. The frogs no longer serenade us with their one-pronged jaws-harps, and, oh, saddest of all, the birds! the summer birds! now pipe in other lands, and under alien skies.

The melancholy days are come. The saddest of the year.

Take it all in all, our garden, this season, has redeemed itself. To be sure, our fruit-trees blossomed away their energies, attempting to make too much of a show in the spring. But we do not care a great deal for pears, and as one cherry-tree put out quite a respectable show of ox-hearts, we were content. As for musk and water-melons, we had much to brag of; and our potatoes have yielded an abundant crop of all sizes. When we get in our tomatoes, we shall feel pretty comfortable for the winter; at present, they are green, but thrifty.

It is a good thing to have an agreeable surprise, now and then, in the country. I have been tempted lately, by the fine moonlight evenings, to take short rides in the saddle, by the haunted shores of the Nepperhan. I love to note the striking contrasts of massive foliage, in deep shadow, silvery water,

in breaks and bends, a pond here, a mill-dam there, with its mimic cascade, and at times the red glare of a belated cottage window. I enjoy these rides, even at the risk of a tumble. And this custom was the cause of a pleasant surprise. One evening, I returned rather early from the river, on account of the fog, and tied our new horse under the shed, intending to ride him over to the stable at the usual hour. But finding some visitors at home, the pleasure of conversation, in regard to the fall crops, beguiled me, and I went to bed, leaving the new horse tied under the shed. When I woke up next morning he was gone. Some person had stolen him in the night. I do not believe he got very far with him before he found out it was easier to get him away than to bring him back. At all events, he was off, and I paid his bill at the stable, to date, with great pleasure. At first I thought I would tell my wife, and then I concluded to keep the good news for a while, and break it to her gradually. There is a great deal in keeping a good thing to yourself for a while. You can turn it over and over in your mind, and enjoy, in anticipation, the effect it will produce when you come to relate it to another. This was too good, though, to keep very long. Here was a snub-nosed, blear-eyed, bandy-legged horse-thief, with a pocketful of oats, and a straw in his mouth, covertly sneaking off, at midnight, with an animal he did not know anything about—a horse that was an ostrich in appetite only—a horse that would keep him, by night, and by day, constantly busy, in doing nothing else but stealing his feed. A horse, that was a *weaver*! And of all hard-feeders, a weaver is the worst. A weaver, that would stand weaving his head from side to side, like a shuttle, over the manger, eating away, with a sinister look in his one eye, expressive of—

"Yon, nor I, nor nobody knows, Where oats, peas, beans, and barley grow."

It was too good to keep. Once or twice I came very near letting it out; but, by great presence of mind I succeeded in keeping it in.

By and by it will be a great joke for somebody!

We have had a slight frost. The first tender touch of winter's jeweled finger. A premonition, no more. How



kindly the old dame moves in the country—how orderly. How cleverly she lays everything to sleep, and then folds over all her delicate drapery! It is a grand sight to see the snow driving across the rocky face of the palisades. We shall welcome in the winter with pleasure. Sleep, little flowers, for a time; the kind old nurse will be beside your tiny cradles, and wrap you up softly in light blankets! Sleep, little hard-shell beetles, rest, Katy-did, and you, nocturnal bugler, mosquito, rest!

We have had again warmer weather and fogs. We love to see a fog in the country. Look over the wide expanse of the river, smooth as a looking-glass, two miles across; see the morning sunlight on the eternal precipices. Look at the variegated foliage fused to lava under the thin screen of mist. It seems as if nature had poured down in floods of melted sulphur, vermilion, and opiment. And now the slight veil sweeps away, and the round masses of vegetation jut forth in light and shadow. Once more we recognize the bare strip that indicates the course of the ROCK CATACT! If you watch the summit now, you will see something. The blasters are at work with gunpowder. There! Puff number one! Up rolls the blue smoke, and bark at the echoes! You do not see the blown out mass, as it falls sheer down the barren cliff; but now watch the yellow cloud of dust that whirls along, as the huge fragment bounds, hundreds of feet below, over the sloping earth, until it buries itself, amid the uproar, at the very brink of the river. Follow its course to the city, and you will behold it, and its brethren, rising in massive piles of architecture; but look at the grand old rocks again, and tell if there be a scar or spot left, to indicate whence it fell. Strange that you cannot, for it is a great quarry, that—over there.

Not a person knows anything concerning the horse's hegira, yet. Old Dockweed, the inquisitive old sand-piper, asked me, "how that horse was getting along with his heaves?" I replied, he was getting on pretty well. I mean to ask Mrs. S., some day, how much she thinks my stable bill has been for the past week or two. How she will open her eyes, when I tell her that expense is at an end. And horse-shoes, too; what a costly luxury a blacksmith is, in the country.

I shall leave home to-morrow, for a short sojourn in Broome county with a friend. When I return, it will be time enough to tell Mrs. S. about our good luck. How surprised she will be.

It is a good thing to travel in this country—to go from one country place to another country place—to meet old friends with fresh welcomes, old hearths, and old wood, old side-boards, old wine, and, above all—old stories. I love an old story. There is no place where you will find so many old stories as in this country. Our village is full of old stories. They have a flavor of antiquity, too, that commends them always to the connoisseur. The old stories of Broome county have a rarer merit—some of them are good. How pleasant it was to sit with my old friend by his hospitable hearth-stone, and enjoy the warmth of his fire, his wine, and his welcome! How pleasant it was to listen to his old stories, like the chime of some old bell, or the echo of some old song, bringing up again days, men, scenes, and scores of happy memories! How we went into the deep green cover to shoot woodcock; how I bagged my first bird; how we stopped at the spring, and could not find the flask, but we did not mean the powder-flask; how we got Mr. Pen-pod to fire at the mark, but forgot to put the shot in his gun; and all about our old friends on the Susquehanna, the rides, the drives, the junkettings—up above, where the broad river sweeps on behind the garden, or where the brook ramps over the rocks, and rambles musically down through the glen! Those, indeed, were fine old stories.

I love, too, to sleep in an old-fashioned house—to hear the dew drip from the eaves at night, and the rustle of autumnal leaves around the porch—to wake with the cheery crow of the rooster, and the chirrup of the coffee-mill—to look forth from the low-browed window upon the early morning, and to see clouds, and hills, and ever so many rural pictures. It is a good thing to travel sometimes in the country.

When I returned home, I determined to break the whole matter to Mrs. Sparrowgrass about the horse. There is such a thing as keeping a secret too long from the partner of one's bosom. This thought oppressed me. So, after I had deposited my over-coat and carpet-bag in the hall, I could scarcely keep the secret quiet.

until the proper moment. The children never seemed to be so pertinaciously curious as they did on the evening of my return. I think we should never refuse answering the questions children put to us, unless they ask questions it would be improper to answer. To tell the truth, I was not sorry when they were cased in their Canton-flannel long drawers, and ready for bed. Then I had to tell Mrs. Sparrowgrass all about the journey; but first she had to tell me all about everything that had occurred during my absence. Then I commenced: "My dear," said I, "do you know notwithstanding the extraordinary large crops this fall, that feed still remains very high?" Mr. S. replied that she had neglected to speak of the horse; but as I had reminded her of it—"My dear," said I, interrupting her, "I know what you want to say. You want me to part with him, even if I give him away." Mrs. Sparrowgrass replied that she did. "What," I continued, "do you suppose he has cost me within the two past weeks?" Mrs. Sparrowgrass answered that I would find he had cost more than he was worth twice over. "You think so, do you?" said I. "Then, my dear, I want to tell you something that will gratify and surprise you." Then I followed it up: "In the first place, do you remember, about two weeks ago, that I returned home from a moonlight ride beside the romantic shores of the Nepperhan?" Mrs. Sparrowgrass replied that she remembered it. "Well, then, that night I tied our horse under the shed, and I forgot him. The next morning he was missing." Mrs. Sparrowgrass requested me to go on.

There is a great deal, sometimes, in the manner of saying those two words, "go on." It sometimes implies that you have arrived at the end of what you have to say, and that the other party has something yet to add. There was a pause.

"Go on," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, "tell your story, and then let me tell mine." "Wasn't he stolen," said I, beginning to fear that some news of an unpleasant nature was in store for me. "I do not know whether he was stolen or whether he strayed away; but at all events he has been found, my

dear," replied Mrs. S. "Where did they find him, Mrs. S.," said I, feeling a little nervous. "In the Pound!" replied Mrs. Sparrowgrass, with a quiet, but impressive accent on the last word. "In the pound!" I echoed. "then, Mrs. S., we will leave him in the hands of the village authorities." "Bless me," replied Mrs. S., "I had him taken out immediately, so soon as I heard of it. Why you would not have your horse kept in the pound, my dear, for everybody to make remarks upon? He is in the stable, my dear, and as fat as ever; the man that keeps him said it would do you good to see him eat the first day he got back. You will have to pay a pretty nice bill, though. There are the fees of the pound-master, and the damages to the Rev. Mr. Buttonball, for breaking into his carrot patch, where he was found, and then you will have to get a new saddle and bridle, and——"

"Mrs. Sparrowgrass," said I, interrupting the catalogue of evils, by putting up my hand with the palm turned toward her like a monitor, "Mrs. S., there are times when trifles occupy too conspicuous a position in the human mind. Few people lose their night's rest from a superabundance of joy, but many suffer from a species of moral nightmare. Do not let this matter, then, give you any more uneasiness." Mrs. Sparrowgrass said it did not give her any uneasiness at all. "If this wretched animal is again upon our hands, we must make the best of him. While I was away, I heard in the country there was a prospect of oats not being able to keep up this winter. Next year we can put him out to pasture. I also learn that a new and fatal disease has broken out among horses lately. We must hope, then, for the best. Let us keep him cheerfully, but do not let us be haunted with him. He is, at least, a very nice looking animal, my dear. Excuse me a moment——"

"Let Fate do her worst, there are reliefs of joy. Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy."

You had, at least, the pleasure of riding after him once; and I had the pleasure of hearing that he was stolen—once. Perhaps somebody may take a fancy to him yet, Mrs. Sparrowgrass."

## BENITO CERENO.

[Concluded.]

**B**EFORE returning to his own vessel, Captain Delano had intended communicating to Don Benito the practical details of the proposed services to be rendered. But, as it was, unwilling anew to subject himself to rebuffs, he resolved, now that he had seen the San Dominick safely moored, immediately to quit her, without further allusion to hospitality or business. Indefinitely postponing his ulterior plans, he would regulate his future actions according to future circumstances. His boat was ready to receive him; but his host still tarried below. Well, thought Captain Delano, if he has little breeding, the more need to show mine. He descended to the cabin to bid a ceremonious, and, it may be, tacitly rebukeful adieu. But to his great satisfaction, Don Benito, as if he began to feel the weight of that treatment with which his slighted guest had, not indecorously, retaliated upon him, now supported by his servant, rose to his feet, and grasping Captain Delano's hand, stood tremulous; too much agitated to speak. But the good augury hence drawn was suddenly dashed, by his resuming all his previous reserve, with augmented gloom, as, with half-averted eyes, he silently re-seated himself on his cushions. With a corresponding return of his own chilled feelings, Captain Delano bowed and withdrew.

He was hardly midway in the narrow corridor, dim as a tunnel, leading from the cabin to the stairs, when a sound, as of the tolling for execution in some jail-yard, fell on his ears. It was the echo of the ship's flawed bell, striking the hour, drearily reverberated in this subterranean vault. Instantly, by a fatality not to be withstood, his mind, responsive to the portent, swarmed with superstitious suspicions. He paused. In images far swifter than these sentences, the minutest details of all his former distrusts swept through him.

Hitherto, credulous good-nature had been too ready to furnish excuses for reasonable fears. Why was the Spaniard, so superfluously punctilious at times, now heedless of common propriety in not accompanying to the side his departing guest? Did indisposition

forbid? Indisposition had not forbidden more irksome exertion that day. His last equivocal demeanor recurred. He had risen to his feet, grasped his guest's hand, motioned toward his hat; then, in an instant, all was eclipsed in sinister muteness and gloom. Did this imply one brief, repentent relenting at the final moment, from some iniquitous plot, followed by remorseless return to it? His last glance seemed to express a calamitous, yet acquiescent farewell to Captain Delano forever. Why decline the invitation to visit the sealer that evening? Or was the Spaniard less hardened than the Jew, who refrained not from supping at the board of him whom the same night he meant to betray? What imported all those day-long enigmas and contradictions, except they were intended to mystify preliminary to some stealthy blow? Atufal, the pretended rebel, but punctual shadow, that moment lurked by the threshold without. He seemed a sentry, and more. Who, by his own confession, had stationed him there? Was the negro now lying in wait?

The Spaniard behind—his creature before: to rush from darkness to light was the involuntary choice.

The next moment, with clenched jaw and hand, he passed Atufal, and stood unarmed in the light. As he saw his trim ship lying peacefully at her anchor, and almost within ordinary call; as he saw his household boat, with familiar faces in it, patiently rising and falling on the short waves by the San Dominick's side; and then, glancing about the decks where he stood, saw the oakum-pickers still gravely plying their fingers; and heard the low, buzzing whistle and industrious hum of the hatchet-polishers, still bestirring themselves over their endless occupation; and more than all, as he saw the benign aspect of nature, taking her innocent repose in the evening; the screened sun in the quiet camp of the west shining out like the mild light from Abraham's tent; as his charmed eye and ear took in all these, with the chained figure of the black, the clenched jaw and hand relaxed. Once again he smiled at the phantoms which had

mocked him, and felt something like a tinge of remorse, that, by indulging them even for a moment, he should, by implication, have betrayed an almost atheist doubt of the ever-watchful Providence above.

There was a few minutes' delay, while, in obedience to his orders, the boat was being hooked along to the gangway. During this interval, a sort of saddened satisfaction stole over Captain Delano, at thinking of the kindly offices he had that day discharged for a stranger. Ah, thought he, after good actions one's conscience is never ungrateful, however much so the benefited party may be.

Presently, his foot, in the first act of descent into the boat, pressed the first round of the side-ladder, his face presented inward upon the deck. In the same moment, he heard his name courteously sounded; and, to his pleased surprise, saw Don Benito advancing—an unwonted energy in his air, as if, at the last moment, intent upon making amends for his recent discourtesy. With instinctive good feeling, Captain Delano, revoking his foot, turned and reciprocally advanced. As he did so, the Spaniard's nervous eagerness increased, but his vital energy failed; so that, the better to support him, the servant, placing his master's hand on his naked shoulder, and gently holding it there, formed himself into a sort of crutch.

When the two captains met, the Spaniard again fervently took the hand of the American, at the same time casting an earnest glance into his eyes, but, as before, too much overcome to speak.

I have done him wrong, self-reproachfully thought Captain Delano; his apparent coldness has deceived me; in no instance has he meant to offend.

Meantime, as if fearful that the continuance of the scene might too much unstrung his master, the servant seemed anxious to terminate it. And so, still presenting himself as a crutch, and walking between the two captains, he advanced with them towards the gangway; while still, as if full of kindly contrition, Don Benito would not let go the hand of Captain Delano, but retained it in his, across the black's body.

Soon they were standing by the side, looking over into the boat, whose crew turned up their curious eyes. Waiting a moment for the Spaniard to relinquish

his hold, the now embarrassed Captain Delano lifted his foot, to overstep the threshold of the open gangway; but still Don Benito would not let go his hand. And yet, with an agitated tone, he said, "I can go no further; here I must bid you adieu. Adieu, my dear, dear Don Amasa. Go—go!" suddenly tearing his hand loose, "go, and God guard you better than me, my best friend."

Not unaffected, Captain Delano would now have lingered; but catching the meekly admonitory eye of the servant, with a hasty farewell he descended into his boat, followed by the continual adieus of Don Benito, standing rooted in the gangway.

Seating himself in the stern, Captain Delano, making a last salute, ordered the boat shoved off. The crew had their oars on end. The bowsman pushed the boat a sufficient distance for the oars to be lengthwise dropped. The instant that was done, Don Benito sprang over the bulwarks, falling at the feet of Captain Delano; at the same time, calling towards his ship, but in tones so frenzied, that none in the boat could understand him. But, as if not equally obtuse, three Spanish sailors, from three different and distant parts of the ship, splashed into the sea, swimming after their captain, as if intent upon his rescue.

The dismayed officer of the boat eagerly asked what this meant. To which, Captain Delano, turning a disdainful smile upon the unaccountable Benito Cereno, answered that, for his part, he neither knew nor cared; but it seemed as if the Spaniard had taken it into his head to produce the impression among his people that the boat wanted to kidnap him. "Or else—give way for your lives," he wildly added, starting at a clattering hubbub in the ship, above which rang the tocsin of the hatchet-polishers; and seizing Don Benito by the throat he added, "this plotting pirate means murder!" Here, in apparent verification of the words, the servant, a dagger in his hand, was seen on the rail overhead, poised, in the act of leaping, as if with desperate fidelity to befriend his master to the last; while, seemingly to aid the black, the three Spanish sailors were trying to clamber into the hampered bow. Meantime, the whole host of negroes, as if inflamed at the sight of their jeopardized captain,

impended in one sooty avalanche over the bulwarks.

All this, with what preceded, and what followed, occurred with such involutions, of rapidity, that past, present, and future seemed one.

Seeing the negro coming, Captain Delano had flung the Spaniard aside, almost in the very net of clutching him, and, by the unconscious recoil, shifting his place, with arms thrown up, so promptly grappled the servant in his descent, that with dagger presented at Captain Delano's heart, the black seemed of purpose to have leaped there as to his mark. But the weapon was wrenched away, and the assailant dashed down into the bottom of the boat, which now, with disentangled oars, began to speed through the sea.

At this juncture, the left hand of Captain Delano, on one side, again clutched the half-reclined Don Benito, heedless that he was in a speechless faint, while his right foot, on the other side, ground the prostrate negro; and his right arm pressed for added speed on the after oar, his eye bent forward, encouraging his men to their utmost.

But here, the officer of the boat, who had at last succeeded in beating off the towing Spanish sailors, and was now, with face turned aft, assisting the bowsman at his oar, suddenly called to Captain Delano, to see what the black was about; while a Portuguese oarsman shouted to him to give heed to what the Spaniard was saying.

Glancing down at his feet, Captain Delano saw the freed hand of the servant aiming with a second dagger—a small one, before concealed in his wool—with this he was snakishly writhing up from the boat's bottom, at the heart of his master, his countenance lividly vindictive, expressing the centred purpose of his soul; while the Spaniard, half-choked, was vainly shrinking away, with husky words, incoherent to all but the Portuguese.

That moment, across the long-benighted mind of Captain Delano, a flash of revelation swept, illuminating in unanticipated clearness Benito Cereno's whole mysterious demeanor, with every enigmatic event of the day, as well as the entire past voyage of the San Dominick. He smote Babo's hand down, but his own heart smote him harder. With infinite pity he withdrew his hold from Don Benito. Not Captain Delano,

but Don Benito, the black, in leaping into the boat, had intended to stab.

Both the black's hands were held, as glancing up towards the San Dominick, Captain Delano, now with the scales dropped from his eyes, saw the negroes, not in misrule, not in tumult, not as if frantically concerned for Don Benito, but with mask torn away, flourishing hatchets and knives, in ferocious piratical revolt. Like delirious black devishes, the six Ashantees danced on the poop. Prevented by their foes from springing into the water, the Spanish boys were hurrying up to the topmost spars, while such of the few Spanish sailors, not already in the sea, less alert, were desecrated, helplessly mixed in, on deck, with the blacks.

Meantime Captain Delano hailed his own vessel, ordering the ports up, and the guns run out. But by this time the cable of the San Dominick had been cut; and the fag-end, in lashing out, whipped away the canvas shroud about the beak, suddenly revealing, as the bleached hull swung round towards the open ocean, death for the figure-head, in a human skeleton; chalky comment on the chalked words below, "*Follow your leader.*"

At the sight, Don Benito, covering his face, wailed out: "Tis he, Aranda! my murdered, unburied friend!"

Upon reaching the sealer, calling for ropes, Captain Delano bound the negro, who made no resistance, and had him hoisted to the deck. He would then have assisted the now almost helpless Don Benito up the side; but Don Benito, wan as he was, refused to move, or be moved, until the negro should have been first put below out of view. When, presently assured that it was done, he no more shrank from the ascent.

The boat was immediately dispatched back to pick up the three swimming sailors. Meantime, the guns were in readiness, though, owing to the San Dominick having glided somewhat astern of the sealer, only the aftermost one could be brought to bear. With this, they fired six times; thinking to cripple the fugitive ship by bringing down her spars. But only a few inconsiderable ropes were shot away. Soon the ship was beyond the guns' range, steering broad out of the bay; the blacks thickly clustering round the bowsprit, one moment with



taunting cries towards the whites, the next with upthrown gestures hailing the now dusky expanse of ocean—cawing crows escaped from the hand of the fowler.

The first impulse was to slip the cables and give chase. But, upon second thoughts, to pursue with whale-boat and yawl seemed more promising.

Upon inquiring of Don Benito what fire arms they had on board the *San Dominick*, Captain Delano was answered that they had none that could be used; because, in the earlier stages of the mutiny, a cabin-passenger, since dead, had secretly put out of order the locks of what few muskets there were. But with all his remaining strength, Don Benito entreated the American not to give chase, either with ship or boat; for the negroes had already proved themselves such desperadoes, that, in case of a present assault, nothing but a total massacre of the whites could be looked for. But, regarding this warning as coming from one whose spirit had been crushed by misery, the American did not give up his design.

The boats were got ready and armed. Captain Delano ordered twenty-five men into them. He was going himself when Don Benito grasped his arm.

"What! have you saved my life, seignor, and are you now going to throw away your own?"

The officers also, for reasons connected with their interests and those of the voyage, and a duty owing to the owners, strongly objected against their commander's going. Weighing their remonstrances a moment, Captain Delano felt bound to remain; appointing his chief mate—an athletic and resolute man, who had been a privateer's man, and, as his enemies whispered, a pirate—to head the party. The more to encourage the sailors, they were told, that the Spanish captain considered his ship as good as lost; that she and her cargo, including some gold and silver, were worth upwards of ten thousand doubloons. Take her, and no small part should be theirs. The sailors replied with a shout.

The fugitives had now almost gained an offing. It was nearly night; but the moon was rising. After hard, prolonged pulling, the boats came up on the ship's quarters, at a suitable distance laying upon their oars to dis-

charge their muskets. Having no bullets to return, the negroes sent their yells. But, upon the second volley, Indian-like, they hurled their hatchets. One took off a sailor's fingers. Another struck the whale-boat's bow, cutting off the rope there, and remaining stuck in the gunwale like a woodman's axe. Snatching it, quivering from its lodgment, the mate hurled it back. The returned gauntlet now stuck in the ship's broken quarter-gallery, and so remained.

The negroes giving too hot a reception, the whites kept a more respectful distance. Hovering now just out of reach of the hurtling hatchets, they, with a view to the close encounter which must soon come, sought to decoy the blacks into, entirely disarming themselves of their most murderous weapons in a hand-to-hand fight, by foolishly flinging them, as missiles, short of the mark, into the sea. But ere long perceiving the stratagem, the negroes desisted, though not before many of them had to replace their lost hatchets with handspikes; an exchange which, as counted upon, proved in the end favorable to the assailants.

Meantime, with a strong wind, the ship still clove the water; the boats alternately falling behind, and pulling up, to discharge fresh volleys.

The fire was mostly directed towards the stern, since there, chiefly, the negroes, at present, were clustering. But to kill or maim the negroes was not the object. To take them, with the ship, was the object. To do it, the ship must be boarded; which could not be done by boats while she was sailing so fast.

A thought now struck the mate. Observing the Spanish boys still aloft, high as they could get, he called to them to descend to the yards, and cut adrift the sails. It was done. About this time, owing to causes hereafter to be shown, two Spaniards, in the dress of sailors and conspicuously showing themselves, were killed; not by volleys, but by deliberate marksman's shots; while, as it afterwards appeared, by one of the general discharges, Atufal, the black, and the Spaniard at the helm likewise were killed. What now, with the loss of the sails, and loss of leaders, the ship became unmanageable to the negroes.

With creaking masts, she came heavily round to the wind; the prow slowly



swinging, into view of the boats, its skeleton gleaming in the horizontal moonlight, and casting a gigantic ribbed shadow upon the water. One extended arm of the ghost seemed beckoning the whites to avenge it.

"Follow your leader!" cried the mate; and, one on each bow, the boats boarded. Scaling-spears and cutlasses crossed hatchets and hand-spikes. Huddled upon the long-boat amidships, the negroes raised a wailing chant, whose chorus was the clash of the steel.

For a time, the attack wavered; the negroes wedging themselves to beat it back; the half-repelled sailors, as yet unable to gain a footing, fighting as troopers in the saddle, one leg sideways flung over the bulwarks, and one without, plying their cutlasses like carters' whips. But in vain. They were almost overborne, when, rallying themselves into a squad as one man, with a huzza, they sprang inboard; where, entangled, they involuntarily separated again. For a few breaths' space, there was a vague, muffled, inner sound, as of submerged sword-fish rushing hither and thither through shoals of black-fish. Soon, in a reunited band, and joined by the Spanish seamen, the whites came to the surface, irresistibly driving the negroes toward the stern. But a barricade of casks and sacks, from side to side, had been thrown up by the mainmast. Here the negroes faced about, and though scorning peace or truce, yet fair would have had a respite. But, without pause, overleaping the barrier, the unflagging sailors again closed. Exhausted, the blacks now fought in despair. Their red tongues lolled, wolf-like, from their black mouths. But the pale sailors' teeth were set; not a word was spoken; and, in five minutes more, the ship was won.

Nearly a score of the negroes were killed. Exclusive of those by the balls, many were mangled; their wounds—mostly inflicted by the long-edged scaling-spears—resembling those shaven ones of the English at Preston Pans, made by the poled scythes of the Highlanders. On the other side, none were killed, though several were wounded; some severely, including the mate. The surviving negroes were temporarily secured, and the ship, towed back into the harbor at midnight, once more lay anchored.

Omitting the incidents and arrange-

ments ensuing, suffice it that, after two days' spent in refitting, the two ships sailed in company for Concepcion, in Chili, and thence for Lima, in Peru; where, before the vice-regal courts, the whole affair, from the beginning, underwent investigation.

Though, midway on the passage, the ill-fated Spaniard, relaxed from constraint, showed some signs of regaining health with free-will; yet, agreeably to his own foreboding, shortly before arriving at Lima, he relapsed, finally becoming so reduced as to be carried ashore in arms. Hearing of his story and plight, one of the many religious institutions of the City of Kings opened an hospitable refuge to him; where both physician and priest were his nurses, and a member of the order volunteered to be his own special guardian and consoler, by night and by day.

The following extracts, translated from one of the official Spanish documents, will it is hoped, shed light on the preceding narrative, as well as, in the first place, reveal the true port of departure and true history of the San Dominick's voyage, down to the time of her touching at the island of St. Maria.

But, ere the extracts come, it may be well to preface them with a remark.

The document selected, from among many others, for partial translation, contains the deposition of Benito Cereño; the first taken in the case. Some disclosures therein were, at the time, held dubious for both learned and natural reasons. The tribunal inclined to the opinion that the deponent, not undisturbed in his mind by recent events, raved of some things which could never have happened. But subsequent depositions of the surviving sailors, bearing out the revelations of their captain in several of the strangest particulars, gave credence to the rest. So that the tribunal, in its final decision, rested its capital sentences upon statements which, had they lacked confirmation, it would have deemed it but duty to reject.

I, DON JOSE DE ABOB AND PADILLA, His Majesty's Notary for the Royal Revenue, and Register of this Province, and Notary Public of the Holy Crusade of this Bishopric, etc.

Do certify and declare, as much as is

requisite in law, that, in the criminal cause commenced the twenty-fourth of the month of September, in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-nine, against the Senegal negroes of the ship San Dominick, the following declaration before me was made.

*Declaration of the first witness, Don Destró Cereno.*

To the same day, and month, and year, His Honor, Doctor Juan Martínez de Rozas, Councilor of the Royal Audience of this Kingdom, and learned in the law of this Intendency, ordered the captain of the ship San Dominick, Don Benito Cereno, to appear; which he did in his litter, attended by the monk Infelez; of whom he received, before Don José de Abos and Padilla, Notary Public of the Holy Crusade, the oath, which he took by God, our Lord, and a sign of the Cross; under which he promised to tell the truth of whatever he should know and should be asked;—and being interrogated agreeably to the tenor of the act commencing the process, he said, that on the twentieth of May last, he set sail with his ship from the port of Valparaiso, bound to that of Callao; loaded with the produce of the country and one hundred and sixty blacks, of both sexes, mostly belonging to Don Alexandro Aranda, gentleman, of the city of Mendoza; that the crew of the ship consisted of thirty-six men, beside the persons who went as passengers; that the negroes were in part as follows:

*Here, in the original, follows a list of some fifty names, descriptions, and ages, compiled from certain recovered documents of Aranda's, and also from recollections of the deponent, from which portions only are extracted.*

—One, from about eighteen to nineteen years, named José, and this was the man that waited upon his master, Don Alexandro, and who speaks well the Spanish, having served him four or five years; \* \* \* a mulatto, named Francisco, the cabin steward, of a good person and voice, having sung in the Valparaiso churches, native of the province of Buenos Ayres, aged about thirty-five years. \* \* \* A smart negro, named Dago, who had been for many years a grave-digger among the Spaniards, aged forty-six years. \* \* \* Four old negroes, born in Africa, from sixty to seventy, but sound, walkers by trade, whose names are as follows:—the first was named Mari, and he was killed (as was also his son named Diamelo); the second, Nacta; the third, Yola, likewise killed; the fourth, Ghofan; and six full-grown negroes, aged from thirty to forty-five, all raw, and born among the Ashantees—Madilquii, Yan, Leebe, Mapenda, Yambaio, Akim; four of whom were killed; \* \* \* a powerful negro named Atufal, who, being supposed to have been a chief in Africa, his owners set great store by him. \* \* \* And a small negro of Senegal, but some years among the Spaniards, aged about thirty, which negro's name was Babo; \* \* \* that he does not remember the names of the others, but that still expecting the residuo of Don Alexandro's papers will be found, will then take due account of them all, and remit to the court; \* \* \* and thirty-nine women and children of all ages.

*[After the catalogue, the deposition goes on as follows.]*

\* \* \* That all the negroes slept upon deck, as is customary in this navigation, and none wore fetters, because the owner, his friend Aranda, told him that they were all tractable; \* \* \* that on the seventh day after leaving port, at three o'clock in the morning, all the Spaniards being asleep except the two officers on the watch, who were the boatswain, Juan Robles, and the carpenter, Juan Bautista Gayote, and the helmsman and his boy, the negroes revolted suddenly, wounded dangerously the boatswain and the carpenter, and successively killed eighteen men of those who were sleeping upon deck, some with hand-spikes and hatchets, and others by throwing them alive overboard, after tying them; that of the Spaniards upon deck, they left about seven, as he thinks, alive and tied, to manœuvre the ship, and three or four more, who hid themselves, remained also alive. Although in the act of revolt the negroes made themselves masters of the hatchway, six or seven wounded went through it to the cockpit, without any hindrance on their part; that in the act of revolt, the mate and another person, whose name he does not recollect, attempted to come up through the hatchway, but having been wounded at the onset, they were obliged to return to the cabin; that the deponent resolved at break of day to come up the companion-way, where the negro Babo was, being the ringleader, and Atufal, who assisted him, and having spoken to them, exhorted them to cease committing such atrocities, asking them, at the same time, what they wanted and intended to do, offering, himself, to obey their commands; that, notwithstanding this, they throw, in his presence, three men, alive and tied, overboard; that they told the deponent to come up, and that they would not kill him; which having done, the negro Babo asked him whether there were in those seas any negro countries where they might be carried, and he answered them. No; that the negro Babo afterwards told him to carry them to Senegal, or to the neighboring islands of St. Nicholas; and he answered, that this was impossible, on account of the great distance, the necessity involved of rounding Cape Horn, the bad condition of the vessel, the want of provisions, sails, and water; but that the negro Babo replied to him he must carry them in any way; that they would do and conform themselves to everything the deponent should require as to eating and drinking; that after a long conference, being absolutely compelled to please them, for they threatened him to kill all the whites if they were not, at all events, carried to Senegal, he told them that what was most wanting for the voyage was water; that they would go near the coast to take it, and thence they would proceed on their course; that the negro Babo agreed to it; and the deponent steered towards the intermediate ports, hoping to meet some Spanish or foreign vessel that would save them; that within ten or eleven days they saw the land, and continued their course by it in the vicinity of Nasca; that the deponent observed that the negroes were now restless and mutinous, because he did not effect the taking in of water, the negro Babo having required, with threats, that it should be done, without fail, the following day; he told him he saw plainly that the coast was steep, and the rivers

designated in the maps were not to be found, with other reasons suitable to the circumstances; that the best way would be to go to the island of Santa Maria, where they might water and victual easily, it being a desert island, as the foreigners did; that the deponent did not go to Pisco, that was near, nor make any other port of the coast, because the negro Babo had intimated to him several times, that he would kill all the whites the very moment he should perceive any city, town, or settlement of any kind on the shores to which they should be carried: that having determined to go to the island of Santa Maria, as the deponent had planned, for the purpose of trying whether, in the passage or in the island itself, they could find any vessel that should favor them, or whether he could escape from it in a boat to the neighboring coast of Arruco; to adopt the necessary means he immediately changed his course, steering for the island; that the negroes Babo and Atufal held daily conferences, in which they discussed what was necessary for their design of returning to Senegal, whether they were to kill all the Spaniards, and particularly the deponent; that eight days after parting from the coast of Nasca, the deponent being on the watch a little after day-break, and soon after the negroes had their meeting, the negro Babo came to the place where the deponent was, and told him that he had determined to kill his master, Don Alexandro Aranda, both because he and his companions could not otherwise be sure of their liberty, and that, to keep the seamen in subjection, he wanted to prepare a warning of what road they should be made to take did they or any of them oppose him; and that, by means of the death of Don Alexandro, that warning would best be given; but, that what this last meant, the deponent did not at the time comprehend, nor could not, farther than that the death of Don Alexandro was intended; and moreover, the negro Babo proposed to the deponent to call the mate Kaneds, who was sleeping in the cabin, before the thing was done, for fear, as the deponent understood it, that the mate, who was a good navigator, should be killed with Don Alexandro and the rest; that the deponent, who was the friend, from youth, of Don Alexandro, prayed and conjured, but all was useless; for the negro Babo answered him that the thing could not be prevented, and that all the Spaniards risked their death if they should attempt to frustrate his will in this matter, or any other; that, in this conflict, the deponent called the mate, Kaneds, who was forced to go apart, and immediately the negro Babo commanded the Ashantee Martinqui and the Ashantee Leche to go down and commit the murder; that those two went down with hatchets to the berth of Don Alexandro; that, yet half alive and mangled, they dragged him on deck; that they were going to throw him overboard in that state, but the negro Babo stopped them, bidding the murder be completed on the deck before him, which was done, when, by his orders, the body was carried below, forward; that nothing more was seen of it by the deponent for three days; \* \* \* that Don Alonzo Sisonia, an old man, long resident at Valparaiso, and lately appointed to a civil office in Peru, whither he had taken passage, was at the time sleeping in the berth opposite Don Alexandro's; that, awakening at his cries, surprised by them, and at the sight of the negroes with their

bloody hatchets in their hands, he threw himself into the sea through a window which was near him, and was drowned, without it being in the power of the deponent to assist or take him up; \* \* \* that, a short time after killing Aranda, they brought upon deck his german-cousin, of middle-age, Don Francisco Mesa, of Mendoza, and the young Don Joaquin, Marques de Arambolaza; then lately from Spain, with his Spanish servant Ponce, and the three young clerks of Aranda, José Mezairi, Lorenzo Bargas, and Hermenegildo Gandix, all of Cadiz; that Don Joaquin and Hermenegildo Gandix, the negro Babo for purposes hereafter to appear, preserved alive; but Don Francisco Mesa, José Mezairi, and Lorenzo Bargas, with Ponce the servant, beside the boatswain, Juan Robles, the boatswain's mates, Manuel Vincaya and Roderigo Hurta, and four of the sailors, the negro Babo ordered to be thrown alive into the sea, although they made no resistance, nor begged for anything else but mercy; that the boatswain, Juan Robles, who knew how to swim, kept the longest above water, making acts of contrition, and, in the last words he uttered, charged this deponent to come mass to be said for his soul to our Lady of Succor; \* \* \* that, during the three days which followed, the deponent, uncertain what fate had befallen the remains of Don Alexandro, frequently asked the negro Babo where they were, and, if still on board, whether they were to be preserved for interment ashore, entreating him so to order it; that the negro Babo answered nothing till the fourth day, when, at sunrise, the deponent coming on deck, the negro Babo showed him a skeleton, which had been substituted for the ship's proper figure-head, the image of Christopher Colon, the discoverer of the New World; that the negro Babo asked him whose skeleton that was, and whether, from its whiteness, he should not think it a white's; that, upon his covering his face, the negro Babo, coming close, said words to this effect: "Keep faith with the blacks from here to Senegal, or you shall in spirit, as now in body, follow your leader," pointing to the prow; \* \* \* that the same morning the negro Babo took by succession each Spaniard forward, and asked him whose skeleton that was, and whether, from its whiteness, he should not think it a white's; that each Spaniard covered his face; that then to each the negro Babo repeated the words in the first place said to the deponent; \* \* \* that they (the Spaniards), being then assembled aft, the negro Babo harangued them, saying that he had now done all; that the deponent (as navigator for the negroes) might pursue his course, warning him and all of them that they should, soul and body, go the way of Don Alexandro if he saw them (the Spaniards) speak or plot anything against them (the negroes)—a threat which was repeated every day; that, before the events last mentioned, they had tied the cook to throw him overboard, for it is not known what thing they heard him speak, but finally the negro Babo spared his life, at the request of the deponent; that a few days after, the deponent, endeavoring not to omit any means to preserve the lives of the remaining whites, spoke to the negroes peace and tranquillity, and agreed to draw up a paper, signed by the deponent and the sailors who could write, as also by the negro Babo, for himself and all the blacks, in which the deponent

obliged himself to carry them to Senegal, and they not to kill any more, and he formally to make over to them the ship, with the cargo, with which they were for that time satisfied and quieted. \* \* \* But the next day, the more surely to guard against the sailors' escape, the negro Babo commanded all the boats to be destroyed but the long-boat, which was unseaworthy, and another, a cutter in good condition, which, knowing it would yet be wanted for lowering the water casks, he had it lowered down into the hold. \* \* \*

*[Various particulars of the prolonged and perplexed navigation ensuing here follow, with incidents of a calamitous calm, from which portion one passage is extracted, to wit:—]*

—That on the fifth day of the calm, all on board suffering much from the heat, and want of water, and five having died in fits, and mad, the negroes became irritable, and for a chance gesture, which they deemed suspicious—though it was harmless—made by the mate, Rancé, to the deponent, in the act of handing a quadrant, they killed him; but that for this they afterwards were sorry, the mate being the only remaining navigator on board, except the deponent. \* \* \*

—That omitting other events, which daily happened, and which can only serve uselessly to recall past misfortunes and conflicts, after seventy-three days' navigation, reckoned from the time they sailed from Nasca, during which they navigated under a scanty allowance of water, and were afflicted with the calms before mentioned, they at last arrived at the island of Santa Maria; on the seventeenth of the month of August, at about six o'clock in the afternoon, at which hour they cast anchor very near the American ship, Bachelor's Delight, which lay in the same bay, commanded by the generous Captain Amasa Delano; but at six o'clock in the morning, they had already desecrated the port, and the negroes became uneasy, as soon as at distance they saw the ship, not having expected to see one there; that the negro Babo pacified them, assuring them that no fear need be had; that straightway he ordered the figure on the bow to be covered with canvas, as for repairs, and had the docks a little set in order; that for a time the negro Babo and the negro Atufal conferred; that the negro Atufal was for sailing away, but the negro Babo would not, and, by himself, cast about what to do; that at last he came to the deponent, proposing to him to say and do all that the deponent declares to have said and done to the American captain; \* \* \*

that the negro Babo warned him that if he varied in the least, or uttered any word, or gave any look that should give the least intimation of the past events or present state, he would instantly kill him, with all his companions, showing a dagger, which he carried hid, saying something which, as he understood it, meant that that dagger would be alert as his eye; that the negro Babo then announced the plan to all his companions, which pleased them; that he then, the better to disguise the truth, devised many expedients, in some of them uniting deceit and defense; that of this sort was the device of the six Ashantees before named, who were his bravos; that then he stationed on the break of the poop, as if to clean certain

hatchets (in cases, which were part of the cargo), but in reality to use them, and distribute them at need, and at a given word he told them that, among other devices, was the device of presenting Atufal, his right-hand man, as chained, though in a moment the chains could be dropped; that in every particular he informed the deponent what part he was expected to enact in every device, and what story he was to tell on every occasion, always threatening him with instant death if he varied in the least; that, conscious that many of the negroes would be turbulent, the negro Babo appointed the four aged negroes, who were calkers, to keep what domestic order they could on the decks; that again and again he harangued the Spaniards and his companions, informing them of his intent, and of his devices, and of the invented story that this deponent was to tell, charging them lest any of them varied from that story; that these arrangements were made and matured during the interval of two or three hours, between their first sighting the ship and the arrival on board of Captain Amasa Delano; that this happened about half-past seven o'clock in the morning, Captain Amasa Delano coming in his boat, and all gladly receiving him; that the deponent, as well as he could force himself, acting then the part of principal owner, and a free captain of the ship, told Captain Amasa Delano, when called upon, that he came from Buenos Ayres, bound to Lima, with three hundred negroes; that off Cape Horn, and in a subsequent fever, many negroes had died; that also, by similar casualties, all the sea officers and the greatest part of the crew had died. \* \* \*

*[And so the deposition goes on, circumstantially recounting the fictitious story dictated to the deponent by Babo, and through the deponent imposed upon Captain Delano; and also recounting the friendly offers of Captain Delano, with other things, but all of which is here omitted. After the fictitious, strange story, etc., the deposition proceeds:—]*

—that the generous Captain Amasa Delano remained on board all the day, till he left the ship anchored at six o'clock in the evening, deponent speaking to him always of his pretended misfortunes, under the fore-mentioned principles, without having had it in his power to tell a single word, or give him the least hint, that he might know the truth and state of things; because the negro Babo, performing the office of an officious servant with all the appearance of submission of the humble slave, did not leave the deponent one moment; that this was in order to observe the deponent's actions and words, for the negro Babo understands well the Spanish; and besides, there were thereabout some others who were constantly on the watch, and likewise understood the Spanish; \* \* \* that upon one occasion, while deponent was standing on the deck conversing with Amasa Delano, by a secret sign the negro Babo drew him (the deponent) aside, the act appearing as if originating with the deponent; that then, he being drawn aside, the negro Babo proposed to him to gain from Amasa Delano full particulars about his ship, and crew, and arms; that the deponent asked "For what?" that the negro Babo answered he might conceive; that, grieved at the prospect of what might overtake the generous

Captain Amasa Delano, the deponent at first refused to ask the desired questions, and used every argument to induce the negro Babo to give up this new design; that the negro Babo showed the point of his dagger; that, after the information had been obtained, the negro Babo again drew him aside, telling him that that very night he (the deponent) would be captain of two ships, instead of one, for that, great part of the American's ship's crew being to be absent fishing, the six Ashantees, without any one else, would easily take it; that at this time he said other things to the same purpose; that no entreaties availed; that, before Amasa Delano's coming on board, no hint had been given touching the capture of the American ship: that to prevent this project the deponent was powerless; \* \* \*—that in some things his memory is confused, he cannot distinctly recall every event; \* \* \*—that as soon as they had cast anchor at six of the clock in the evening, as has before been stated, the American Captain took leave to return to his vessel; that upon a sudden impulse, which the deponent believes to have come from God and his angels, he, after the farewell had been said, followed the generous Captain Amasa Delano as far as the gunwale, where he stayed, under pretense of taking leave, until Amasa Delano should have been seated in his boat; that on shoving off, the deponent sprang from the gunwale into the boat, and fell into it, he knows not how, God guarding him; that—

*[Here, in the original, follows the account of what further happened at the escape, and how the San Dominick was retaken, and of the passage to the coast; including in the recital many expressions of "eternal gratitude" to the "generous Captain Amasa Delano." The deposition then proceeds with recapitulatory remarks, and a partial enumeration of the negroes, making record of their individual part in the past events, with a view to furnishing, according to command of the court, the data whereon to found the criminal sentences to be pronounced. From this portion is the following:]*

—That he believes that all the negroes, though not in the first place knowing to the design of revolt, when it was accomplished, approved it. \* \* \* That the negro, José, eighteen years old, and in the personal service of Don Alexandro, was the one who communicated the information to the negro Babo, about the state of things in the cabin, before the revolt; that this is known, because, in the preceding midnight, he use to come from his berth, which was under his master's, in the cabin, to the deck where the ringleader and his associates were, and had secret conversations with the negro Babo, in which he was several times seen by the mate; that, one night, the mate drove him away twice; \* \* \* that this same negro José, was the one who, without being commanded to do so by the negro Babo, as Lecbe and Martinqui were, stabbed his master, Don Alexandro, after he had been dragged half-lifeless to the deck; \* \* \* that the mulatto steward, Francisco, was of the first band of revolvers, that he was, in all things, the creature and tool of the negro Babo; that, to make his court, he, just before a repast in the cabin, proposed, to the negro Babo, poisoning a dish for the generous Cap-

tain Amasa Delano; this is known and believed, because the negroes have said it; but that the negro Babo, having another design, forbade Francisco; \* \* \* that the Ashantee Lecbe was one of the worst of them; for that on the day the ship was retaken, he assisted in the defense of her, with a hatchet in each hand, which one of which he wounded, in the breast, the chief mate of Amasa Delano, in the first act of boarding; this all knew; that, in sight of the deponent, Lecbe struck, with a hatchet, Don Francisco Masa when, by the negro Babo's orders, he was carrying him to throw him overboard, alive; beside participating in the murder, before mentioned, of Don Alexandro Aranda, and others of the cabin-passengers; that, owing to the fury with which the Ashantees fought in the engagement with the boats, but this Lecbe and Yan survived; that Yan was bad as Lecbe; that Yan was the man who, by Babo's command, willingly prepared the skeleton of Don Alexandro, in a way the negroes afterwards told the deponent, but which he, so long as reason is left him, can never divulge; that Yan and Lecbe were the two who, in a calm by night, riveted the skeleton to the bow; this also the negroes told him; that the negro Babo was he who traced the inscription below it; that the negro Babo was the plotter from first to last; he ordered every murder, and was the helm and keel of the revolt; that Atufal was his lieutenant in all; but Atufal, with his own hand, committed no murder; nor did the negro Babo; \* \* \* that Atufal was shot, being killed in the fight with the boats, ere boarding;

\* \* \* that the negroes, of age, were knowing to the revolt, and testified themselves satisfied at the death of their masters, Don Alexandro; that, had the negroes not restrained them, they would have tortured to death, instead of simply killing, the Spaniards slain by command of the negro Babo; that the negroes used their utmost influence to have the deponent made away with; that, in the various acts of murder, they sang songs and danced—not gaily, but solemnly; and before the engagement with the boats, as well as during the action, they sang melancholy songs to the negroes, and that this melancholy tone was more inflaming than a different one would have been, and was so intended; that all this is believed, because the negroes have said it.

—that of the thirty-six men of the crew exclusive of the passengers, (all of whom are now dead), which the deponent had knowledge of, six only remained alive, with four cabin-boys and ship-boys, not included with the crew;—that the negroes broke an arm of one of the cabin-boys and gave him strokes with hatchets.

*[Then follow various random disclosures referring to various periods of time. The following are extracted:]*

—That during the presence of Captain Amasa Delano on board, some attempts were made by the sailors, and one by Hermenegildo Gandix, to convey hints to him of the true state of affairs; but that these attempts were ineffectual, owing to fear of incurring death, and furthermore owing to the devices which offered contradictions to the true state of affairs; as well as owing to the generosity and pity of Amasa Delano incapable of sounding such



wickedness; \* \* \* that Luya Galgo, a sailor about sixty years of age, and formerly of the king's navy, was one of those who sought to convey tokens to Captain Amasa Delano; but his intent, though undiscovered, being suspected, he was, on a pretense, made to retire out of sight, and at last into the hold, and there was made away with. This the negroes have since said; \* \* \* that one of the ship-boys feeling, from Captain Amasa Delano's presence, some hopes of release, and not having enough prudence, dropped some chance-word respecting his expectations, which being overheard and understood by a slave-boy with whom he was eating at the time, the latter struck him on the head with a knife, inflicting a bad wound, but of which the boy is now healing; that likewise, not long before the ship was brought to anchor, one of the seamen, steering at the time, endangered himself by letting the blacks remark a certain unconscious hopeful expression in his countenance, arising from some cause similar to the above; but this sailor, by his heedful after conduct, escaped; \* \* \* that these statements are made to show the court that from the beginning to the end of the revolt, it was impossible for the deponent and his men to act otherwise than they did; \* \* \*—that the third clerk, Hermenegildo Gandix, who before had been forced to live among the seamen, wearing a seaman's habit, and in all respects appearing to be one for the time; he, Gandix, was killed by a musket-ball fired through a mistake from the American boats before boarding; having in his fright ran up the miszen-rigging, calling to the boats—"don't board," lest upon their boarding the negroes should kill him; that this inducing the Americans to believe he some way favored the cause of the negroes, they fired two balls at him, so that he fell wounded from the rigging, and was drowned in the sea; \* \* \*—that the young Don Joaquin, Marques de Arambolaza, like Hermenegildo Gandix, the third clerk, was degraded to the office and appearance of a common seaman; that upon one occasion when Don Joaquin shrank, the negro Babo commanded the Ashantee Leebe to take tar and heat it, and pour it upon Don Joaquin's hands; \* \* \*—that Don Joaquin was killed owing to another mistake of the Americans, but one impossible to be avoided, as upon the approach of the boats, Don Joaquin, with a hatchet tied edge out and upright to his hand, was made by the negroes to appear on the bulwarks; whereupon, seen with arms in his hands and in a questionable attitude, he was shot for a renegade seaman; \* \* \*—that on the person of Don Joaquin was found secreted a jewel, which, by papers that were discovered, proved to have been meant for the shrine of our Lady of Mercy in Lima; a votive offering, beforehand prepared and guarded, to attest his gratitude, when he should have landed in Peru, his last destination, for the safe conclusion of his entire voyage from Spain; \* \* \*—that the jewel, with the other effects of the late Don Joaquin, is in the custody of the brethren of the Hospital de Sacerdotes, awaiting the decision of the honorable court; \* \* \*—that, owing to the condition of the deponent, as well as the haste in which the boats departed for the attack, the Americans were not forewarned that there were, among the apparent crew, a passenger and one of the clerks dis-

guised by the negro Babo; \* \* \*—that, beside the negroes killed in the action, some were killed after the capture and re-anchoring at night, when shackled to the ring-bolts on deck; that these deaths were committed by the sailors, ere they could be prevented. That so soon as informed of it, Captain Amasa Delano used all his authority, and, in particular with his own hand, struck down Martinez Gola, who, having found a razor in the pocket of an old jacket of his, which one of the shackled negroes had on, was aiming it at the negro's throat; that the noble Captain Amasa Delano also wrenched from the hand of Bartholomew Barlo, a dagger secreted at the time of the massacre of the whites, with which he was in the act of stabbing a shackled negro, who, the same day, with another negro, had thrown him down and jumped upon him; \* \* \*

—that, for all the events, befalling through so long a time, during which the ship was in the hands of the negro Babo, he cannot here give account; but that, what he has said is the most substantial of what occurs to him at present, and is the truth under the oath which he has taken; which declaration he affirmed and ratified, after hearing it read to him.

He said that he is twenty-nine years of age, and broken in body and mind; that when finally dismissed by the court, he shall not return home to Chill, but betake himself to the monastery on Mount Agonia without; and signed with his honor, and crossed himself, and, for the time, departed as he came, in his litter, with the monk Infelez, to the Hospital de Sacerdotes.

BENITO CERENO.

DOCTOR ROZAS.

If the deposition of Benito Cereno has served as the key to fit into the lock of the complications which preceded it, then, as a vault whose door has been flung back, the San Dominick's hull lies open to-day.

Hitherto the nature of this narrative, besides rendering the intricacies in the beginning unavoidable, has more or less required that many things, instead of being set down in the order of occurrence, should be retrospectively, or irregularly given; this last is the case with the following passages, which will conclude the account:

During the long, mild voyage to Lima, there was, as before hinted, a period during which Don Benito a little recovered his health, or, at least in some degree, his tranquillity. Ere the decided relapse which came, the two captains had many cordial conversations—their fraternal unreserve in singular contrast with former withdrawals.

Again and again, it was repeated, how hard it had been to enact the part forced on the Spaniard by Babo.

"Ah, my dear Don Amasa," Don Benito once said, "at those very times when you thought me so morose and



ungrateful, nay, when, as you now admit, you half thought me plotting your murder, at those very times my heart was frozen; I could not look at you, thinking of what, both on board this ship and your own, hung, from other hands, over my kind benefactor. And as God lives, Don Amasa, I know not whether desire for my own safety alone could have nerved me to that leap into your boat, had it not been for the thought that, did you, unenlightened, return to your ship, you, my best friend, with all who might be with you, stolen upon, that night, in your hammocks, would never in this world have wakened again. Do but think how you walked this deck, how you sat in this cabin, every inch of ground mined into honey-combs under you. Had I dropped the least hint, made the least advance towards an understanding between us, death, explosive death—yours as mine—would have ended the scene."

"True, true," cried Captain Delano, starting, "you saved my life, Don Benito, more than I yours; saved it, too, against my knowledge and will."

"Nay, my friend," rejoined the Spaniard, courteous even to the point of religion, "God charmed your life, but you saved mine. To think of some things you did—those smilings and chattings, rash pointings and gesturings. For less than these, they slew my mate, Raneds; but you had the Prince of Heaven's safe conduct through all ambuscades."

"Yes, all is owing to Providence, I know; but the temper of my mind that morning was more than commonly pleasant, while the sight of so much suffering, more apparent than real, added to my good nature, compassion, and charity, happily interweaving the three. Had it been otherwise, doubtless, as you hint, some of my interferences with the blacks might have ended unhappily enough. Besides that, those feelings I spoke of enabled me to get the better of momentary distrust, at times when acuteness might have cost me my life, without saving another's. Only at the end did my suspicions get the better of me, and you know how wide of the mark they then proved."

"Wide, indeed," said Don Benito, sadly; "you were with me all day; stood with me, sat with me, talked with me, looked at me, ate with me, drank with me; and yet, your last act was to

clutch for a villain, not only an innocent man, but the most pitiable of all men. To such degree may malign machinations and deceptions impose. So far may even the best men err, in judging the conduct of one with the recesses of whose condition he is not acquainted. But you were forced to it; and you were in time undeceived. Would that, in both respects, it was so ever, and with all men."

"I think I understand you; you generalize, Don Benito; and mournfully enough. But the past is passed; why moralize upon it? Forget it. See, yon bright sun has forgotten it all, and the blue sea, and the blue sky; these have turned over new leaves."

"Because they have no memory," he dejectedly replied; "because they are not human."

"But these mild trades that now fan your cheek, Don Benito, do they not come with a human-like healing to you? Warm friends, steadfast friends are the trades."

"With their steadfastness they but waft me to my tomb, *señor*," was the foreboding response.

"You are saved, Don Benito," cried Captain Delano, more and more astonished and pained; "you are saved; what has cast such a shadow upon you?"

"The negro."

There was silence, while the moody man sat, slowly and unconsciously gathering his mantle about him, as if it were a pall.

There was no more conversation that day.

But if the Spaniard's melancholy sometimes ended in muteness upon topics like the above, there were others upon which he never spoke at all; on which, indeed, all his old reserves were piled. Pass over the worst, and, only to elucidate, let an item or two of these be cited. The dress so precise and costly, worn by him on the day whose events have been narrated, had not willingly been put on. And that silver-mounted sword, apparent symbol of despotic command, was not, indeed, a sword, but the ghost of one. The scabbard, artificially stiffened, was empty.

As for the black—whose brain, not body, had schemed and led the revolt, with the plot—his slight frame, inadequate to that which it held, had at once yielded to the superior muscular strength of his captor, in the boat. Seeing all

was over, he uttered no sound, and could not be forced to. His aspect seemed to say, since I cannot do deeds, I will not speak words. Put in irons in the hold, with the rest, he was carried to Lima. During the passage Don Benito did not visit him. Nor then, nor at any time after, would he look at him. Before the tribunal he refused. When pressed by the judges he fainted. On the testimony of the sailors alone rested the legal identity of Babo. And yet the Spaniard would, upon occasion, verbally refer to the negro, as has been shown; but look on him he would not, or could not.

Some months after, dragged to the gibbet at the tail of a mule, the black met his voiceless end. The body was burned to ashes; but for many days, the head, that hive of subtlety, fixed on a pole in the Plaza, met, unabashed, the gaze of the whites; and across the Plaza looked towards St. Bartholomew's church, in whose vaults slept then, as now, the recovered bones of Aranda; and across the Rimac bridge looked towards the monastery, on Mount Agonia without; where, three months after being dismissed by the court, Benito Cereno, borne on the bier, did, indeed, follow his leader.

#### THE COMING SESSION.

THE thirty-fourth American Congress, under the Federal Constitution, commences its first session, at Washington, on Monday, the 3d inst., under auspices which invest its probable issues with the deepest national interest. A programme of the questions to be acted on can hardly fail to interest, not merely the ardent politician, but the general reader.

The Senate is already organized, by the choice of Jesse D. Bright, of Indiana, as President *pro tem.*, which station, in consequence of the death, in office, of the Hon. Wm. R. King, of Alabama, Vice-President elect, is practically the second in the Federal Executive, and entitles its holder, in case of the President's decease, to succeed him, pending another election by the people. We presume it is within the power of the Senate to supersede the incumbent of its chair, by a new election; but, this, according to our recollection, has not been customary. Mr. Mangum, elected to the chair of the Senate on the accession of John Tyler to the Presidency, retained that post, without question, down to the accession of Mr. G. M. Dallas, elected Vice-President by the people, at the expiration of Mr. Tyler's term. Had the political complexion of the Senate been changed since the last session, it is probable that the question of superseding or retaining

Mr. Bright would be raised soon after the meeting of the new Senate; but, that body remains of like political faith with the incumbent, and will almost certainly retain him in its chair. Mr. Bright is, by birth, a Kentuckian, still a proprietor and reputed slave-owner in his native State—a man of vigorous mind, and ardent devotion to the views designated by the term, National Democratic. Mr. Asbury Dickens, the Secretary, and the subordinate officers of the Senate, hold their places without change, until a resolution shall have been offered and adopted, to proceed to the election of a successor in the case of any one of them; but none such is likely to be made at this session. The ranks of the National Democracy will have been strengthened, at the opening of this session, by the qualification of Mr. Pugh, instead of Mr. Chase, as Senator, from Ohio; and a successor of like faith to Mr. Cooper (a National Whig), may soon be expected from Pennsylvania. On the other hand, the two new Free Soil Senators from New Hampshire, and one each from Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa, will somewhat diminish, but cannot shake, the National Democratic majority in that branch, of whose members, whether before or after the vacancies now existing in the

delegations from Pennsylvania, Alabama, Indiana, Mississippi, and California, shall have been filled, two-thirds will choose to be accounted members of the Democratic party, and supporters, in a moderate and reasonable way, of the existing Federal Administration. It is understood that objections will, in due time, be raised to the validity of the recent election of Mr. Trumbull, from Illinois, and, perhaps, to that also of Mr. Harlan, from Iowa; while it is understood that Mr. Gwin intends to claim a seat, as reelected from California, alleging that her constitution requires all elections to be decided by a plurality; and, as he received a plurality on the first ballot by the late Legislature, he was thereby reelected, though the Legislature, entirely unsuspecting of any such result, continued balloting through several days thereafter, and finally adjourned, declaring its inability to effect a choice. We do not hear that Mr. Gwin's claim to a seat, if such has been seriously made, has received any countenance from Governor Bigler, as it certainly will receive none from the Governor elect, Mr. J. N. Johnson. We may fairly infer, therefore, that nothing exists, or will be hereafter interposed, to prevent a notification, by the Senate to the House, by one o'clock, P.M., of the 3d instant, that the former has been duly organized, and is prepared to join in communicating with the President, that this Congress has regularly convened, and is ready to receive any communications he may see fit to make.

In the House, however, a very different scene is likely to be presented. For the first time since 1850—the first, we think, but one, or at most two, in the history of our Federal Government—no party can even claim a majority in this convocation of the more immediate representatives of the whole American people. The National Democratic party, united in its approval of the cardinal principles of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, and in according a tepid and philosophic support to the administration of Gen. Pierce, will probably be stronger than any single party opposed to it, its members forming a compact phalanx about one hundred strong, led by political veterans of acknowledged ability and efficiency. From among these their candidate for Speaker—probably the Hon. Howell Cobb, of

Georgia—will be chosen; though Col. Orr, of the South Carolina delegation, would fill the post with eminent capacity and dignity. It is quite probable that this party will place its candidate for Speaker ahead on the first ballot, and will be more likely to gain than lose votes thenceforth to the end, unless it shall eventually see fit to transfer its support to some preferred member of the Opposition, as it is not unlikely to do, to preclude the success of a more objectionable antagonist. Indeed, Mr. Solomon G. Haven, of this State, the former law-partner of ex-President Fillmore, and of his Postmaster General, N. K. Hall, has already been designated as the National or Conservative Whig, for whom the Administration vote will probably be cast on the decisive ballot. Mr. Haven's experience as a member of the Committee of Ways and Means, his approval of the Fugitive Slave Law, with his decisive support of the Compromise measures generally of 1850, have given him a hold upon the sympathies of the National Democrats, which his qualified and temperate opposition to the Kansas-Nebraska bill has scarcely sufficed to weaken. Unless the fact of his adhesion to and election by the Know-Nothing order should forbid it, we can see no valid reason why the Administration vote should not be concentrated upon Mr. Haven, so soon as the impossibility of choosing a National Democrat shall have been clearly demonstrated.

The Opposition will number one hundred and thirty members, very nearly; but of so many conflicting shades and grades that no safe calculation can be made on its capacity for fraternization and cohesion. We may roughly estimate that seventy of these were chosen as Republicans, or Anti-Nebraska Whigs or Democrats; that nearly an equal number were chosen as Know-Nothings, — a good many being Republican before the world, and Know-Nothing in the council; that some fifteen or twenty are Know-Nothings pure and simple; and a few were chosen as "straight Whigs," anti-K.-N. Whigs, Independents, etc. It would seem to require the diplomacy of a Talleyrand or the soothing tact of a Van Buren to fuse these discordant elements into one harmonious and effective array; and, indeed, we do not consider it possi-

ble; yet it is quite probable that some arrangement may be effected which will temporarily unite all but ten or twelve members of the Opposition, so as to carry the election of Speaker, Clerk, and minor officers.

We cannot designate any Opposition member who is likely to be so strong a candidate, personally, for Speaker, as either Mr. Cobb or Col. Orr, on the other side. Messrs. Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, Israel Washburn, jr., of Maine, N. P. Banks, of Massachusetts, Dan Mace, of Indiana, and S. G. Haven aforesaid, of New York, have been named in connection with this office. Mr. J. R. Giddings, of Ohio, as the member oftenest reflected, and a man of very considerable ability and force of character, would present very strong recommendations for the post, if his extreme anti-slavery position did not render his election impossible. Our present impression indicates the choice of Mr. Banks as the Opposition candidate; but the events of any day may render a different selection more probable.

In the possession of the Clerkship, now held by Mr. J. W. Forney, of Pa., the National Democrats have a considerable advantage in organizing the House, and will be likely to reap the benefit of it. Mr. Forney is at home in his position, prompt, keen-sighted, and a thorough partisan. The old Clerk, of necessity, presides over the new House, until it shall have effected an organization; and any move which may commend itself to Mr. Forney, as likely to ensure the triumph of his party, will be apt to meet his approval. Whether he will or will not be a candidate for reelection, will be determined by the chances of success. On the other side, we have only heard seriously suggested the name of Hon. William Cullom, an Anti-Nebraska Whig (now "American") member of the late House, from Tennessee; but, there will doubtless be half a score of candidates, in case the Opposition ranks shall be so harmonized as to create a fair prospect of success. The minor offices are of no public importance.

A majority of the members of the House, with an unusually large minority of those of the Senate, are now to the councils of the nation. Virginia and South Carolina are almost left alone in their resistance to this general tendency

to a change of representatives in the House with every opportunity. It will yet be realized that their conservatism is wiser than the innovation which has elsewhere supplanted it.

Should the Kansas question, or any other fire-brand, be thrown into the House, prior to its organization, no one can safely predict that any organization will be effected at all. The famous New-Jersey "Broad-Seal" controversy—at the first meeting of Congress, in December, 1839—precluded, for some days, any other than a temporary organization, by mutual consent; and the distraction of parties, prior to Mr. Cobb's election as Speaker, in December, 1849, postponed that consummation for nearly a month after the House had convened. A disorganized Congress, at this juncture, when the Executive is weak, even in the regard of its nominal supporters, and neither the foreign relations nor the domestic tranquillity of the country is beyond danger of disturbance, would be highly undesirable; and we counsel the cooler and more conservative members of all parties to hold a conference or conferences before the day of assembling, and agree—

1. That no names of territorial delegates shall be called by the Clerk, or borne on the roll of the House, until its organization shall have been perfected;

2. That, immediately on assembling, a resolution shall be offered and passed, stipulating that, on the third and all subsequent ballots, for Speaker, or any other officer, a plurality shall suffice to elect.

On these conditions, we believe, the organization of Congress may be quietly perfected, on the day of meeting, and the President's Message transmitted to both Houses, and the country on the following morning.

The Message will open a very wide field for consideration, for discussion, for action. It will felicitate our people, doubtless, on the general abundance of the harvests, the amplitude of the revenue, the plethora of the treasury, and the rapid approaches to reëxtinction of the insignificant remainder of the national debt. It will advise Congress to persevere in the course of economy and frugality by which our annual expenditures, other than for the payment of debt, have been kept down, in a

time of profound peace, to little more than one-fourth their amount under the administration of John Quincy Adams,—that is to say, one year of General Pierce's sway, in spite of our largely extended territory and increased population, does not cost the country more than Mr. Adams' entire term did. It will varnish over the perfidy and atrocity of the late attack upon and slaughter of Sioux Indians by General Harney, on the great western prairie, near the North Platte. It will show that we ought not longer to pay the Sound dues exacted by Denmark from all vessels entering the Baltic, and will pretty clearly intimate that we won't. It will assure us, in stereotyped phrase, that our relations with foreign powers, generally, are on the most amicable footing. It will carefully abstain from calling public attention to Greytown, unless absolute necessity should overbear obstinate repugnance. It will speak commendingly of the recent change of rulers in Mexico, and, perhaps, let us know whether the Cabinet chooses to break faith with that republic, in order to heal the fingers which some of our capitalists have incautiously cut to the bone, in attempting to shave Santa Anna with entirely too sharp a razor. And finally, we trust, it will state, with as near an approach to frankness as the President thinks he can afford, what he would have done, with regard to the concerted outrages by which the rights of the free settlers of Kansas have been temporarily subverted, and whether he will or will not protect those settlers against future outrage at the hands of the slavery propagandists of Western Missouri, strengthened by volunteers from other slave states.

On the fortunes and fate of Kansas the chief interest of the session will undoubtedly be concentrated. Other questions, other measures, will from time to time flit across the scene, but all in subordination to the great Kansas struggle. Patent agents will bore, and feast, and bribe, to secure extensions of their mammoth monopolies; pension agents and speculators in old soldiers' claims and bounty warrants will hang about the scenes of their past triumphs, hoping yet to conjure up some pretext on which another hundred millions of public lands may be thrown into the gambling-mill, and ground out into grist for them and

toll for the nominal beneficiaries; steamships, amply ballasted with coin, provisioned with turtle and canvas-backs, and lubricated with Tokay and Johannisberg, will take on board a majority of both Houses, and sail right through the treasury at full thirteen knots per hour; but the country will heed these no more than the plotting and prating of president-makers, while laying their preliminary wires, until the question of Freedom or Slavery for Kansas shall have been decided. That question, in its present aspects, we propose here to elucidate.

We need not, surely, retrace the general ground which has already been so thoroughly traversed in these pages and elsewhere. We cannot deem it necessary to argue further that Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Munroe, Crawford, J. Q. Adams, and all the eminent men of the country, from the peace of 1782 down to the year 1848, every one of them clearly committed, by his acts or his published opinions, to some form or other of assertion that Congress has power to exclude slavery from the Federal Territories, were not ignorant of the vital provisions and intent of the Constitution. If it really remained for an aspirant for the Presidency, distracted by the conflicting dangers of alienating the North, or of mortally offending the South, to discover, sixty years after the Federal Constitution became the paramount law of the land, that it had, throughout these sixty years, been totally misapprehended, in a most important feature, by congresses, presidents, cabinets, judges, and that the entire action of the Federal Government, with regard to the territories, had been founded in usurpation, then we can never more regard any power exercised by that government as clearly constitutional. If Congress, in organizing a new territory, may not say that each human being, not a fugitive from justice or labor, who makes that territory his residence, shall be legally entitled therein to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," then our Union is a chimera, and chaos has come again.

That the doctrine of "Squatter Sovereignty" is a mere device—the doubling of a fugitive from the sharp horns of a dilemma—in coarse, but expressive phrase, a "dodge"—is shown by the repugnance or inability of its champions



to define it. If you divest the entire people of the United States, acting through their representatives in Congress, of the power of deciding whether *their* territory, the prospective home of their children, shall be free or slave, you necessarily invest some portion of this grand tribunal with such power. Who, then, shall say whether Kansas is to be free or slave? "The squatters." Yes; but do you mean the first dozen who reach the territory? the first score? the first hundred? the first thousand? the first five thousand? the first ten thousand? or what number of pioneers do you invest with this tremendous power over the destinies of your children and ours? Suppose your favorite number shall, to-day, establish slavery, may the far larger number who will be there next year expel it? Or is your "dodge" to serve only till slavery gets into the territory, but be entirely impotent when invoked to turn it out? In the acceptance or rejection of slavery by the people, are all men to vote? or whites only? Who defines and discriminates "the people" from the mute subjects of their sway? "The people" may want slavery, or may not; but who enacts that these are, and other rational adults are not, "the people"?

Mr. Jefferson Davis, following in the wake of Mr. Calhoun, long since propounded, in opposition to General Cass's theory, the doctrine that, since slaves are property, and property is protected by the constitution, which guarantees to every citizen of any State his rights in every State or Territory, therefore, the slaveholder may take his slaves into any Territory, and there hold them interminably in bondage, under the ægis of the Federal Constitution. This doctrine is more coherent than General Cass's, and is not exposed to the peril of suicide. Like the General's, it defies our country's unbroken history under the constitution, and brands all our statesmen anterior to '48 as charlatans and usurpers, while it tells our pioneers that slavery *must* go into every Territory to which any solitary slaveholder may see fit to remove one or more of his chattels, and that no majority of the people of said Territory have power to prevent it. The Cass doctrine gives freedom an apparent chance to fight her way into any territory; but the Davis assumption denies even this, and restricts freedom

for all to the States which have already established it, by positive enactments. Had a Jeff. Davis flourished fifty years earlier, and been heeded, we should have had no free States west of the Ohio. But it would have been morally impossible to procure an influential endorsement of such a doctrine at any time prior to the annexation of Texas.

"Curses," says the Arab proverb, "like chickens, come home to roost." Congress abdicates its rightful power over the question of slavery in Kansas; and, lo! here comes Kansas to the door of Congress bringing back the vexed question to be decisively adjudicated. It is, as in Hood's "Dream of Eugene Aram," where the murderer relates how he vainly buried the corpse of his victim, and then sunk it in a pool, but was still haunted by a voice which cried—

"Thou guilty man, take up thy dead,  
And hide it from my sight!"

Until at last,

"I knew my secret, then, was one  
That earth refused to keep."

A few lines in the Kansas-Nebraska bill—nay, the mere *omission* of any allusion to slavery in that bill, leaving the Missouri restriction intact—would have prevented all further agitation respecting this territory; and now, the entire session must be given up to it.

And there is no means of evading the issue. The House must decide that either Whitfield or Reeder is the true delegate from Kansas; and that decision hinges inevitably on the main question. Whoever fancies he can decide, without regard to slavery, that Reeder or Whitfield is the rightful delegate, surely deceives himself. Slavery has been trying to get itself established and legalized in Kansas; and the means employed, though not unexceptionable, are the best the exigency seemed to admit of. A believer in the divine right of one man to use another as his chattel, will naturally regard them with a lenient appreciation. In his eye, they are not outrages, but incidents which should not be too widely multiplied—mere "border irregularities." He could not exactly say that he approves them, but he does not feel called on to decide that question. He has other business to challenge his attention beside "watching negroes in Nebraska." He goes in for law and order,



against turbulence and fanaticism, and insists that Whitfield shall be accepted by the House as the rightful delegate from Kansas.

He who believes in the inalienable rights of man, will necessarily take an irreconcilably different view of the whole matter. He will pronounce the election of a first territorial Legislature for Kansas, by armed processions from Missouri, overbearing and browbeating the actual residents of Kansas as well as the judges of election, and only allowing the settlers to choose a single member out of twenty-five or thirty, a sheer farce and nullity, which the subsequent pretension of a Legislature, so imposed by one community on another, to establish slavery in Kansas, and to punish all manner of opposition thereto as felonious, as well as to confine the elective franchise to its own adherents in the territory while conferring it unlimitedly on pro-slavery non-residents, were not needed to cover with indignation and contempt. He will say that, the first election for a Legislature having thus been violated and rendered null, through the systematic corruption of the ballot-boxes by the Missourians, all the acts flowing from it share the character of their source, and are of no more account than so much waste paper. He will say that the actual residents of Kansas, thus deprived by foreign violence of the organization contemplated by Congress, properly fell back on their rights under the law of nature, electing Reeder as their delegate, and framing a free-state constitution; and that Congress is bound to admit Reeder at once, and accept Kansas as a state so soon as due evidence of her fitness to assume that position shall have been presented and considered.

In short, after half a dozen "adjustments" and "compromises," the old issue of liberty against slavery confronts our new Congress on the very threshold of its deliberations, and will not be put aside. That the ultimate issues of this conflict will be such as humanity dictates and justice demands, no believer in an all-pervading Providence is at liberty to doubt; and any temporary advantage which may seem to accrue to slavery will surely be overruled at last to the signal advancement of freedom for all.

There are those who will view this

question with the jaundiced eye of the partisan, and coolly calculate the probable influences of a decision bearing this side or that, as it may effect the chances of carrying the "Democratic," or the "American," or some other candidate for the Presidency. Let these be warned in time, for the issue of freedom or slavery, for what is destined to be the central and one of the most populous and powerful states of the American Confederacy, is too grave and momentous to be made the foot-ball of self-seeking politicians. It is of infinitely greater consequence than the fortunes of any aspirant, the triumph of any policy affecting merely pecuniary interests and contemplating none other than commercial or personal ends. Whatever party, or clique, or cabal, shall attempt to melt Kansas into campaign capital, and suspend its destiny on the chance of securing more or less votes for its candidates, will assuredly be taught that he has under-estimated the intelligence and the resolution of this people. "Shall Kansas be a Free or a Slave State?" is a question which must be answered on its merits, leaving incidental consequences to time, to destiny, to God. The flag of freedom must be upborne by devoted arms; and whoever volunteers to serve it in the hope of thereby serving himself, will very surely be detected and baffled. But, let it be agreed on all hands that the liberties of Kansas shall first be secured—that the Presidency shall be an after-thought—and the way is clear for an early solution of the difficulty. Let any party or faction seek to postpone or evade this decision—to throw over the question of the day, to await the issue of the presidential contest and abide the fortunes of some favored aspirant—and that party, that faction will have reason to rue its experiment on the public patience. The Kansas question is now in order—to seek to postpone or shuffle it off would be a confession at once of cowardice and treason. It would be to thrust it inevitably into the presidential whirlpool and convulse the whole country with the throes of a needless and perilous sectional agitation. But let Congress act promptly, fearlessly, decisively, justly, and the controversy will be forever settled; and the waves of contention and irritation will speedily subside, giving place to contentment, serenity, and peace.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

## AMERICAN LITERATURE AND REPRINTS.

**THE BRITISH ESSAYISTS.**—Messrs. Little & Brown have begun the publication of a series of the old British Essayists, similar in form to their neat and cheap edition of the British Poets. No literary man, we are sure, but will rejoice at the prospect, which this holds out, of his procuring these famous classics at a price, and in a shape, adapted alike to the requirements of his pocket and his taste. As pictures of the manners and habits of the times in which they were written, these papers possess a high historical value: as repositories of fine sentiment and good-natured criticism, they are scarcely less valuable; and as specimens of graceful English and refined humor, they will never pass out of memory. The time was when no young scholar's education was thought to be at all complete until he had read the Tatler, the Guardian, and the Spectator; and even now, though these have been superseded by the grander and more vigorous writings of the modern essayists, they may furnish many an hour of quiet, genial, and delightful entertainment. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the old essayists are not more indispensable now than ever, to a thorough English culture, not for the thought or feeling they contain, so much as for the chastity and simplicity of expression, the delicate pathos, and the quiet humor for which they are distinguished.

We have said that the modern essayists are grander and more vigorous: we might have added, that they are marked by other characteristics, such as depth of philosophical discernment, and variety and brilliancy of illustration, which give them an immeasurable superiority to their elder predecessors; but it cannot be denied, at the same time, that the influences of such writers as Macaulay, Carlyle, Coleridge, Wilson, Hazlitt, Talfourd, De Quincey, Sydney Smith, and others, especially upon style, are sometimes to be lamented. They have produced, upon younger and susceptible minds, a tendency to a merely florid and swelling diction, which has greatly damaged the purity of our literature. We have been led to write, a great many of us, for effect simply; the old ease and

raciness is lost. We strain, and puff, and blow, at our sentences, like a porpoise making his way off the shallows; and the result is, too much intensity, paroxysm, and glitter. As a corrective, then, to the easily besetting sins of our existing literature, and, by no means, as supplying its place, we would heartily commend the study of the old essayists to young authors. They will there find much elegance; fine wit; naive and sagacious sketches of character; agreeable descriptions of manners; correct sentiments, and a pleasant translation of philosophy, as Steele says, "from closets, books, and libraries, to club-houses, tea-tables, and coffee-rooms"—enough to repay the most patient perusal—but they must not expect to find profound criticism, earnest communion with nature and the human soul, or very lofty ethics. Mr. Thackeray, we are aware, in his lecture upon Addison, described the religious side of his nature in a passage so beautiful that we would feign to believe in its truth, for the sake of the sweet picture which it paints. He says: "When Addison looks from the world, whose weaknesses he describes so benevolently, up to the Heaven, which shines over us all, I can hardly fancy a human intellect thrilling with a purer love and adoration than Joseph Addison's. It seems to me, his words of sacred poetry shine like stars. They shine out of a great, deep calm. When he turns to heaven a sabbath comes over that man's mind, and his face lights up from it with a glory of thanks and prayer: his sense of religion stirs his whole being. In the fields, in the town—looking at the birds in the trees, at the children in the streets; in the morning or in the moon-light, over his books in his own room, in a happy party at country merry-making, or a country assembly, good-will and peace to God's creatures, and love and awe of him who made them, fill his pure heart and shine from his kind face." Now we would not deny the sweet, genial, self-complacent, and happy nature of Addison, but think that the great satirist has exaggerated the goodness of Addison, as he did the malignity of Swift. We admit the great serenity

and cheerfulness of the Saturday papers in the *Spectator*; but we discover, also, some common-place, and not always the depth and earnestness of conviction which the truly religious mind manifests and requires. But we shall quarrel with no one who finds in an author more than we are able to do.

LIVES OF THE BRITISH HISTORIANS.—There is a room, in one of the palaces at Florence, devoted to portraits of the Painters, by some of their own number, of course, and we are reminded of it by this *Lives of the Historians*. They who made pictures, become themselves the subjects of pictures, and those who wrote histories, furnish the materials of new histories. It is an excellent thought which suggests this volume. We have had separate accounts of most of the great historians—of Raleigh, Clarendon, Burnet, Hume, Gibbon, Smollet, and others—but no work in which they were grouped together and their stories told in chronological order. Mr. LAWRENCE, the author, has acquitted himself of the task with great credit. Beginning with the early chroniclers, such as Bede, Ingulphus, Matthew Paris, etc., of whom little is known, he comes down to Charles James Fox, giving copious details of the more important personages, and characterizing them, both as men and authors, with discrimination and judgment. The sketches of Hume and Gibbon are particularly well done; and that of Goldsmith, though he was not strictly a historian, is lively and generous. We could wish that the plan of the writer had embraced the modern historians, such as Lingard, Hallam, Lord Mahon, and Macaulay, that the work might have been rendered more complete. But, perhaps, these are reserved for an additional volume.

—Mr. WALTER M. GIBSON, who, for some time past, has been flying like a shuttlecock between the American and Dutch Governments, and who has given our *Chargé* at the Hague the only real business he has had these ten years, has put his adventures, which led to the difficulty, into a book. It is called the *Prison of Weltevreden, and a Glance at the East Indian Archipelago*, and we have passed several hours of pleasant reading over it. The author appears to have been inoculated early with a love for roaming, by a roaming uncle of his, and possessing

himself in some way of a smart, pretty, rakish-looking, little top-sail schooner, called the "Flirt," sailed, after a short cruise on the coast of Brazil, for the East Indies, which had long been the dream of his ambition. Arrived in Sumatra, he became the object of united attention, on the part of the mingled population of Minto and Pomerang. The Arabs and Malays are disposed to regard him as their deliverer from Dutch oppression, the Chinamen as a rich trader looking out for bargains, and the Dutch themselves, as a secret agent of the sillibustering Yankee nation ready always to pounce upon the globe generally in some annexing foray. He sees, however, a great deal of these several peoples, and has given very animated descriptions of their characteristics and mode of life. But at last the Dutch suspicions become so strong that he is rudely arrested by the authorities, thrown into prison, and abominably outraged for a great length of time. If this part of Mr. Gibson's narrative be true—and we see no reason to doubt it—our government ought, long since, to have settled his case with the Hollanders in the Jacksonian method. Captain Hollins and the "Cyane," sent to Amsterdam or Batavia, instead of Greytown, would have accomplished a good deal more for our diplomacy and character. That the rover sailing about among the islands of the East, with no cargo on board for purposes of trade, and no arms for defense, showing that he was neither merchant nor privateer, should have excited the distrust of the jealous monopolists of Java, is but natural; but there was nothing in his conduct to justify the ill treatment he received. Yet he does not dwell much on his personal grievances, so that his book is one almost inclusively of adventure—of adventure romantic enough, too, to arrest a novel-reader, even in the midst of his second volume. With a quick eye and lively sensibilities, he seizes whatever there is strange or striking in the life of this unknown region, and describes it with a bold, free hand. No part of the globe, except the Poles and the interior of Africa, is less known to the civilized world than the islands of the eastern seas, and every truthful record concerning them is a contribution to knowledge.

Mr. Gibson, we are glad to see, takes the humane view of the degraded races of

the East, and for the Malays seems to cherish an affection. One of our poets speaks of

"The dark, false Malay, uttering gentle words,"

and Mr. Gibson, while he does not deny their falsehood, superinduced by the harsh treatment they have received from superior races, extols their gentleness. He thinks that, under a wise and firm, but kind discipline, they might be raised to a high order of civilization. They love poetry and the dance, and have carried a few arts, as well as good living, to some degree of refinement. Their mythology resembles that of the Greeks, while they have native improvisadores, like the Italians. One of the latter extemporized a song for Mr. Gibson, during a visit he made to the house of a Malayan gentleman, in praise of a certain princess, which we copy.

#### "ZAYDEC KAMALA.

"Illustrious princess! flawless gem;  
Beautiful night in the Ulu;  
Bright ray of the morning light,  
Shining on Gunung(1)-Dempoh.

"Face of the moon, fourteen days old,  
Hue of gold, ten times refined,(2)  
Hearts of men of Passumah  
Fuller than coffers of company.

"The kancheel(3) gave its form,  
The melati(4) stem its bend,  
Melati blooms no fragrance  
By the flower of Ulu.

"Flawless gem of Passumah,  
Dazzling eyes of men,  
Modest eyelash drooping  
Like the waringin(5) shade.

"Tender voice of the lawcet(6)  
Moaning its absent mate,  
Proud voice of white-maned waves  
Lashing karang(7) nagosurie.

"Light of eyes, substance of heart,  
Life of the fainting soul,  
Allah blesses: men adore;  
Flawless gem of Passumah."

The explanations of the references are: (1) the Mountain of Dempoh, lofty, rugged, and inaccessible, where the mystic nymphs reside: (2) the golden skin is the standard of female beauty among the Malayan women: (3) a little musk deer which lives among the crags of Dempoh: (4) a small, cream-white festival flower: (5) the drooping limbs of the banyan: (6) the sea-swallow: (7) the coral-ledges. The fifth stanza presents a contrast which seems to us strongly poetic, where the soft voice of

the maiden is compared to that of the sea-swallow, described as remarkably sweet and plaintive; as the "proud" voice, to the waves which lash the coral-ledges on which they build. Mr. Gibson saw the "flawless gem" afterwards—a woman of astonishing grace and beauty—worthy of the strains of the poet.

During this same visit he also saw one of the Orang Kubu, a hairy man, of Sumatra, of whose existence, we believe, the ethnologists doubt; but Mr. Gibson cannot, without disputing his own eyesight. They are covered with a soft, glossy hair, over the whole body, but in other respects are entirely human, with tall, strong forms, and rather pleasing expression of face. The story among the Malays is, that they inhabit the trees of the interior, have no religion or political society, live upon fish and fruits, and utter short, grunting sounds for words. They are described as even inferior to the Papuans or Hottentots, and as a kind of connecting link in natural history between the orang-outang and man. Mr. Gibson's attempt to penetrate into the interior, to find this strange race of beings, was one cause of his being arrested by the Dutch. His book, save what the boatswain said of the first chapters, which have "too much fancy tackle on board, and a long while in getting to sea among the pirates and Dutch," is exceedingly interesting; and quite forces one to believe, with the author, that "Sumatra, only thought of along with tigers, pirates, and pepper, is, perhaps, the last refuge of romance on earth." Strong-minded women, who lament the oppressions of their lords, would find it an excellent place of exile, as the women are equal to the men, and, in some of the islands, bear exclusive sway.

The illustrative wood-cuts of the volume might have been a great deal better.

DR. DORAN'S BOOKS.—Mr. Redfield has republished the several volumes of Dr. Doran, which have achieved some popularity in England, and will be even more widely read in this country. They are of a garrulous miscellaneous nature, full of historical anecdote and curious learning, manifesting a rare memory for odd things, and written with considerable vivacity of style. His first work, on *Habits and Men*, is an entertaining creed of everything that relates to raiment and its wearer, from the

wig to the shoe-buckle, and from Adam, in his fig-leaf, to Count D'Orsay, in his newest gloves, not omitting the mysteries of female toilet, even the tiring-bowers of queens, nor the melancholy lives of illustrious tailors. His second, on *Table-Traits*, performs a similar chatty and historical service towards the food of man, and his method of taking it, from the birds'-nests of the Mantcheous to the banquets of the Lord Mayor, interspersed with a marvelous variety of small wit, persiflage, sentiment, and after-dinner philosophy. The author seems to have been at all "the feasts," and "stolen the scraps," out of which he furnishes many a good repast, not always dainty, but always piquant, and worked down with bumpers of sparkling talk. He is, it will be seen, a kind of modern Athenæus, and writes of eating and drinking, as well as of dressing, with all the enthusiasm, if not all the science, of a Brillat-Savarin. For continuous reading, his books are, of course, as tedious as a jest book; but, for occasional tastes and sips, for the long, dull hour on a rail-road, or the still longer day in the country, they are charming. The Doctor runs on with such a glib and voluble tongue, saying so much that is old in a new way, and so much that is odd with good sense, that one is cheated out of his perception of the triviality of it by its liveliness. He is a gossip, but a gossip who has read widely, and easily recalls all that he has read. His latest work, *Lives of the Queens of England*, of the Hanoverian branch, is historico-anecdotal like the other, but with far more literary pretension. There is less of the anecdote, and more of the historical in them; and just at this time, when Thackeray has been entertaining the town with his view of the four Georges, it is quite appropriate to give us a view of the four Georges' wives. They were, none of them, the most exemplary persons in the world, and ought, perhaps, to be allowed to moulder in peace among their fellow-worms; but the public think differently, and will read and hear of these titled people. For our own part, we should think that the biographies of the gentlemen who frequent Johnny Walker's sparring saloon, and of the ladies who set the fashion in their circle, would be quite as edifying: there is less splendour in the circumstances of these, and less contagion in their example, because of their obscuri-

ty; but, in most other respects, they are quite as sweet and wholesome as their illustrious and courtly prototypes. Providence seems to have set the seal of its disapprobation upon all social arrangements, which exempt men and women from a direct relation and responsibility to their race, by involving them in the most atrocious vices, and the profoundest misery. More unmitigated brutes than these Georges, and more wretched women than their wives, it would be hard to find: indeed, if the stories that are told of their most unnatural dealings with each other were related in novels, or exhibited in plays, they would be universally condemned as improbable and untrue; and yet they were berhymed by the poets, worshiped by politicians, respected by their subjects, and canonized, almost, by the church! Fraud, fatuity, folly, cruelty, malice, uncleanness, licentiousness, and a self-indulgence quite incredible, are the words which describe their transaction; and what Madame de Maintenon said in her time appears to be true of all courtiers—that none are more to be pitied unless it might be those that envy them. Dr. Doran has had a rich field of materials at his command, in the various records of Harvey, Walpole, Malmesbury, Miss Burney, and others, and he has made diligent use of them, in giving a connected narrative of the mingled misery and pagantry of the unhappy victims of a false society. He does not avoid the scandalous parts of their affairs in his narrative, nor does he dwell upon them as a writer of more prurient fancy might be tempted to do. Without disguising the vices and weaknesses of his country's rulers, he, on the other hand, betrays no vulgar desire to exaggerate them, as if vice were peculiar to high life, and not the universal liability of human nature. His subject invites one to a good deal of moralizing, but he has judiciously left that, in most cases, to the reader.

LIPPINCOTT'S GAZETTEER.—If we were asked to point out the best gazetteer of the day, we could give but one answer—the recent one of Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia. It has been prepared with greater assiduity and minuteness of care than any other that we know, and is more complete in its details than any other. We do not mean simply that it contains more names than any other, but that what is said about these



names evinces a greater desire to be correct and full. Special attention has been given to the spelling of names, and where several forms are adopted, in common usage, they are all given with reference to the other. The value of a work of this kind must depend, as it is remarked in the preface, on two things—first, the accuracy of its information, and second, the facility of its references—in both which respects this gazetteer is eminent. Founded upon Johnson's Geographical Dictionary, and the Imperial Gazetteer—the leading publications, in that way, of England—it yet contains three times as many titles as the former, and two and a half times as many as the latter, with all the latest additions to our knowledge of places, made by recent travel, etc. An important feature in it, also, is, that it gives the pronunciation of proper names, according to a uniform and judicious system, with the ancient or classical names of the places, the adjectival appellation of their inhabitants, often, too, the signification of the name in the original, and a valuable table of the Colleges and Professional Schools of the United States.

**MORE NOVELS.**—In classing together, in our last number, several recent novels, some of which we thought good, and others indifferent, we may have done injustice to the better sort, in not distinguishing them more specially from their fellows. We did not mean, for instance, to apply our hearty condemnation of the sentimental trash to Mr. Manner's *Aspirations*, which is a work of high religious aims, and of simple every-day life, and may be read with great profit, as well as entertainment. Nor did we mean to say that the *Old Homestead*, of MRS. STEPHENS, was utterly worthless; for it has, on the contrary, great merit, in some respects. Our object was simply to protest against the prevailing tendency towards a soft, puling, and nauseous sentimentalism, to which the genuine success of Dickens and Mrs. Stowe has given rise. A certain class of politicians complain of the want of backbone in the political community; and we desire to make the same complaint in regard to the romance-writing community. Their plots and their characters have no back-bone—no gristle, even—nothing but soft and flabby flesh, or rather pulp, out of which the authors squeeze an unconscionable quantity of tear-water.

One feels like giving them the advice which Sam Weller gave to Job Trotter, when Mr. Pickwick checked him for damning that young gentleman's "water-cart bishness," on the score that his feelings were very fine. "His feelings is all very well," replied Sam, "and it's a pity he should lose 'em. He'd better keep 'em in his own bussem, than let 'em ewaporate in hot water, 'specially as they do no good. The next time you go to a smoking party, young feller, fill your pipe with that 'ere reflection, and for the present just put that bit of pink gingham into your pocket."

For the present month, we have little to say of the novels, and small space to say it in. Pettridge & Co. have issued a new translation of GEORGE SAND'S *Teverino*—one of her earliest, and, in some respects, one of her best books. Her writings, in spite of certain gaps in the moral philosophy, are always readable. A memoir of the author, evidently compiled from French sources, by the translator, is prefixed to the volume. The translation is easy and correct.—*Juno Clifford* is one of the sentimental class, displaying considerable power, but untrue in its local coloring. We do not usually, in this country, speak of the terms of court, as "assizes," nor do we burn Yule-logs at Christmas; nor is there any society in Boston, however splendid and fashionable, which would openly insult a young, pretty, and accomplished woman, because her father had once been a blacksmith. The work betrays the hand of a novice, capable of a far more artistic performance. We suspect the writer to be a woman, because female dress is so accurately described, and because—shall we say it—there are no less than four or five marriages in the course of the story, with one or two others ripening at the close.—*Mortimer's College Life*, by E. G. MAY, is a pleasing and well-told tale of the experiences of the young, managed with a good deal of tact, and of excellent tendency.—*Glenwood, or the Partish Boy*, is a tale of New England life, with some truth of detail, in the serious parts, but not much in the attempts at humor. It is, however, interesting, and though verging on the sentimental, not so lachrymose as it might be.—The *Scenes in the Practice of a New York Surgeon*, by DR. DIXON, have a terrible power and reality in them, which would seem to show that they are what



they purport to be—transcripts from the actual experiences of a medical man. Dr. Dixon is known as the erratic, but trenchant, editor of the "Scalpel," a monthly, most appropriately named, for it dissects the profession with as much cold-blooded enthusiasm as the profession dissects its subject; but, in this volume, he appears in the new character of a tale-wright, with no dubious success. There is an intensity in his style of execution, which carries the reader along, almost against his will.—Among the most spirited and sprightly of the foreign novels, are those of Miss Pardoe, whose *Confessions of a Pretty Woman* and *Jealous Wife*, have been republished by the enterprising Fetridge & Co. The relate to fashionable life, and abound in peculiarly English representations of society; but, they deserve being printed in a better style. A book worth printing at all, is worth printing well.

—*Crotchets and Quavers*.—MAX MARETZKE, the whilom popular manager of the opera in this city, thinks, that as Napoleon and Barnum, Rousseau and Henry Wikoff, George Sand, and Mrs. Mowatt, have written their respective auto-biographies, it is time for him to furnish his *Revelations of an Opera Manager in America*. He has accordingly done so in a most lively volume, in which the audience are taken behind the scenes, and allowed to look at the gay people, who have so often delighted us, in their undress. We remember to have passed through the old Astor Place Opera House, when the red flag of the auctioneer had supplanted the white cravat of Max, and a huge mass of broken chairs, upturned scenes, rent curtains, and discarded properties lay in a heap where Benedetti and Truffi had enchanted those smiling groups of loves and graces, whom we once worshiped from our critic's seat in the parquette—and we remember, too, the strange, sad, almost spectral feeling, with which we contemplated the change. It was a time of dissolution and of disillusion, and we turned away, as one might turn from a banquet house, suddenly resolved into mouldy lath and plaster. For "going—going—gone!" is a terrible disenchanter. Well, it is with somewhat of the same feeling that we read all "revelations" of the stage, our old dreams and fancies are turned into shocking realities.

Maretzek writes with vivacity, has a

taste for personal details, is trivial enough when occasion requires, has a good opinion of himself with a poor opinion of some other folks, especially Barnum, and, on the whole, makes a most amusing book.

—*Ghostly Colloquies*. It is not a very original plan for a book, to introduce the ghosts of the departed among the active scenes of life, and bid them discourse of matters and things from their own stand point. Lord Lytton did something in that way, and so have Landor and others; but it is one which admits of great variety of disquisition, as well as of picturesque effect. The unknown author of *Ghostly Colloquies* has availed himself of it with tolerable, but not brilliant success. He brings together Cadmus and Columbus, at the Crystal Palace, to discourse of the submarine telegraph and other mechanical wonders; Sophocles and Gray, to dilate on ancient and modern poetry; Salvator Rosa and Byron, to describe Niagara; Jason and Raleigh, to admire the splendid rail-roads and watering-places of the year 2000; Hortensius and Beckford, to criticise St. Peter's; Apicius and Vatel, to digest the cookery of the world; and other illustrious personages, to parley of other notable things, according to their respective whims or tastes. The remarks generally are characterized by good sense, as the remarks of immortals ought to be: here and there are passages of description and criticism of more than usual animation, and the interest throughout is well sustained. We are not certain, however, that the author would not have made a more entertaining and useful book, had he discarded the hackneyed machinery of the dialogue. Unless maintained with great vivacity, this kind of discourse is apt to weary. Even in the hands of Landor, with all his penetrating sagacity, and rare learning and eloquence, it has never become popular.

NEW POEMS.—*Men and Women* is the title of ROBERT BROWNING's new volume of poems, published by Ticknor & Co., simultaneously with the English edition. We can do little more than announce it now, meaning to consider Browning's poetry at length in a future number of the Magazine. He is one of the men whose works are little read, except by a circle of enthusiastic admirers; yet whose fame and literary position are assured. Of every thousand read-

ers in this country who have heard of the great Martin Farquhar Tupper, and have delighted in that bombastic rigmarole called Proverbial Philosophy, there is not more than one, probably, who has even heard the name of Robert Browning; yet he is a poet and a master, and the greatest dramatic genius in English literature since the great dramatic days. We advise our readers, in time, that his poems are not to be tossed off with a glance. They are gold, not gilt. They have an essential value—a profound thought—a startling intensity of passion—and not an easy, exterior grace. His poems are the life of a man of most catholic mind and subtle sympathy, put into verse. They seem entirely obscure and rugged when you first try them, but they finally yield a wonderful music and a profound coherency. The sense is packed close, as in Dante. The poet's observation of nature is as rigidly accurate as that of a naturalist. The atmosphere and tone of his verses are rich and scholarly. The present volume is a collection of poems, purely dramatic in conception and treatment. There is nothing trivial, nor common, nor tiresome, in them. It is dangerous to quarrel with them, for they come out of the heartiest sympathy with the deepest human feeling and the highest human aspiration, and will give you harder knocks than you give them. A line or two from one of the poems, *Fra Lippo Lippi*, is the motto of the book, and of Browning:

"This world's no blot for us,  
Nor blank—it means intensely and means  
good:  
To find its meaning is my meat and drink."

You see there is no tinkling of flutes and tocking of guitars to be expected; and yet how easily a master can draw tearful tenderness from the grandest organ. Every lover of poetry must read this book; every man who likes to see that the world and human power do not grow old, and that, as long as there is a sun, there will always be a Messiah to be struck into music. We extract one poem from the volume. It is clearer to the first glance than most of the poems, but it is also very characteristic of the poet.

"EVELYN HOPE.

"Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead—  
Sit and watch by her side an hour.  
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;  
She plucked that piece of geranium-  
flower,

Beginning to die, too, in the glass.

Little has yet been changed, I think—  
The shutters are shut, no light may pass  
Save two long rays thro' the hinges' clink.

"Sixteen years old when she died!

Perhaps she had scarcely heard my  
name—  
It was not her time to love; beside,  
Her life had many a hope and aim,  
Duties enough and little cares,  
And now was quiet, now astray,  
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,  
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

"Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?

What! your soul was pure and true,  
The good stars met in your horoscope,  
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew—  
And just because I was thrice as old,  
And our paths in the world diverged so  
wide,  
Each was nought to each, must I be told?  
We were fellow-mortals, nought beside?

"No, indeed! for God above

Is grant to grant, as mighty to make,  
And creates the love to reward the love,—  
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!  
Delayed, it may be, for more lives yet,  
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a  
few—  
Much is to learn and much to forget  
Ere the time be come for taking you.

"But the time will come—at last it will  
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall  
say,

In the lower earth, in the years long still,  
That body and soul so pure and gay?  
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,  
And your mouth of your own geranium's  
red—  
And what you would do with me, in fine,  
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

"I have lived, I shall say, so much since  
then,

Given up myself so many times,  
Gained me the gains of various men,  
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes:  
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,  
Either I missed or itself missed me—  
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!  
What is the issue! let us see!

"I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;

My heart seemed full as it could hold—  
There was place and to spare for the frank  
young smile  
And the red young mouth and the hair's  
young gold.  
So, hush—I will give you this leaf to keep—  
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand  
There, that is our secret! go to sleep:  
You will wake, and remember, and under-  
stand."

—DR. N. L. FROTHINGHAM, of Boston, who has been long known as a pioneer among translators, as well as a poet on his own account, has gathered his metrical pieces into a volume. Among them are a singularly faithful version of the Phenomena of Aratus, the poem forever made

famous by the single fact that it was quoted once by St. Paul—the only quotation, we believe, in all the Scriptures from a profane author—and which, though it had been translated into Latin by Cicero and Germanicus, and borrowed from by Manlius and Virgil, besides having been the subject of a thousand learned comments, was first rendered into English by our author: and the Queen of Elegies, from the fourth book of Propertius, known as “The Epistle of Cornelia to Paulus”—an admirable picture of Roman manners and sentiment of the time at which it was written. Besides these, Dr. Frothingham has translated the “Fifth of May,” from the Italian of Manzoni, many of the best lyrics of Goethe and Schiller, a ballad of Uhland, and several of the occasional pieces of Rückert, Von Auersperg, etc. His original contributions consist of hymns, fragments, triflings, and Xenien, all executed with taste and facility, and sometimes felicity, showing a highly cultivated mind, and kindly sentiment, though no very keen poetic sensibility.

—An unpretending volume of Poems, by JOHN HOWARD BRYANT, has appeared, with a modest preface, in which the author says, that he comes before the public “with no thought of acquiring any very extended or permanent reputation, as a writer of poetry;” but, we think, that if he had chosen to cultivate his gifts in that way, he would have had no occasion to fear the ordeal to which he appeals. His book abounds in pure and manly thoughts, gracefully expressed. Mr. Bryant is a brother of the Bryant, we believe, and his mind, consequently, possesses many of the same characteristics. Indeed, his poems suffer under a considerable disadvantage, in that they frequently suggest those of his more eminent relative. But the resemblance arises, not so much from direct imitation, as from a real similarity of taste and feeling. Both have been educated under the same internal influences—both cherish the same lofty moral purposes—and there is, therefore, in both, the same quiet and delicate sympathy with the varying aspects of nature and life. Of the originality and grace of which the younger Mr. Bryant is capable, the two pieces, one called “The Little Cloud,” and the other the “Valley Brook,” are evidences. There is a strong picturesque

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effect, and great truth of tone, in the brief story of Roger Crane (page 65)—a boyish reminiscence—told with equal simplicity and force, which we wish that our limited space would allow us to copy.

—*The Red Eagle, a Poem of the South*, by A. B. MEEKS, is the name of a poetic narrative of some incidents of the Creek war of 1813. Weatherford, or, as he was called among the Indians, the Red Eagle—a famous half-breed, remarkable for his prowess, gallantry, and eloquence—is the hero of it; and his love for Lilla Beasely—a daughter of one of the white enemies—the principal motive of the story. The author, in his preface, says: “The events of this war, which, from its commencement, exhibits a species of epic progress and retributive results, have been narrated in a general way by our historians; but all its minor incidents, its local and personal features and characteristics—in which reside its vitality and chief attractiveness—have been suffered to pass unnoticed, and to lapse into perishing tradition. To rescue these in some degree from oblivion, and to preserve them in those heroes of poetry, to which they seem so eminently adapted, has been the object of the author of the present work. While adhering strictly to historical truth, even in details, he has endeavored so to arrange the lights and shadows of his picture as not to mar the grace and beauty, which are the prime objects of all true poetic creation. The love-life of Weatherford, his dauntless gallantry, his marvelous personal adventures and hair-breadth escapes, and chief of all, his wonderful eloquence, which eventually saved his life, when all other means would have failed, afford as fine a theme for the poet as any in American history. How the present writer has succeeded is for the reader to determine.”

We must say frankly, that we do not regard his success as remarkable—partly from his want of mastery in the art of verse, and partly from the difficulties of the subject, which, though not insurmountable, are yet many and great. Mr. Meeks, without being destitute of poetic feeling, is not a skillful versifier, and has failed to invest the subject with any attractiveness beyond what it possesses in the prose narrative. But only a master of form and thought can lend romance to Indian life. Cooper, and a few others, have succeeded

in it, to a certain extent, but the greater part of those who have attempted it have been defeated. Either we, of the present day, know too much of the realities of the savage state, or else it is intrinsically too bare and desolate to admit of imaginative treatment, by any but the most accomplished artists.

It was a very happy idea which occurred to Mr. JOHN BARTLETT, of Cambridge—that of constructing for us a Dictionary of "Familiar Quotations," which should be at once a useful book of reference, and a pleasant book to glance over in an idle moment. He has executed his idea as happily as it deserved. Arranging his quotations under the names of the authors and sources whence they are taken, he gives us an interesting glimpse of the statistics of quotation. Sixty-one pages out of two hundred and fifty, for instance, belong to Shakespeare, and Milton has twelve to his private account; so much poorer in the mere matter of phraseology should we be, had these two mighty masters never lived; so much less able to better our thoughts in apt and complete speech! The share of the poets is, of course, vastly greater than that of the prosaists, and the difference in the power of condensation has established singular discrepancies between the fame of men and their contributions to the popular store of good things well said. We have, for instance, half a page of Tom Paine, and not one word of Webster! A single phrase of Paine's—"These are the times that try men's souls"—has had a wider currency than any of the great orator's speeches, and that little bark will probably outail the great galleons on the river of Time.

For practical use and comfort, such a book as this of Mr. Bartlett's has been long needed. We have had nothing good; and though Mr. Murray, of London, published a tolerable one last year, the native production is decidedly the best that exists. We had intended to speak our mind of it three months ago, but while we delayed, the public spoke; and the first edition having been exhausted, we are glad to announce a second, considerably enlarged and improved.

**HOLIDAY BOOKS.**—*Cowper's Task*, illustrated by BIRKET FOSTER, and published by Robert Carter & Co., is one of the most intrinsically beautiful books of the sea-

son. The poem is published in the same exquisite style as the English editions of *Longfellow's Golden Legend* and *Hyperion*, and the illustrations by Birket Foster, who is an artist of great repute in this way, are as graceful as any we have seen from him. Even if a man thinks there may have been greater poets than Cowper, yet his life and fate, and the tranquil tenderness of his verse, so appeal to the best human sympathies, that it is good to behold this apotheosis, and to know that the many, who hold the poet in the highest estimation, will most heartily welcome such an edition of their bard. It is in every way a beautiful book. Nor can you turn its leaves without rejoicing that all the "Tokens," "Souvenirs," and "Keepsakes" have perished of their own platitude.

—We must also speak well of KENLE's new *Christian Year*, which E. H. BUTLER, of Philadelphia, has published, with a large number of engraved illustrations by Schmolze. The illustrations do not possess the easy and picturesque grace of the sketches of Foster, but are of decided merit, and the volume is one of remarkable elegance and finish.—We class among holiday books, the pleasant collection of *Curious Stories about Fables and other Funny People*, issued by Tickner & Co., with illustrations by Billings. It contains, among other stories, Horne's Good Natured Bear, Mrs. Austin's Story Without an End, and the Pied Piper of Hamelin, by Browning.

**RELIGIOUS BOOKS.**—The author of a little book which has been amazingly popular amongst the orthodox churches—The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation—has published another work, called *God revealed in Creation and Christ*, which is likely to attain a similar success. It is an attempt to connect the higher truths of natural and revealed religion, by showing their analogies, or rather their fundamental consistencies, so that there shall be no escape from the inference that the Mosaic and Christian dispensations are the work of the same Mind that planned and developed the physical creation. In order to accomplish this, he passes rapidly, but clearly, over the latest discoveries of science (giving many a slap, by the way, to the author of the *Vestiges*, who is now a kind of dummy for all sorts of theological sparrings), and then argues their relation to the

general truths of the redemption. The argument is striking and forcible, and admits, we think, of no reply, as a whole. "The ultimate aim," he says, "of the principle of progress (in nature), is perfection of moral attributes; and to this the corporeal organization of all things, from the dawn of creation, has been auxiliary." But is the writer aware how nearly this position approaches one of the most remarkable views of that strange speculator, Swedenborg, who says, for instance, "every created thing is finally for the sake of man; wherefore the uses of all things which are created, ascend gradually from ultimates to man; and through man, to God their creator, the original source." The terminology is different here, but the truth impressed very much the same. In a similar way, the old Swede connects the facts of creation with the facts of redemption, just as this writer has attempted, though not, it must be confessed, on precisely similar grounds.

—In the *Christian Theism* of R. A. THOMPSON, we have the work which took the large Burnell prize of last year, of which Isaac Taylor, Baden Powell, and Henry Rodgers were the adjudicators. It is a condensed and general view of the whole subject of the religious evidences, or of the grounds of both natural and revealed religion. That it is an able work, cannot be denied; but its value will be found to consist rather in its summaries of the cause of theological speculation, than in its original conclusions, if such there are. Its statements of the existing position of various controversies are admirable; but its solution of the difficulties on which those controversies rest are not so satisfactory. A great defect throughout is in not distinguishing, with sufficient clearness, the province of knowledge from the province of faith or belief. Admitting with Sir William Hamilton, and, indeed, the majority of modern thinkers, the mere *relativity* of all immediate knowledge, it yet argues the possession of knowledge which is not relative. "All immediate knowledge," it says, "whether of mind or matter, is of appearances; but we are able, and, indeed, are under the necessity of referring every phenomenon to its unknown cause. We have, therefore, an indirect knowledge of the reality of things." But what, we ask, is *indirect* knowledge? Is

it not mere belief or credence? We either know a thing, or do not know: if we know it, we know it positively or directly; and if we do not know it, and are yet persuaded of its reality, we only believe. The problem of philosophy, then, is the validity of our credences, and not the validity of our knowledge, which, affirming itself, cannot admit of question. In popular discourse it is allowable to say that we know such and such a thing, when we only believe it, but, in scientific discussion, the two acts ought always to be discriminated. The neglect of the distinction is one cause of the confusion and aimlessness of much of our modern metaphysics. Comte's entire miscarriage, for instance, all his alleged atheism and materialism, arise from his failure to perceive that the object of philosophy is not what we may know, but what we may believe. If we confine it to what we may know, we necessarily restrict it to the sphere of the senses, and deny the possibility of philosophy altogether. But if we extend it to the inquiry into the grounds of our faiths, we may then take in the whole field of transcendental speculation and religion.

—A second edition of the select works of RICHARD BAXTER, edited by Dr. Bacon, has appeared, in two large volumes, with a preface and memoir by the editor.

—The fourth volume of ANBOTT'S *Young Christian* series contains *Hoaryhead and McDenner*, improved and enlarged, with various engravings. Its object is to illustrate the radical nature of spiritual regeneration, which it does, with great plainness and simplicity, by two connected stories, in the style of the *Young Christian*.

—While rumors of quarrel and war are agitating the public press of England and America, we are especially glad to notice any signs that tend to show the strength of that alliance of thought and feeling, which, more firmly than any treaties, binds the two great Anglo-Saxon empires to mutual forbearance, respect, and friendship.

At this moment, while we, in America, are waiting, anxiously, for the new volumes of Mr. Macaulay's history of England, the literary world of London is anticipating, with almost equal interest, a new work by the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Mr. PASCOGG, after winning his greenest



hurels by two romantic chroniclers of Spain, in the New World, has returned to illustrate the downward career of the great Castilian monarchy in Europe. His history of the reign of Philip II. is now nearly ready.

The importance of the period of which Mr. Prescott is now to treat, would suffice to secure attention to the results of his labors. But everybody knows how easy and charming is the style of Mr. Prescott's narrative; how he delights to reproduce

#### EUROPEAN

ENGLAND.—Mr. Philip James Bailey was like a comet in the effect which his first appearance produced upon the world; like a comet in the irregularity of his orbit, and somewhat like a shooting star in the sudden subsiding of his glory.

Everybody read *Festus*: some it gladdened, some it saddened, and not a few it maddened. Wise men shook their heads and anticipated mischief from this new poet. We remember that one distinguished theologian, somewhat advanced in years, confided to us his private opinion that Bailey's "*Festus*" was no better than Goethe's *Faust*." We agreed with his speech, though hardly, we fear, with his meaning! What might become, in time, of this metaphysical Don Juan, it was not easy to predict; but the poem in England and America ran through editions as numerous as the loves of the hero, and was made the theme of criticisms as incomprehensible as his philosophy. So holding to the faith, that a singer, whose art is appreciated, must, perforce, keep on singing, we looked with interest for the next chant. Ere it came, we chanced to meet an amiable, pretty little lady, who avowed herself to be the sole and only wife of the being who carried no time-piece but his heart, and lived upon flames; and, further, learned from her that, from communing with the sea and the stars, and the forbidden world, *Festus* had quietly gone to editing an Evangelical newspaper!

And, thereafter, we prepared ourselves for the disappointment which came upon us with the "*Angel of the World*." We did not like *Festus*, but we were fascinated into following his steps. We liked the "*Angel of the World*," still less, and found

the magnificence and the pomp of courts and armies—the spectacle, in short, of history, with all its light, and music, and life.

And so everybody will be eager to read what he has to say of the tremendous age in which feudalism closed for the death-struggle with freedom; and Rome rallied all the gorgeous South against the resolute North—and in terror and beauty, in wrath and in splendor, a new era was born, and the modern history of man began.

#### LITERATURE.

ourselves able to resist his insidious wooings. We went with him not above a fifteen minutes' journey. Shall we take a longer walk with Mr. Bailey's third son, the "*Mystic*?" Just at this present time, we think, decidedly, that we shall not.

It is a significant thing, not to be passed over, that each of Mr. Bailey's poems is a variation upon one theme; psychical history and experience are his domain. "He wanders up, he wanders down," but always with one purpose, and always haunted by one ghost. The "*Mystic*" is a sort of human *Brahma*, in whose avatars and development are supposed to be unfolded the true nature and history of the immortal creature within us, the soul. The hero was

"Initiate of the light,  
The adopted of the water and the sun;"

and, like other children of sunlight and water, he is a rather vaporous being. He knew everything and had been everywhere; had lived a "three-fold life through all the ages," and spake, of course, Mr. Bailey's favorite language, "the lore of stars, the mother-tongue of heaven—our fatherland;" being "born to initiate mankind in veriest truths," and "ultimate certainty of angelhood." The Universalist publishers will, no doubt, soon give us this new "*Paradise Regained*," of their laureate; and then those of our readers who are more fond than we are of taking their metaphysics broken into blank verse, may satisfy their souls. If some person, of taste and leisure, would take the pains to pick the good things out of the "*Angel of the World*," and the "*Mystic*," he might win a great reputation at a slight expense. There are such exceedingly good things in both of these poems,



that unless Mr. Bailey sets about making an artist of himself, we are sadly afraid he will survive only as a perpetual prey for plagiarists yet to come.

—We spoke, last month, of Mr. Herzen's work on Russia. It has appeared, and is even more interesting than we anticipated.

In "My Exile in Siberia," Mr. Herzen has painted, more fully, and, we doubt not, more truly, because more understandingly than any previous writer, the *morale* of Russian administration—the poor cohesive force which keeps society together—the corruptions and the dangers of the national life.

From his twenty-first year Mr. Herzen was a conspicuous person in Russia, loved, and hated, and admired, and specially detested by the Czar Nicholas. It will easily be inferred from this, that he was a person of independent spirit, and that he had a habit of speaking his mind with some freedom. He had hardly entered manhood when he was proscribed and forbidden to print anything over his own signature. This, of course, gave him great importance, and his *nom de plume* soon became familiar to all thinking Russians. One fine spring morning, the police entered his father's house and hurried him to prison, and thence to Perm, on the frontiers of Siberia; thence he was sent to Wiatka, in the interior of Asiatic Russia; and there, for five years, in the society of a disgusting governor, and of a population of savages, he expiated the heinous crime of thinking for himself. And this was at the express order of the Czar, who was always "so remarkably polite to Americans!"

Restored by the intervention of the Grand Duke (now Alexander II.), who came to Wiatka on a tour of inspection, Herzen went back to St. Petersburg, remained there a short time, "forbidden to speak confidentially even to a cabman," and then was suddenly seized, and a second time visited Siberia. He contrived to get away again; and has long been living in Western Europe, while laboring to disseminate revolutionary ideas in Russia. He has established a free Russian press in London, and holding decidedly republican notions, he desires to concentrate and develop the vast mass of unformed liberalism which he assures us exists and ferments in Russia. M. Herzen's account of the con-

spiracy which it was the first act of the reign of Nicholas to crush, is exceedingly interesting; his details of the condition and feelings of the servile millions fill one with gloomy anticipations of jacqueries more dreadful than the world has yet seen; and his picture of Russian life, and manners, from the prince who flogs a lady with a whip, to the merchant who puts his wife on a table, and shoots off the heels of her boots, is vivid, entertaining, and, instructive.

—Among recent English announcements, we observe with pleasure Lewes's *Life of Goethe*; a novel, Doctor Antonio, by the accomplished Rufini, whose previous work, *Lorenzo Benouli*, was so remarkable at once for the power with which it brought before us the Italian life of the present day, and for the author's mastery of our language; and last, though rather greater than least, a new work by Thomas Hood. No clue to the character of this is given, but we trust it may be something drawn from those deeper fountains of Hood's poet-heart, which, by the multitude who laughed and were pleased with the ripples above, were so little known and appreciated.

—From Paris, M. Alexander Dumas, the indefatigable, sends us, with "blaze of trumpets," a little book, *Impressions de Voyage de Paris à Sebastopol*, by Doctor F. Maynard.

The little book is a book of great pretensions. It has but little to tell us of the Crimea or the war, and tells that little chiefly in extracts from the papers, but it has a great deal to tell us of the author, and the Turks, and Constantinople, and antiquity, and all things else earthly and heavenly. The style is not without its attractions, the substance fascinated Dumas. Need we say more? The romancer prefaces the book with an account of his discovery of the author, who, having traveled from China to Peru, one day sent some MSS. to Dumas, for the *Mousquetaire*. These MSS. the great Dumas read, according to his custom, "in bed, between midnight and two in the morning," highly approved of them, published them, and next day was visited by the author, a man "whose face had something of sombre, such as belongs to those who have bent over the precipices, whether of life or of the earth!"

Editorial Dumas and sombre Maynard

became fast friends, and this little book is the result of their alliance. It is as full of historical lore as Victor Hugo's "Le Rhin," and the lore was just as evidently "bought for the voyage." Dr. Maynard hazards a philological suggestion which may claim to rank with Dumas's famous criticism on the *monumentum* of the Vendôme column. William of Tyre, the chronicler, always calls the Greeks, "Les Griex;" William, and all good westerners of the Latin Church, hated the "Griex." "Is it not thence," suggests Maynard, "that we derive the French word, griefs?"

—Another pompously little contribution to French literature, is a *refaciamento* by Philarete Charles, of Dr. Warren's "Diary of a Physician." "Les Souvenirs d'un Médecin," has been re-cast, and treated in a more artistic fashion by the accomplished Charles, who now thinks it not a bad book and well worth reading. He writes a prefatory letter which he evidently takes to be humorous—in the English sense of that word. It is a melancholy exhibition of misguided ambition! "Humor," M. Charles, "like charity, puffeth not itself up; and till the heart be purged of petty vanity, it cannot give forth great mirth."

Fancy Charles Lamb saying, in an off-handed, careless way, that he had worked like Scaliger, over fourteen hundred volumes, to write a hundred pages on Robinson Crusoe, which he then gave away to the publisher Didier!

—M. E. D. Forgues has published the first volume of his edition of the works of Lamennais. It contains the prose translation of the *Divina Commedia* of Dante, with notes. In the way of positive information Lamennais has added little or nothing to Faurel and Ozanam, and his translation will be of slight use to the English student, who may shortly hope, we are happy to say, for a version, which, we hope, will do better justice, poetically and philosophically, to the "Father of Tuscan song" than has yet been rendered him; but the observations of Lamennais are full of his largeness of view, and flow from time to time with that passionate eloquence which carried the "Paroles d'un Croquant" to so many hearts. The Germans have begun to quarrel with Lamennais, for not putting the allegory of Dante in a new light. We are glad he has not done so, for we are only too thankful that the said allegory, as

Hazlitt said of Spenser's, "will not bite us," and would not disturb its repose for the world.

—The Germans, when they stop creating, never stop relating. In the hulk of genius, labor is active; and it will not be the fault of the Germans, if all that can be known of man's history and his work is not chronicled beyond the reach of time.

Here, besides a continuation of Heinrich Kurz's History of German Literature, which is chiefly distinguished by its fullness of text and illustration, all the notable men of German letters being represented in wood-cuts of no ordinary merit, we have Herr Lemcke's "Hand-book of Spanish Literature," which differs as much from the somewhat hasty work of the over-ambitious Bouterwek, as from the intolerably minute and fatiguing book of our countryman, "the patient Ticknor." Herr Lemcke intends to give us, in three volumes—one upon the prosaists, one upon the poets, and one upon the theatrical writers of Spain—a completely satisfactory, rather than a complete view of Spanish literature, from the earliest times to our own day. The first two volumes have been published; and, if the third be as well executed, Herr Lemcke will have deserved well of the reading world. Everybody needs to know something of Spanish literature; nobody wants, or ought to want, to know much thereof. Cervantes, who, as Leigh Hunt once said, "was enough to sweeten the Peninsula," and Calderon among the moderns, and the Balladists among the ancients, are the only Spaniards whom most foreigners will take to their hearts and homes. Of all the rest, it is, for the most part, sufficient for us to know who they were and what they did. We do not except even the marvelous Lope. Whosoever cares to know the names of every madrigal that every seventh-rate imitator of the fantastic Gongoras chose to fabricate, may be sure that he is only falling into a sort of gentle monomania.

There were vigorous and manly writers in Spain during that wonderful sixteenth century, when all things leaped towards the light, Olivus, Salazar, De Mendoza (father of all plearoons), Aleman (their uncle), the chronicler Hita, the historian Herrera—these are names not unworthy to shine by the side of Cervantes. There

have been writers of rare and genuine power, in the Spain of our own days, Quintana, the Spanish Plutarch; Toreno, the historian of the War of Independence; Larra, the satirist; Donoso Cortes, the philosopher, statesman, and advocate of the Catholic faith, whom Spain may proudly put by the side of Joseph de Maistre.

But, for all the purposes of men who are not specially led to Spanish studies, and who feel that life is short, the work of M. Lemcke, whose extracts are admirably made and just sufficiently explained, will be found amply sufficient.

—For the purposes of men in general, who wish to be amused, instructed, made to

smile, and made to think, we can recommend Herr Weik's Philadelphia edition of Heine's collected works—the first, we believe, ever made save a pretty one at Amsterdam. This is a good edition—accurate, well-sized, and economical. And, while we are speaking of it, it seems in order for us to say, that our friend, who favored us with a letter on Heine, in our last number, unwittingly ignored a graceful version of the *Lärlei*, published in Mr. Curtis's "Lotus Eating," and written by Mr. Cranch, which opens like his own. We are sure that he would be the first to thank us for enabling him to do this piece of justice to a fellow-laborer in the poetic field.

### THE DRAMA.

Between Literature and the Drama, betwixt Europe and America, the Lectures of Mr. Thackeray seem naturally enough to suggest themselves.

Mr. Thackeray may consider himself an adopted citizen of New York, without undergoing the new birth of naturalization. He has had the freedom of the city, not in a gold box, but in the welcome our people have given him.

His lectures are literary, for, are they not lectures? They are dramatic: for, while he speaks, kings and queens, and lords and ladies, and princes and poets, walk before us, scowl and speak, and sorrow and sin, and dance and die.

We are apt to have in New York our seasons of plenty and our seasons of famine. This year is a year of fatness. We have robbed Paris of *Camille*, and London of the *Newcomes*. The antique tragedy and modern society are here with us, shut up in the two brains that, of all living, best comprehend them.

Shall we quarrel with Rachel, because her managers worry us, or with Thackeray, because his lectures are not just what we anticipated? Formless, discursive, rambling as the plots of his novels, have been the lectures of the great humorist. It is clear that they sinned in this direction. Goldsmith was quite right! "the pictures would have been better had the painter taken more pains." We heartily wish that he had done so; that he had given more unity to each subject as he treated it; that he had held out to his audience that

knotted thread of beginning, middle, and end, without which most hearers are as completely lost as a peasant girl who misses a bead of her rosary. No public speaker should ever forget what was once wittily enough said, that "the intelligence of a crowd never rises above the level of the dullest man in it," and should be guided thereby—not in his thought, but in the form he gives to it. Also, had our painter taken more pains, we should have had less of naughty people, and more of noble ones. Kilmansegg might have been dropped, and Hogarth picked up; and not only would the mouths of the Philistines have been thereby effectually closed, but the faithful would have been comforted.

As the pictures were, however, ought we not to rejoice that we have had them? How much more vivid in all our minds will be henceforth that life of courtly England, in the last century, with all its meanness, and all its magnificence; with its paltry monarchs, and obsequious courtiers, and passionate romances, and prosaic tediousness!

Are we not better for having been moved by the honest indignation which lit up the lecturer's painting of the peasant life of Germany; for the deep, earnest pathos which veiled so tenderly from harsh and cynic eyes the last miserable scenes in the life of the poor, piggish, narrow-minded sovereign, who had rather lose the sceptre of America than change his mind, and was willing to see Europe in flames rather than allow a Catholic priest to get his living honestly?

As lovers of that noble Christian gentleman, Colonel Newcome, and of that most saintly and beautiful Christian lady, Madame De Florac, we thank Mr. Thackeray for coming here to give us, not the information which we could have found for ourselves, but the communication of his own large, and kindly, and masculine nature; his shrewdness, his sense, his sincerity, his healthy sentiment, his felicity of phrase which delights the mind, and his magnanimous temper which warms the heart.

Our theatrical world moves on in a round of prosperity. Wallack's, Burton's, the Broadway, each, in its sphere, finds success; and no man need moan away an evening this winter in the great metropolis, who has all his faculties, the perception of art, comic or tragic, and half a dollar to spare.

We have only one regret in connection with our theatres, and particularly with our comic companies, and that is, the resolute way in which our managers refrain from giving us really sterling comedies. Is it that the public will have *novelties*, and that the managers, being under the necessity of living, must provide the novelties on which the public insists? Whatever be the cause, it is a matter for some concern, and we should be glad to hope it might be mended.

With so excellent a company, for instance, as that of Mr. Wallack, what admirable things might be done!

Even Rachel, on her return from her Boston successes, insisted on giving us novelties, and would not take farewell of us in that glorious part of Camille in which she first shone upon us, and in which she will shine as a memory and a renown for many a year after she and all of us have vanished from the earth. Six short nights swiftly fled by, and then, for a season, the enchantress left us; the marvellous coquetry and the Italian passion of Tisbe; the sublime hypocrisy and the heart-rending despair of Lady Tartuffe; the pathos of Adrienne; the power and the poetry of all those antique statues, which, lighted by her genius, as a vase of Parian marble by some glowing aromatic flame within, lived, and moved, and spake, and drew us to their feet—all these, for a season, have passed away. But they will come back to us, let us trust; and the

latter end shall be yet more glorious than the beginning. To us, now reflecting over all that we have enjoyed, and over the genuine emotions which the visit of Rachel has awakened here, it is inexpressibly funny, to read the latest lamentations of that fat little Jeremiah of the Parisian press, Jules Janin. Poor Jules Janin! the disowned father of Rachel's genius, thinks himself as miserable as Lear, and the great actress as heartless as Regan or Goneril. But for him, who took the trouble to get up off his sofa, in the *foyer*, one July night, to discover the genius of a poor young Jewish débutante, where would the sovereign lady of the stage be now! Selling pinchbeck earrings and old clothes, in some Swiss village, no doubt!

She would come to America, in spite of all he could do; and now, see her reward! "I told you so!" says Jules. "What are Athalie, and Hermione, and Pauline and Camille, to a race of people whose young ladies think only of flirtations and of taking oysters with gentlemen in private boxes, and whose men all carry 'ten-shooters,' and wear their hats in the parterre, and whittle the seats while the actors play!" Jules never reads the papers; he never reads anything, in fact, but the Latin grammar, when he wants a quotation, so he is sure that his poor, "daughter in Camille" has been made wretched, by her American failure, and mercifully offers to forgive her, and treat her well, if she will "come back soon!" "How she must have remembered with agony," sighs Jules, "the days when the lovely, candid, young aristocracy of France, hung upon her lips, at the Theatre Français, while she was shrinking from the savage uproar of a people who manifest applause by shrieks and hisses!"

Funny, fat, little critic, bewailing misused genius over his breakfast of "*rogmons au vin de champagne*," how edifying it is to think that the first newspaper in France should confide its literary articles to one who, like the Pythones of old, knows not to-day what he shall say to-morrow, and is only inspired when he is made tipsy with the mingling fumes of ignorance and sentimentalism, and spite and self-conceit! But, lest our readers should think that M. Jules Janin is a type of educated Frenchmen, we hasten to say that the *Revue de Paris*, in September of this year, contained an

article on Moral and Political Science, which, if M. Janin had not been deterred by the subject from perusing it, might have enlightened even that "ténébreuse affaire," his muddled wit.

Appropos of a debate on M. Vattémare's projects, in the Institute of France, the all intent and purpose of the article was to show that the Institute was not a body of men, but a body of ideas.

To turn from Rachel to the opera is like passing from Rome to Naples. And far be it from us to say that the transition is without its charms! In building up, not the being that we are, but the being that we aim to be, the sweeter influences of art are as important as the sterner; the delicious grace of painting can no more be spared than the solemn majesty of sculpture. Rossini and Mozart have as much, at least, to teach us, as Corneille and Racine.

In the earlier part of the season we had some fears for the success of the opera. These fears, we rejoice to say, are rapidly vanishing. If the season of 1855-6 be not a marked and memorable one, we have reason now to hope that it will, at least, be delightful and satisfactory. Certainly, if this result can be achieved by energy and enterprise in the management, it will be secured. Mr. Paine has determined to give us a galaxy rather than a comet; to please the large public who desire enjoyment, rather than the musical astronomers who desire discoveries. This is a wise determination, and we trust it may be appreciated and rewarded. It is infinitely more desirable, for the interests of art, that we should have fine works thoroughly performed in all their parts, than that we should have a marvel or two flaming out from a background of mediocrity. After a series of tentative nights, Mr. Paine celebrated the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot by the production of *Le Prophète*. Great pains had been taken with the *mise en scène*; the parts had been distributed as well as they could be, the rehearsals had been carefully managed, and we all anticipated a magnificent presentation of this most magnificent of operas. We were not entirely disappointed: the singers exerted themselves handsomely; Allegri had done his best (and nobody's best is better); the orchestra was in good training; the ballet

Revue says: "America, as M. Guizot declares, contrary to the common opinion, has been the theatre of the most remarkable, the most energetic, the most fruitful intellectual movement which has been offered to our admiration in these latter days."

#### OPERA.

was well danced, and, with a little more ready enthusiasm on the part of the audience, the first night of the *Prophète* would have been creditably brilliant.

We wonder if people in general reflect how much the hearer is responsible for what he hears; how much the splendor of oratory, the truth of acting, the beauty of singing, depend upon the atmosphere which the audience create for themselves! It is not only the "jest's prosperity" which is "in the ear of him that hears it." If an audience be quick of appreciation, sympathetic, ready to be pleased, and swiftly conscious of pleasure, a certain subtle magnetism diffuses itself through the very air, which gives to the performer a kind of sudden inspiration, a glow of courage, a warm ambition, and eagerness to achieve.

Is it our habitual deference to the will of the majority which makes our audiences so generally slow to manifest their emotions? It is droll, sometimes, to watch individuals at a place of amusement; to see how a man, with a light of satisfaction in his face, and a kind of aurora of applause dawning over his whole person, will turn, half unconsciously, to the right or the left, catch the influence of his neighbours, and bring his white kids vehemently together, just an imperceptible second after a dozen other pairs have begun to smite aloud their wearers.

Perhaps, however, we ought not to attribute the comparative coldness with which the efforts of the Academy troupe were received, on the first night of *Le Prophète*, wholly to our national way.

The spectacle of this opera is so elaborate that it could hardly have been expected to move on with perfect smoothness at once, despite many rehearsals for a rehearsal, after all, is not a performance. How many a hapless orator has "fumed" like Demosthenes, over the chains in his study, only to find himself "roaring



like a sucking-dove" when he came face to face with the reality of the "Berean democracy!"

Then, too, the music of the *Prophète* is not of a kind to take the natural sympathies of an audience by storm.

M. Meyerbeer is, unquestionably, the most worthy and gifted of living composers (for Rossini, though he still lives after a fashion of his own, has ceased to compose), and he has written much which the world will not willingly let die. But though the genius of Meyerbeer is masculine, vigorous, and sincere, it lacks, we think, some of the richest qualities, and, above all, that quality of intensity which carries an artist immediately to the hearts of men. Meyerbeer always seems to us to think almost as much of his art as of his results, and he is constantly tempted out of his immediate way by pleasant little vistas of artistic effect. "When a general," said Napoleon, "sets out to take Vienna, let him go straight to the mark and take Vienna." Meyerbeer constantly dashes off the road to his conquest, after a chance engagement which promises him the spoil of a standard or two. This habit makes it difficult for a public, not made up of virtuosi, to enter at once, and fully, into the results of his compositions.

How much, for instance, is taken away from the effect of that rich and impressive recitative in the second act of the *Prophète*, "*Sotto le vaste arcate*," in which the Prophet relates his dream to the Anabaptists, by the too elaborate finish of its modulations, and by the consummate elegance and scientific wealth of the accompaniment! The vision of portentous meaning vanishes, while we are wondering how the violins will run through their ingenious combinations! In the same way, Meyerbeer has damaged one of the finest dramatic situations in the whole opera—that of the scene in which Bertha, disguised as a pilgrim, meets Fides in her beggary, on the great square of Munster.

Meyerbeer, moreover, will not write an overture; and how much of the first effect of an opera is sacrificed with the overture! A great overture, such as those of *Der Freischütz*, *Don Giovanni*, *Semiramide*, is as essential to a great opera as an *Exordium* to a great poem.

Yet the *Prophète* is so full of fine things, it has such a grand general unity of char-

acter, it is so splendid an example of the combination of diverse arts to produce a sublime, artistic harmony, that it must hold the public whom it once wins. Unluckily, it did not win our public.

As we said before, the *mise en scène* at the Academy was very handsome. Allegrî's effects of distance and atmosphere in landscape are always pleasant, his architectural scenes always striking; and he put forth all his powers in the *Prophète*. The corps of subordinates was large enough to give character to the procession; and the scene of the Coronation, with its accompanying symphonic march, so full of stately beauty, was really grand and imposing. The parts were well filled. Mme. Lagrange rendered the rôle of Fides with dignity and feeling, and sang her music in perfect taste and with fine effect. Miss Hensler had no great opportunity to develop her talent in the part of Bertha, which had been much cut down to bring the opera within the limits of our American patience, but she showed herself a growing actress; and both in voice and method filled the part far more satisfactorily than Mme. Castellan, the original Bertha of the Grand Opera, whose shrill soprano and uncertain vocalization detracted not a little from the perfection of those superb representations, the fame of which went forth, in 1849, to the ends of the musical earth. The tenor, Salviani, has a good method, particularly in recitative, and sang with care and taste; but he lacks the fire and the pathos which are required to do justice to the rôle of the Prophet. This inadequacy was particularly apparent in the invocations, hymns, and psalms of religious exultation with which the third act closes, and which are among the grandest compositions in their kind of this century. Amodio made a good Seigneurial Oberthal, and the Anabaptists were adequately represented. That, with all this fidelity in the production, *Le Prophète* should have been so soon withdrawn, is hardly creditable to us. Let us resolve to give the Huguenots a warmer welcome; to like it more, and to like it longer. And, while we are in the mood of discussing our duty to the arts and to our own higher culture, why should we not say an angry word or two about the lingering way in which New York is making up its mind to secure Dr. Abbot's extraor-



inary collection of Egyptian antiquities.

There, in the Stuyvesant Institute, huddled into a few small rooms, is a collection, excellently illustrative of the birth of all the arts that adorn and dignify life—a

It was but the other day that M. Guizot, before the Institute of France, defended our country and its government from the charge of gross materialism and merely commercial activity, in a manner which was the more generous and just, that it compromised the soundness of views put forth by himself long ago in reference to democracy and the higher culture of man.

And one of his main proofs of our being superior to the beasts that perish, was the number of public libraries established by private enterprise in our country. That number is very large, and the establishment of them a real and brilliant jewel in the crown of our glory.

And now here, in New York, the chance is offered us of securing, for no more than fifty or sixty thousand dollars (three or four city officials would waste twice as much in a year and never think of it), a museum, at least as instructive as a library—a collection, gathered in twenty years of assiduous and scientific industry, by an accomplished Egyptian scholar, of all that is most needed to throw light upon the land from whose sides went forth religion and the arts, upon the Egypt of Moses and the Israelites, upon the school of letters and science, awe, and of beauty, too, to which the genius of Greece owed more than can easily be estimated.

We are trying now, in many ways, to make New York a really great and brilliant city, a city demanding more than a paragraph of "Pop"—so much—and exports—so much—in the gazetteers, and in the thoughts of men. We wish to gather here all the resources by which the human faculties can be developed, all the ornaments which become the majestic metropolis of a mighty people. In this Egyptian collection, we have the nucleus offered us of such a magnificent museum as every capital of Europe has for years been building up. Dr. Abbott would find the Old World glad to give him twice the sum, for the

collection not less interesting than instructive, the presence of which, in our city, ought to bring us honor. And yet, if something be not speedily done, this very collection will bring a kind of shame upon us.

scattered articles, which he asks of us for the complete whole. The Royal Museums of Berlin and Turin have already competed for the possession of uniques which are wanting to their splendid collections.

A number of our citizens have advanced nearly half the purchase money. Only about thirty thousand dollars are still needed. Can they not be had? We are constantly told of the intelligence of our people at large. Here is an opportunity for the display of it. Let the men of moderate means contribute now, each in his measure, to secure this opportunity, which, now lost, may never again recur, and the Americans of 1856 will remember their ancestors of to-day with a pride as enlightened and as just as that with which we look back to the men who, hardly landed on the rugged New England soil, gave of their substance to found schools for the mind, almost before they had sowed the seed corn for the body's perishable food.

We shall recur to this subject again; but now we urge it upon our readers to hasten to the Stuyvesant Institute, and see that this good work is done thoroughly and at once.

Then they may go, and, without being ashamed, may look upon Delaroche's splendid picture of the great artists whom Europe delights to honor. Let them reflect that it is by the magic of the works of such as these, that the great cities of the Old World have been made the centres of magnetic power that they are; and so resolve that we, too, shall have our "Hemicycle des Beaux Arts!"

The Messrs. Goupil, who had already made the print of this great fresco known to us, have done well in bringing over this admirable reduced painting of it, from the artist's own hand. Well, too, have the Messrs. Williams done, in bringing us Mr. Faed's two new and delightful pictures of Shakespeare and of Milton. Everybody knows how faithful and fine

a draughtsman Mr. Faed is, how delicate and wholesome is his sentiment, how natural his color. He has conceived the excellent design of a series of ideal pictures of the great men of our English literature, of the men whom we all love, who, though dead, live with us, are our friends, counselors, comforters, whose genius warms us like the sun, and wakens all our better nature into life.

These pictures are of the series.

They are perfectly simple in conception. There, in one, sits Shakespeare, picturesque in the rich, black Elizabethan dress. His dress is picturesque, his great oaken table is picturesquely carved—these things are of the time. Of the time, too, is that drapery which Paul Veronese would not have disowned.

But those few folios, carelessly scattered on the floor—that dusty little book-case—the room that, we will wager, was never “set to rights”—these are of the man as history hints his life in London, as imagination conjures him up—not much given to study, and blotting never a word—bringing in his argosies of thought from street and lane, and unlading them in thriftless haste.

And the face—the honest portrait bust of Stratford well idealized—is it not, after all, as likely to be our Shakespeare as any face we have? The beard, the pose, the costume—these idealize the air; but how strong is the honest nationality of the features! The English Shakespeare is there as plainly as the Frenchman in that exquisitely drawn figure of Jean Goujon, the sculptor, which is so prominent in

Delaroche's Hemicycle. The disposition of the lights, the modeling of the figure, the handling of substance, the fidelity of details—these we examine slowly, and at our leisure, and only to prolong the pleasure which we find at first.

From Shakespeare—the ideal of health, and warmth, and exuberant life—we turn to Milton. After the glowing noon comes the melancholy twilight. Through the vine-trellises that shade the window of that tasteful, simple room, we catch glimpses of the rural beauty of Bunhill Fields. Dimness is gathering over the lovely landscape. Alas! a heavier cloud has settled upon those once glorious orbs that looked upon the “sapphire blaze” of heaven! Still, their lustre lingers; but now they are as crystals flinging back the sun, not as diamonds glowing with an inward light! The red furrows of darkness mark the beauteous lids, and the anxious lines of blindness are traced in all that sweet and solemn face.

But how grand is the repose of those majestic features! how dignified the grace of that musing figure! how lovely still those flowing ringlets—the poet's crown and garland, untouched by Puritan scissors!

These interesting pictures are to be engraved by the skillful hand of the artist's brother, the same hand to which we owe the exquisite engraving of Evangeline, which so many have desired after admiring it in the etching, and which all will admire now that they can contemplate its pensive beauty in all the perfection which the burin can give to outline and to chiaroscuro.

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